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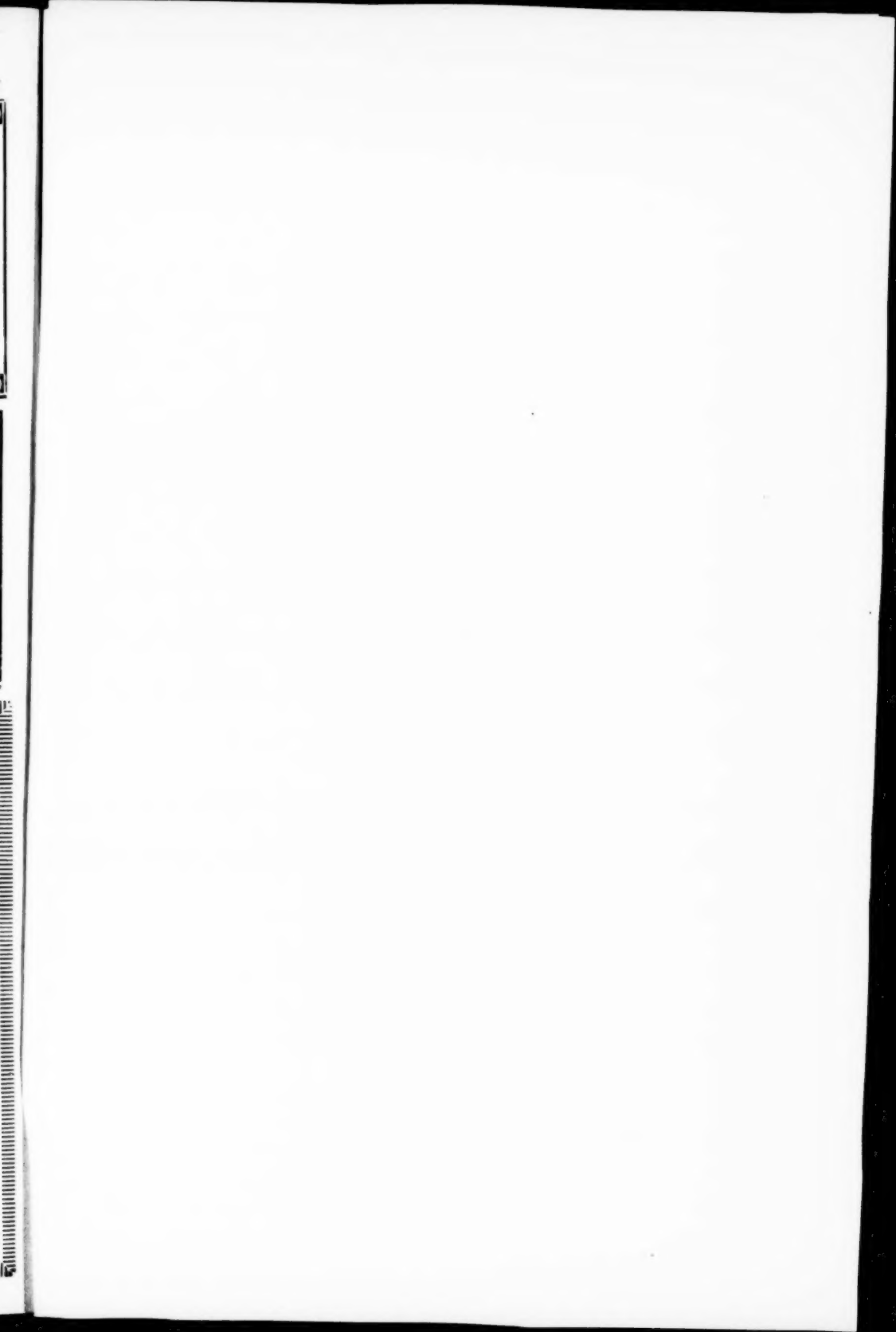


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The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

MAY 1, 1930

(FOR LIST OF CONTENTS SEE PAGE 464)

COSIMA WAGNER

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

Cosima probably owed the enormous vitality that kept her alive to the age of ninety-two to the mixture of races in her. Her grandmother was one of the Frankfort Bethmanns—a family of Jewish financiers; a widow before she was out of her teens, she fell in love with a French *émigré*, the Comte de Flavigny, and forced her unwilling family to consent to her marriage with him by an act of swift resolution that has a touch of Cosima about it. The family having obtained the imprisonment of the Count on a technicality, she spent a night in his cell and then convinced them that a marriage was necessary to save her reputation. Their daughter Marie (born 1805) married in 1827 Comte Charles d'Agoult. Cosima (born Christmas Day, 1837), together with two other children, was the fruit of a liaison between the Countess d'Agoult and Liszt that began in 1834. In Cosima, therefore, there was Jewish, French, Hungarian, and German blood.

Neither in the years of Liszt's wanderings with Marie d'Agoult nor in the later year of his estrangement from her (especially after he had come under the influence of the Princess von Sayn-Wittgenstein) was it possible for him to have his children with him for any length of time. Cosima was left in the care of his mother in Paris. She seems to have been brought up entirely by old people with rigid views upon morals and duty. At the age of thirteen she was placed under the care of Madame Patersi, who had been the governess of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. Madame Patersi was seventy-two when she undertook the journey to Paris to take charge of Cosima, and the manner of her travelling was typical of her attitude towards life. Used as she was to coaches in Russia, she did not think the new-fangled railway trains quite *comme il faut*. A lady of her breeding and responsibilities could not possibly loiter about at her ease in a public carriage; so she sat bolt upright, with spine unsupported, all the way from Petersburg to Weimar, where she arrived in such a state of collapse that it was two months before she could go on to Paris. It was under this severe old formalist—chosen, indeed, by Liszt expressly to counteract the worldly influence of Cosima's mother—that the child's character was mostly formed. She was trained to disdain self-indulgence in all things, to follow the biddings of duty at all costs.

In 1854 she was placed by Liszt under the charge of Frau von Bülow in Berlin. Her son Hans (born 1830), who had been a pupil of Liszt at Weimar, became Cosima's teacher; he had a high opinion of her musical gifts, as Wagner also had in later years. Bülow was a man pre-destined to unhappiness, and it is believed that it was out of the depth of her pity for him over the failure of the concert at which he had given the 'Tannhäuser' Overture that the love was born that led her to marry him in 1857. She was by far the greater sufferer in the union, as the generous Bülow himself testified later. With all the nobility that was at the core of him he was a difficult person to live with. His health was generally bad. He tore his nerves to tatters, and his domestic temper was as violent as Wagner's; long before Wagner came on the scene a Berlin physician had expressed his wonder that Cosima could endure the strain of existence with Bülow. Her loyalty, however, was proof against mere trials of that kind; and no one knew better than Bülow himself how courageously she shouldered all her burdens—including the enmity of her mother-in-law—and how hard she worked not only for his advancement as a public musician but for the correction of certain self-acknowledged weaknesses in his artistic character. That she had a genuine and deep love for Bülow is beyond question; her diary contains abundant evidence of her sorrow for the pain she had brought him by leaving him for Wagner.

She had met Wagner when she was a child. She and Bülow were in Zürich at the time of the Wesendonck catastrophe in 1858, and it seems probable that it was then that the pity and the desire to help that were the foundations of her being attracted to the unhappy great man. The subsequent course of that attraction cannot be followed in detail here; it must suffice to say that by 1863 they had become convinced that each had been destined by Fate for the other. In 1864, after his rescue by King Ludwig, Wagner called Bülow and Cosima to him at Munich. He soon found that, so far from his troubles being at an end, the period of his greatest unhappiness had begun. His position as the King's favourite involved him in every kind of trouble, and it was not long before he turned his back upon the world in complete hatred of it and disgust with it.

It was the most critical period of a life that was rich in crises. Only one being—Cosima—could restore his mental and moral balance; and it was in answer to his despairing cry that she took the final step of ending the irregularity of their union by going to share his Triebtschen home with him and persuading Bülow to divorce her. To the people of the time it all looked, of course, like a common case of passion and betrayal. Sorrowing friends turned against them; delighted enemies bespattered them

with public abuse; even King Ludwig's loyalty received a shock, and Wagner at one time thought that even if his pension were not withdrawn he would prefer to surrender it, in which case he would have settled in America.

In the light of the latest documents we can see that the superficial aspects of the affair were not the vital ones. Nothing can be clearer than that Cosima, having Wagner's own assurances to support her conviction that she alone could give him strength to endure existence and proceed with his work, was willing to bear anything from the world in order to save him. The truth of this will be evident to the English reader when the translation of Graf Du Moulin Eckart's biography of her appears. The five years or so that they spent together at Tribschen in almost complete solitude were certainly the happiest of Wagner's life. He had no desire for any further dealings with the outer world, and would probably never have re-entered it had it not become clear to him—in large part through the vagaries of King Ludwig, who, having the legal rights in the 'Ring,' insisted on piecemeal production of it in Munich—that it was necessary to create a theatre of his own at Bayreuth. No one can now doubt that, but for Cosima, Wagner would never have brought his life and his work to the triumphant conclusion we know. He had not only the completest confidence in her powers of intellect and of will, not only found himself, for the first time in his life, in daily communion with a being perfectly attuned to his own way of thinking, but loved her with a peculiar wistfulness, haunted as he always was by the thought that he had won her too late in life, that gives a rare beauty to the Tribschen period of his career. It is time an end were made of the calumny that has so long befouled the memory of Cosima. She was the greatest figure that ever came within his circle—the one being who never failed him for a moment.

MUSIC AND THE PRESS

In the current number of *Music and Letters* appears an article by Hubert J. Foss on 'The Musical Press in England To-day.' It is a comprehensive and lively indictment, the steady fusillade of brickbats being relieved by no bouquets; the utmost Mr. Foss permits himself in the way of tribute is to toss to a few journals a stray blossom or so—usually with a thorn attached.

We pass over for lack of space his interesting opening discussion of certain present-day conditions brought about by the development of the gramophone and wireless. Let us begin at the point where the first brickbat hums its way towards the music critics. Mr. Foss says that 'it has long been apparent that the public is more receptive of new music than the music critics are. Indeed, works have had popular success during the very period when official criticism was

condemning their sanity.' 'The public' is a very vague term, and 'new music' a vaguer. There is, for example, one small public receptive of such new music as Honegger's 'Rugby'; another—even smaller—for the desiccated celebrations of the newer Schönberg school; a tiny group honestly avid for the hottest and roughest of Bartók; a very considerable and growing audience for a new symphony by Bax, or something fresh from Bliss; Vaughan Williams and Holst have a large and faithful following; and one of the keenest of all the various publics is that for William Walton and Constant Lambert. Can Mr. Foss deny that the critical estimate of all these widely divergent kinds of 'new music' has, on the whole, been in accord with the size and intelligence of the various publics? Alternatively, as they say in the courts, we maintain that even if 'the public is more receptive of new music than the critics are,' the fact might do no more than confirm the very reasonable assumption that the critics (being skilled listeners and appraisers) are more likely to be right than the average members of the public (who are neither).

Mr. Foss goes on to complain that 'new music is still received with fear rather than with interest, with astonishment rather than with perception, is condemned rather than expounded'; and he charges with obscurantism 'not only those critics who were established in mental habits before the changes [in musical idiom] penetrated across our barriers,' but also the younger generation of writers. Nevertheless, the only composer he cites as being misunderstood by the critics is Bartók; and even so he does not back this up by claiming that the public has put the dull critical dogs in the wrong by being 'more receptive' of Bartók than they. Mr. Foss would, in fact, find it hard to give an example of a modern composer received with 'fear' and 'condemned' by the critics as a body, and yet wildly—or even mildly—applauded by the general musical public. The critics of the past generation are fair game for those of us to-day who tot up their misses and ignore their hits; but contemporary criticism is on so much higher a level that posterity will be able to point to very few misses. There are good reasons for this, among them being the greater accessibility of scores. It is true that these are too rarely available in time for the first performance of a new work, but still they do exist, and in sufficient number to enable a critic to arrive at a reasoned estimate of a composer—which may be more valuable than a hastily-written notice of the first and perhaps not wholly satisfactory performance of a novelty.

With much that Mr. Foss says concerning the treatment of music in the daily press we agree. Some of the defects he mentions are due to the conditions under which concert notices have to be written. We should like to see a general adoption of the plan followed in *The Times*,

i.e., a weekly column of notices of recitals that have occurred during the preceding few days. This method is so good (in that it allows the writers time for consideration) that we wonder it is not applied also to major concerts. Here, however, the claim of 'news value' demands that a notice should be delivered with the milk on the following morning. On the whole it must be admitted, even by Mr. Foss, that the notices written thus against time are, as a rule, remarkably well done. The considerable body of half-baked amateur musicians (a category that, we need hardly say, does not include Mr. Foss) who have always on tap a stream of facile gibes at the critics should try their hand at the job. They would find that the free-and-easy discussion of a new and complex work over a bitter and sandwich at the bar during the interval is one thing; quite another, the setting down on paper (in readable style as well as in good English) of a reasoned judgment for next morning's paper.

Mr. Foss hits on a real grievance when he speaks of the activities of sub-editors in connection with concert notices. We have on several occasions given examples of the blue pencil being applied with so little judgment as to remove all point from a paragraph; a sub-editor has even been known to add a picturesque caption, blue-pencil the passage referred to, and leave the caption to puzzle readers!

At a recent B.B.C. Symphony concert the first performance of the viola arrangement of Elgar's 'Cello Concerto' took place. (The programme was of unusual interest in other respects.) The following notice appeared in the *Daily Express*:

'HITCH AT A CONCERT'

'*Viola String Breaks at the Queen's Hall.*'

'So great was the harmony pervading last night's massive B.B.C. concert at the Queen's Hall that even a dramatic breaking of one of Mr. Lionel Tertis's viola strings failed to upset anyone very much.

'The orchestra stopped dead, the viola players looked on sympathetically, Sir Edward Elgar cast reproving glances at the offending instrument, while Mr. Tertis set to work to repair the damage.

'It was as typically an English way of smothering a crisis as the concert itself.'

Now, we may be sure that an accredited music critic would not limit his notice to the mention of such an incident as the breaking of a fiddle-string. We may reasonably assume that he wrote at some length concerning the music itself, and the performance thereof. But apparently the midnight arrival of a piece of news of the type labelled by Fleet Street as 'amazing,' 'astounding,' 'romantic,' and so on, compelled a space-hungry sub-editor to cut from the concert notice all that was not of news value. Obviously the only portion to which the term could be applied was that which

referred to the 'dramatic' breaking of a string, the sympathetic and reproving glances, the 'offending instrument,' and the reparation of the damage. Yet this same journal could find space a few days later—and on its leader page too—for an entirely fatuous article by Odette Tcherine entitled 'Haunting Tunes.'

In his discussion of such features as the regular weekly musical article that now appears in several papers, Mr. Foss omits to mention *The Times*, whose Saturday morning musical essay is among the very best things of the kind. In fact, we have long wondered why the choicest of those written during Mr. Colles's reign have not been re-published in book form. (Perhaps somebody will take this hint.) We agree with Mr. Foss, however, in his remark as to the music page of the *Daily Telegraph* being 'a good opportunity wasted.' We remember when this really *was* a music page, but for a long time past advertisements and other features have encroached to such an extent that there is room for little beyond a short article and some news paragraphs.

Let it be admitted, however, that things are better in this respect than they were twenty years ago. For example, the *Daily Mail* gives a good deal of space to music, and its concert notices and frequent articles on various aspects of the art are among the best written to-day. Contrast its present policy with that of the period during which Mr. Martin Shaw did some temporary work for it as assistant music critic. He tells us about it in his entertaining book 'Up to now':

'I once got the following telegram from Carmelite House: "Cover Patti concert to-night Albert Hall. Bright personal par, what she wore, how she looked." I did my best; and also, though not in my instructions, threw in a few words about her singing. So I went from strength to strength till one day Lord Northcliffe came into the office and said the paper was featuring music too much. And that was the end of me.'

Mr. Foss begins his survey of the English musical press with the *Music Journal* (the combined official organ of the I.S.M. and the B.M.S.) and *Milo*, the organ of the Imperial League of Opera. We think his strictures on the former are hasty. The running of a journal, even when a considerable circulation is guaranteed (as in this case), is a heavy responsibility both in work and money, and it can be handled only tentatively so long as the I.S.M. is rightly concentrating its energies on the reconstruction and strengthening of the Society's position. *Milo* is a very different proposition. It claims to have a minimum circulation of fifty thousand; and it started under the editorship of the brilliant musician and journalist who some years ago enlivened the musical world with the original *Sackbut*. Despite these advantages, its opening numbers proved disappointing.

and it has now been in abeyance for several months. Yet the very thought of launching a musical journal that could kick off with an assured circulation of fifty thousand is enough to make any publisher's or editor's mouth water.

Of the twenty musical journals that are allowed to exist in this country Mr. Foss gives first place to *Music and Letters*, though he at once admits that it is a book rather than a magazine. Moreover, its quarterly appearance makes a news section impossible, and so saves it from the constant difficulties which such a section presents to monthly journals. He handsomely says that the *Musical Times* is 'by far the best musical monthly and by far the most general of all'—an estimate that, supported as it is by frequent letters from our readers, tends to confirm a suspicion that we have long held. Mr. Foss is mistaken, however, when he adds that 'it remains a professional paper.' On the contrary, the *Musical Times* has from the beginning had a large amateur following, and that this is steadily increasing is evident from our post-bag. In fact, we are sure that Mr. Foss is quite out in this matter, and also when he says of musical journals as a body that 'they cater neither for untrained tastes nor for the cultured amateur musician.' The point is one that can never be settled, but our conviction (arrived at slowly and as a result of knocking about among all kinds of musical folk) is that at least one-half of the readers of musical magazines are amateurs. (The one journal that probably has an almost entirely professional circulation is the *Music Teacher*, its contents being mainly designed for the teaching profession.)

Here are a few questions that Mr. Foss then proceeds to ask, with our brief answers in brackets: 'Can any one of these journals be honestly accounted a musical paper?' [If 'a musical paper' be a paper devoted to music, the answer surely is 'yes.'] 'How much of their contents is devoted to music as an art or even as a science?' [As much as the normal general reader will stand. It is he, not the aesthetic or scientific specialist, who keeps a journal alive.] 'Which of them are read for their æsthetic opinions and which only for information, and which is expected by a Viennese or French enthusiast as bearing news of universal moment?' [Every musical journal known to us, both English and foreign, contains both æsthetic opinion and information, and so is presumably read for both. As for the Continental enthusiasts, what is of universal moment to one is of no account to another. Still, so far as the *Musical Times* is concerned, we imagine that such recent articles as those by Messrs. Sabaneev, Rutland Boughton, Edwin Evans, Calvocoressi, &c., and the frequent analytical articles on new works with copious music-type examples, including one on Moeran

by Mr. Foss himself, ought to be of interest to the Continental reader who wants to know something about the progress of the art in England. Apropos of this, can Mr. Foss point to any series of articles in a foreign musical journal more important or comprehensive than those which Mr. Evans wrote for the *Musical Times* in 1919 and 1920? They ran for eighteen months, were profusely illustrated with music-type examples, and contained complete lists of works and publishers.]

'Which can boast of a fame as world-wide as [here Mr. Foss gives a list of the chief French and German musical papers], or attempts to assail a similar market?' [Whether these organs circulate to remote quarters of the globe we cannot say; all we know is that the *Musical Times* does.] 'Which can with certainty show that it has influenced a living alien composer for good or ill?' [Can any Continental journal claim, 'with certainty,' to have performed such a feat? If not, how can an English paper be expected to do so?]

To all these questions Mr. Foss has an answer of his own, to the effect that 'our musical journals are much more concerned with the incidentals of music than with music itself, very much as our musical conversation and even our musical life are: how to teach or learn it, what went on in Birmingham or is about to happen in Newcastle, who is the new president of a college, or what this other examination syllabus exacts.'

The difference between music and its incidentals is not always easy to define. Certainly the teaching and learning of it can hardly be waived aside as mere extras. Even such admitted incidentals as records of events may be far too important to ignore. For example, a year or so ago the Newcastle Bach Choir gave after almost unbelievable pains and difficulties, a performance of Tallis's Forty-part Motet. Was a record of this event, with some details as to the overcoming of the difficulties and the disposition of the voices, a mere 'incidental' beneath the notice of a musical journal? Going to the other end of the scale, it is easy to see that even the well-directed activities of a little body of village musicians may be well worth a paragraph, not only for the encouragement of the performers themselves, but even more as a means of showing readers in other villages what they themselves might do by getting together. In fact, we are constantly receiving evidence that the news side of a musical journal is indispensable. We wish it were not so, for such a feature can be handled conveniently only by a weekly paper. A monthly is constantly in difficulties owing to a mass of items that, occurring at the end of the month, are too late for insertion in the following issue, will be ancient history by the number after that, and yet are too important to be ignored.

A valuable part played by these 'incidentals' is too often forgotten. If Mr. Foss will examine his 'Grove' he will find innumerable references to the musical press on matters of all sorts. (We confess to pride in the fact that the journal most in evidence seems to be the *Musical Times*.) Now, if the musical press did as Mr. Foss thinks it should do, and dropped all concern with such incidentals as records of performances, new editions, obituaries, &c., the compilers of such works as 'Grove' would be faced with the alternatives of omitting a great deal of valuable matter, or of digging it out from the files of the daily press—a hopeless task. Having mentioned 'Grove,' we naturally go on to ask Mr. Foss if that best of all musical dictionaries is any the worse for being so largely concerned with what he airily dismisses as 'incidentals.'

We have given a good deal of space and pains to the answering of this indictment of the English musical press for several reasons. In the first place we feel that the general public needs to be encouraged to subscribe to one or more of the musical magazines, and they will hardly be led to do so by an article that harps on defects, many of which are unavoidable. In fact, the whole weakness of Mr. Foss's position is that he overlooks difficulties that we should have thought would be obvious—especially to one who was himself recently concerned with a musical magazine (the *Dominant*) that died a speedy death. If its untimely decease had been followed by an inquest, with Mr. Foss in the rôle of coroner, we feel sure that his *Music and Letters* article would have been couched in a very different tone. Certainly he would not have overlooked the economic difficulty, due to lack of support from the musical public, and above all from the profession. It is an odd thing that musicians seem to be the only body who read little about their art, either in books or in journals. We can hardly conceive of (say) a keen stamp collector who doesn't eagerly read a journal devoted to his queer hobby. Again, a great army of allotment holders and cultivators of back gardens regularly buy one of the various weekly papers devoted to the culture of flowers and vegetables. If many thousands of working men can spare a penny or twopence weekly for their gardening journals, why cannot the many thousands of people who are now keenly interested in music scrape together sixpence a month for a music journal? How many students at the Royal Academy or Royal College of Music keep in touch with contemporary musical activities by reading a musical magazine? We believe the number to be extraordinarily small. As for amateur musicians, let us refer (as we did at the time of its publication) to Dr. Agnes Savill's book, 'Music, Health, and Character.' Dr. Savill was suddenly converted to music. In her book she complains of the inadequacy of concert notices published in the newspapers, and goes on: 'There may be

journals, reserved exclusively for musical news, which do more justice to these events. I do not know them, and certainly they can take no place in the reading of the general public whose support is so desired and so necessary for the success of music in Britain.'

That confession, 'I do not know them,' is curious. If Dr. Savill had as suddenly developed an interest in the drama, pictorial art, or general literature, would not her first step have been to inquire as to what journals were especially devoted to those arts? At that time there were *eighteen* musical journals published in England, yet this passionate convert to music managed somehow to dodge them all, and to announce the fact almost with a kind of pride! Nevertheless, Dr. Savill's attitude is that of a vast proportion of her fellow-enthusiasts, and because of this the English musical press can never do all it wishes to do. It cannot, for example, afford to pay its contributors at a rate equal to that of the popular weeklies and monthlies. Hence the absence of some famous names from its list of contributors—a defect over which Mr. Foss laments, though he ought to be well aware of the explanation.

Things being as they are, the musical press can struggle along only by attempting to be all things to all men. It must cast its net wide, or, fish being scarce, its haul would be disastrously meagre. Hence the inclusion in every musical journal of some articles that interest only the expert, and of others that are readable only by the 'ordinary listener.' The Editor of a magazine, musical or otherwise, doesn't expect that everyone of its pages will interest everyone of its readers; its contents list is like a menu, designed for a variety of palates. The ideal journal for which Mr. Foss calls would be one in which the tiny group of experts who combine musical knowledge with literary skill would write for the almost equally small group of expert readers. Such a journal, unless heavily subsidised, would have but a short life. The only practical solution is a group of journals that between them can pretty well cover the topical and news side, and at the same time include a discreet proportion of matter on the æsthetic and scientific aspects of music—that is, enough to attract and interest the expert, but not enough to drive away the growing number of subscribers recruited from the immense new musical public brought into being by the gramophone and wireless. In the present condition of musical life in England, to ask for the perfect musical journal suggested by implication in Mr. Foss's article is to cry for the moon.

The Annual Dinner of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund will take place at the Savoy Hotel on May 8 at 7. Mr. Hugh Walpole will be in the chair, and among the contributors to the programme will be Mabel Constanduros, Clara Evelyn, Leonard Henry, &c. Tickets and particulars from Frank Thistleton, 16, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

MILHAUD'S 'CRISTOPHE COLOMB'

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

My interest was so thoroughly aroused by Henri Sauguet's brief description of Milhaud's 'Cristophe Colomb' (see *Musical Times*, April, 'Music in the Foreign Press') that I hastened to procure the vocal score published by the Universal Edition, Vienna.

I entirely agree with the conclusion 'that the whole work is altogether original in form and substance, and can be compared neither with opera nor oratorio as hitherto known.' It is, in fact, almost disconcertingly original in structure and texture both as a drama and as music. As a drama, it is extremely formalised, and the method of exposition is both complex and singular. It is impossible adequately to discuss the conception it embodies without going deep into the philosophy of its author, Paul Claudel. Apart from that, it is impossible to discuss the work as a whole unless one is thoroughly familiar with all Milhaud's previous dramatic scores. A comparison with 'Protée,' for instance (another work written in collaboration with Claudel), would be needful. And to keep pace, in an efficiently critical spirit, with Milhaud would almost be a whole-time job—which, during the past few years, other pre-occupations have prevented my attempting. So that I, in turn, must rest content with a summary description.

An introductory note warns us that 'The drama, generally speaking, is like a book that one opens, revealing its contents to the audience. The audience, through the voice of the choir, puts questions to the reader and even to the actors, asking them for explanations and sharing their feelings. . . . The audience must know what is taking place in the actors' heart and mind, be aware of the mysterious warnings which they receive from Fate or Providence. Hence the screen on the stage in place of background, the screen on which appear, more or less clear and emphasised, a variety of images whose degree of definition depends upon their place in the past, the present, the possible, or in dream.'

The character of the choir is marked at the very outset by stage directions: 'Enter the choir, first in files, then helter-skelter, carrying books, desks, flowers, bottles of wine, baskets full of scores, eating apples and jerking one another.' Its various functions are: to give out quotations of the Bible which play an important part in the work, at times forming separate choral numbers; to co-operate with the Expounder (whose elaborate functions are also shared, at certain points, by the Contradictor—a kind of Devil's Advocate—and by other episodic characters); to associate with the instruments of the orchestra for purely musical effects; to comment upon or emphasise the action; and at times to embody (from the platform which it occupies) actual participants

in the action, such as Courtiers, Christopher Columbus's Creditors, &c. Let it be noted that the Explainer uses speech, not song; the choir, when co-operating with him, the Contradictor, and other similar characters, do the same.

A similar purpose of thorough exposition has led to another remarkable artifice. At times we have not one Christopher Columbus, but two, discussing with one another. The second is a soloist occupying a place amid the choristers. In one scene, while corresponding figures appear together on the screen, other soloists in the choir embody Christopher Columbus as a youth, as an adult, and as a shadow. This very impressive scene is entitled 'Columbus's Conscience'; and this conscience is made to speak through the lips not only of these characters in the choir, but of Columbus himself in his two aspects, and of the ship's cook, who reminds him of his various errors and trespasses.

The Expounder explains most of the things that are happening or about to happen on the stage, describes the characters' actions, condition, and thoughts, often even the stage setting as it appears; and also occurrences that are not shown on the stage. By such means and a variety of others is the object achieved of 'a drama taking place half-way between the audience and a kind of "visible thought" of which the actors are the interpreters.'

The first four scenes—or rather numbers, for in certain cases the word 'scene' would convey a false impression—are introductory. The 'Book of Christopher Columbus' is solemnly brought upon the stage. The Expounder prays the Lord to grant him the power to reveal the life and deeds of Columbus. The choir sings the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis. Then (Number V.) we see Columbus, old and broken in an inn at Valladolid. As he cannot pay his bill, he fears lest the inn-keeper will impound the mule which is his sole possession.

Several symbolic numbers follow: a dialogue between Columbus and posterity; a discussion between the Expounder and the Contradictor, in which Columbus takes part, while the stage is filled by groups of dancers performing quadrilles led by Envy, Ignorance, Vanity, and Avarice, who reign at the Court of the Spanish King. These groups are driven away by doves that suddenly invade the stage; and the next scene shows Queen Isabella, in her childhood, playing with her little companions. She ties a ring of hers to the foot of a dove. The dove, flying across the sea, lands on a window-sill of the house in which young Columbus lives at Genoa, dreaming of exploration voyages. And from this point onwards the story of his struggles, adventures, and achievements is represented in broad, picturesque strokes, with many simplifications and as many curious adjuncts, such as a scene in which the old gods of America,

introduced and encouraged by a Master of Ceremonies, watch Columbus's progress from afar, and then start churning the sea with a rope. Finally we are brought back to the inn. Columbus is near death, and the landlord adds to his distress by insisting upon impounding the mule. But the voices of the choir call upon Columbus to tread into posterity; and the last scene, 'In the Paradise of Idea,' ends with an 'Alleluia.'

Remains to say a few words about Milhaud's music. All I can do on the strength of a perusal of the vocal score is to offer a small number of remarks on the means he uses. I am unable to form any definite idea of the results he achieves. My general impression is one of direct force, of ease and surety coupled with a curious mixture of crudeness and refinement. The technique is one that proceeds on broad lines and in broad strokes, often relying on processes that are both elaborate and elementary. Milhaud does not hesitate, any more than Claudel does, to resort to trivial effects; but whereas Claudel's seem to have been very shrewdly calculated, and selected with careful critical discrimination in order to form contrasts or to stand out by virtue of their quaintness, Milhaud's often seem to have been selected just because, though simple, they serve his purpose as well as more elaborate ones would.

It is the voices that play the main part in the musical texture. Vocal or instrumental, the melodies, as often as not, are in the simple style of the French narrative ballads or 'Complaintes'; and some are strongly suggestive of the toneless French accentuation which stresses the final syllable only of each sentence

or segment. Many are bold in design, and most of them are ample in compass. The choral writing and that of the vocal ensembles is fine, and should prove most effective. The rhythms and metres are comparatively simple. Milhaud relies to a great extent upon the effectiveness of short patterns persistently repeated. But many pages which strike the reader as monotonous may come off very well in performance.

Certain harmonic effects of friction—sevenths and seconds, augmented and diminished octaves—seem to exercise, at times, an irresistible attraction to Milhaud; he uses them abundantly, either to displace the harmonic axis of chords, or to give bite, or to achieve special colour effects, or perhaps simply because he considers a certain roughness of texture suitable. But his harmonic and polyphonic schemes are not uniformly polytonal nor otherwise dissonant, as they are, for instance, in Schönberg's latest works. At times he builds whole phrases on the notes of the common chord, or intermingles and contrasts consonance and dissonance according to time-honoured usage. The texture may consist of an extraordinary variety of designs, or be quite homophonic. The more one looks at the music, the better one realises that it stands or falls by its actual effect; and that one can no more surmise what its effect can be than one could have surmised, before May, 1902, the effect of the music of Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande.'

I have mentioned the use of speech both for soloists and for the choir. The metres are always given quite accurately, and one or several percussion instruments accompany when the remainder of the orchestra is not called into requisition. Here is an example:

The image shows a musical score for percussion instruments. On the left, a list of instruments is provided: Castanets, Whip, Timbrel, Small Side Drum, Long Side Drum, Tambourine, Cymbals, Bass Drum, Tamtam, and Timpani. The score is divided into three measures. Above the first measure is the lyric 'Oc-ci-den-ta-les;', above the second is 've-nez', and above the third is 'tous'. Each instrument has a corresponding line of musical notation with various rhythmic symbols (dots, lines, and notes) indicating the timing and type of percussion strokes.

Apart from a quantity of percussion (including a whip and rattle) and a harmonium, the orchestral setting is normal, and, indeed, moderate.

There is very little likelihood that in this country—in which it is so difficult to get even

a minimum supply of current opera, with, at rare intervals, a novelty of the more or less safe and certain order—there will be, for many years to come, an opportunity of hearing 'Cristophe Colomb.' And this, I think, is

most regrettable, for this singular work is one which might very well get a firm hold of the musical public's imagination; and it seems, in all respects, to be well worthy of being given its chance.

A word of warning: the vocal score is made to be read rather than played from. Many parts in it are almost impossible to play, even if two players share the task; and often it is almost as difficult to play from the pianoforte arrangement as it would be from the full score.

Ad Libitum

By 'FESTE'

MR. CLUTSAM'S RAID ON CHOPIN

'Quotation is a compliment; but the use of another's ideas in order to save ourselves the labour of invention or for purposes of gain, is a theft. When the original author is protected by law, the theft calls for some courage, and so is not of the meanest type. But when he is dead, or has no redress, 'tis like robbing a corpse.'

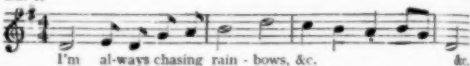
FOSDYKE.—'Odds, Ends, and Ethics.'

Raiding the classics is not a new game. An early exponent was William Gardiner, the Leicestershire stocking-maker whose admiration for Beethoven led him to adapt some of the composer's 'divine adagios' (as he called them) for use in what he described as 'the British Church.' He sent the volume, entitled 'Sacred Melodies,' to Beethoven, together with an offer of a hundred guineas for an overture in D minor, for use as an introduction to an oratorio, 'Judah,' with which Gardiner was just then in travail. Beethoven was not the man to refuse lightly a hundred-guinea commission, and the fact of his not even answering the letter seems to indicate that he was less pleased than Gardiner expected him to be on finding his slow movements turned into hymn tunes. There was at least this excuse for Gardiner: he was one of the first Englishmen to appreciate Beethoven's greatness; and his dubious method of honouring Beethoven was undertaken with no idea of financial gain. A wealthy manufacturer would not bother himself about the slender profit likely to accrue from his volume of 'Sacred Melodies.'

Systematic robbing of classical hen-roosts, with no pretensions to any other motive than easy money, is a peculiarly modern form of larceny, and results from the feverish commercialisation of music in connection with popular amusement—dancing, musical comedy, &c. Its origin is dealt with in Sigmund Spaeth's entertaining book, 'The Common Sense of Music.' In the chapter 'Old Tunes for New,' Mr. Spaeth gives a short history of the start and development of what he calls the 'raid on the classics.' Paul Whiteman was early on the scene, helping himself to tunes for jazzing purposes, but Mr. Spaeth thinks that the first great typical 'hit' thus shabbily made was

the song 'I'm always chasing rainbows.' He tells us that Harrison Foster, 'a great lover of Chopin's music' [who might have shown his devotion more fittingly], played a record of Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu to Harry Carroll, a Tin Pan Alley magnate, drawing his attention to the beauty of the slow melody in the middle. Carroll showed it to another Harry (Tierney) and Joe Macarthy, who also saw its possibilities. Joe wrote the words, and the two Harrys introduced the song into a show called 'Irene.' The refrain used the Chopin melody note for note:

Ex. 1.



They then guessed that 'this fellow Chopin probably had some more good tunes up his sleeve, and they went systematically through his pianoforte pieces to find out. In the middle part of the "Minute Waltz" they found the melody they wanted. By putting it into fox-trot time they secured the chorus of "Castle of Dreams," the success of "Irene."'

Mr. Spaeth says, this was flagrant plagiarism, if you will, but it certainly brought Chopin into the American home. But the door of the American home was already wide open to Chopin by means of the gramophone and wireless, as well as through the old-fashioned method of the printed copy and the domestic pianist. This 'popularising good music' excuse is still heard in connection with such sentimental stage mixtures as 'Lilac Time,' and a similar work with which I shall deal a little later. An excuse of the kind is the sheerest bunkum. The popular classics are now within everybody's reach in their original form, and the day is long past (if it ever existed) when people needed conversion to good music by means of snippets and travesties.

I don't forget that the whole question of musical transcription is involved in a matter of this kind. As it is impossible to go into the subject in this article, I can only point out that one of the vital factors by which such things stand or fall is that of motive. A transcription carried out (like a fine literary translation) with taste and knowledge, and respecting both the original text and the new medium, and with the principal intention of making fine music more widely known, is not merely justifiable: it is one of the most praiseworthy contributions to art, and may, indeed, show such a degree of imagination and skill as to make it rank in a creative sense only a very little lower than the original. On the other hand, a distortion of a work of art for the obvious purpose of money-making is a kind of larceny that is at present indictable only when the offender happens to infringe the law of copyright. (It is good to

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find that the larcenists do occasionally over-reach themselves in this way. Mr. Spaeth tells us that some American pickers and stealers came to grief over a tune they lifted from 'La Tosca,' the result being that they were sued by the publisher Ricordi, and made to hand out \$25,000 of their ill-gotten gains.)

I mentioned above 'Lilac Time,' the musical play to which the music was provided by Mr. G. H. Clutsam, who worked on the simple process of taking such of Schubert's tunes as suited his purpose and adapting them to the needs of the play. Now, Mr. Clutsam is well known as a composer and a former music critic, and although when 'Lilac Time' appeared many of us shook our heads, we were not inclined to be severe. We simply took the view that, as Schubert was very much in the air just then, there was some excuse for Mr. Clutsam; this being so, we should not expect him to do the same kind of thing again. We were wrong, however, for he has repeated the offence with 'The Damask Rose,' the music of which (I learn from the title-page) is 'based on themes of Chopin, adapted and composed with lyrics by G. H. Clutsam.'

(By the way, the action of 'The Damask Rose' takes place at the period 1764, *i.e.*, about half a century before Chopin was alive, let alone composing. But apparently such anachronistic misfits are of no account on the musical comedy stage.)

Among the notices that followed the production of the play only one, apparently, contained anything in the shape of a protest against Mr. Clutsam's treatment of Chopin. In the *Evening Standard* Mr. Phillip Page said: 'We had waltzes twisted into two in a bar, slow dreamy tunes quickened, quick tunes hastened, and all manner of tricks played by Mr. Clutsam. The result was, musically, rather a muddle, and mostly Clutsam and jetsam.' But for the chance that Mr. Page happens to be a musical as well as a dramatic critic, even this note of protest might not have been sounded, for such productions are usually dealt with only by dramatic critics.

On the Sunday following the first performance I turned with some confidence to Mr. James Agate's column in the *Sunday Times*, for Mr. Agate, as readers of this journal know, rather prides himself on his musical knowledge and taste. (He even reviews gramophone records for a monthly journal, and we may be sure that he would not undertake so specifically musical a piece of work if he were at all doubtful of his qualifications.) I turned, then, to Mr. Agate, hoping to find him striking a blow for poor Chopin. But not a bit of it. After a typical Agatean frolic about 'Lilac Time' and Schubert, and hypothetical plays written by Mr. Clutsam round Mendelssohn and Wagner, he says: 'Judging by what Chopin's present arranger

has done with some of Chopin's music, I can see the Finale to that Wagnerian comedy, a Finale in which the master dances a ring-of-roses with the Rhine-maidens on Parsifal's flowery mead, with the Trauermarsch transformed into the reasonable lightness of a polka.' Adding that such things may possibly happen in the future, he goes on: 'For the present, let it be recorded that apart from speeding up into a jig the lovely motif of the A flat Ballade—the one Beardsley likened to a palfrey curvetting—turning the familiar Opus 18 Waltz into common time, and chorusing the A major Polonaise, apart from these singularities, which, after all, show a refreshing rejection of pedantry, Mr. Clutsam has done no harm to Chopin's music. There are things so hackneyed that comb and paper cannot hurt them, and if it pleases a stage cavalier to hum the E flat Nocturne while clutching a rose prior to presentation to a bit of Dresden china—why, where 's the harm?'

As I shall show later, Mr. Clutsam's vandalism is far more extensive than one would gather from the accommodating Mr. Agate. More concerning that later. Meanwhile, what sort of notice would Mr. Agate write concerning a dramatic production in which corresponding liberties were taken with a stage classic? He *might* write something like the following, though we should be surprised if he did:

'It is possible that Mr. Jetsam in the near future might give us a delightfully amusing version of "King Lear." For the present, however, my concern is with his new and improved "Macbeth." Let it be recorded that, apart from changing Macbeth into a peppery Colonel, transforming Lady Macbeth into a Bright Young Person, and giving us for the witches not three dread sisters but one of the best beauty choruses now to be seen in London, apart from these dashing strokes, which, after all, show an admirable refusal to be bound by the stranglehold of pedantry, Mr. Jetsam has done no harm to Shakespeare. There are plays so well-known that no liberties can hurt them, and if it pleases Lady Macbeth to preface the banquet scene by handing round cocktails—why, who 's a penny the worse?'

Mr. Agate's chief supporter is a naïve writer in the *Church Times*, who says that Mr. Clutsam's treatment of Chopin will be infuriating to people who know that composer's music; 'but [he goes on] as they are in a minority, little harm will be done.' (My italics.) In other words, a misdemeanour matters in proportion to the number of protesters—an easy-going principle that one doesn't expect to find so frankly stated in an ecclesiastical journal.

In fairness to Mr. Clutsam I should add that he wrote to the *Evening Standard* in reply to Mr. Page's notice. His defence was as follows: 'The alteration of character by a change of

time-signature is not necessarily an act of vandalism. It surely does not spoil a melodic outline to give it another lilt? . . . The speeding up of one particular number that seems to have hurt the purists considerably has also caused me, I will admit, some moments of remorse. But the exigencies of a musical comedy situation were too much for it. Unfortunately it has proved to be a very popular perversion!

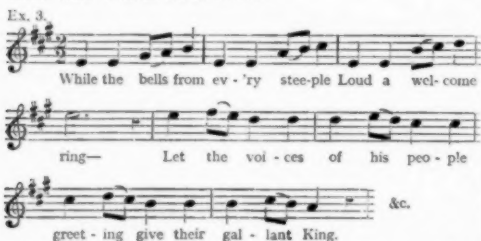
Let us begin the examples with the one that caused Mr. Clutsam some 'moments of remorse.' Readers will recall the lovely second subject of the A flat Ballade; here it is (as Mr. Agate says) 'speeded up into a jig':

EX. 2. DANCE
Allegretto scherzando



If 'the exigencies of a musical comedy situation' called for a jig, couldn't Mr. Clutsam have written one, or at least have discovered a quick dance in Chopin?

I wonder how many readers will agree with Mr. Clutsam that a change of time-signature is not necessarily an act of vandalism, or that it does not spoil a melodic outline to give it another lilt. Here is what Mr. Clutsam does with the Waltz in A flat:



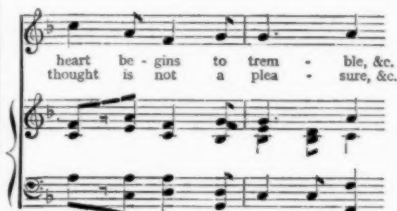
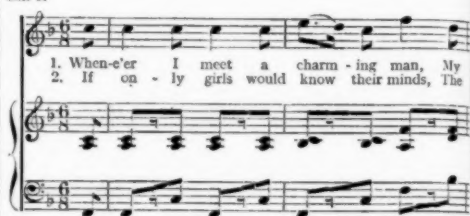
Here is an even worse case—if anything could be worse. The C sharp minor Waltz is transposed to D minor, and made to hobble thus:



Instead of 'giving it another lilt,' Mr. Clutsam has merely taken the lilt out of it.

Looking through the vocal score of 'The Damask Rose,' I can turn hardly a page without seeing something that makes my blood boil. Take the beautiful simple tune with which the Ballade in F opens. Here it is set to typical musical comedy jingle and marked *Allegretto scherzando*:

EX. 5.



Nor am I better pleased with the 'lyric' associated with the lovely melody of the Study in E:

EX. 6.

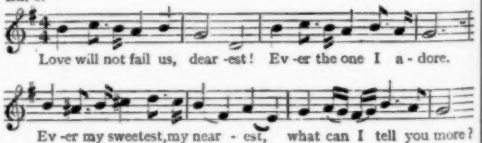


Mr. Clutsam's claim that a change of signature does not alter a melodic outline leads the reader to think he is more scrupulous in this respect than is actually the case. Here, for example, is the beginning of Chopin's Nocturne in B:



After Mr. Clutsam's attentions it becomes what Mr. Mantalini would call 'a dem'd outline':

EX. 8.



It is true missing right but every listeners only. T Chopin is

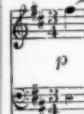
EX. 9.



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EX. 10. Me



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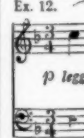
EX. 11. Alleg



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What Study in the read the oper

EX. 12. Alleg



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It is true that some of the ornamental notes missing in the voice part are supplied in the right hand of the pianoforte accompaniment, but everybody knows that the long ears of the listeners to a work of this sort are for the singer only. To make matters worse, this violation of Chopin is preceded by these two bars of inanity:



Ex. 9.

I presume this is one of the passages that justify the use of the term 'composed' on the title-page. (Apropos of the title-page, how can the music be described as being 'based on themes of Chopin' when it already is by Chopin? Mr. Clutsam's share in the score consists chiefly of transposing, twisting, simplifying, and in other ways making poor Chopin succumb to 'the exigencies of musical comedy.'

Let us glance at another instance of Mr. Clutsam's considerations for Chopin's melodic outline. Here is the beginning of the Mazurka in B minor:



And here is the 'Damask Rose' version:



Note that the *Mesto* now becomes *Allegro con Spirito*; and see what happens to the dropping grace note.

What pianist is not specially fond of the Study in F, Op. 25, No. 3? For the benefit of the reader who has not a copy at hand I quote the opening bars:



In his treatment of this, Mr. Clutsam seems to have adopted the now fashionable principle of 'elimination of the unessential.' Anyway, he eliminated to such purpose that this is all that remains:



The Allegro, crotchet=120, of the original becomes *Moderato Maestoso*, and in its new and tame guise it does duty as a 'National Song':

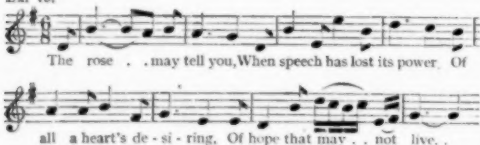
'O Poland, dear Poland,
Soon shalt thou be free,
And there shall be no land
So honoured as thee.'

Just as I feel I have reached the last quotable example of Mr. Clutsam's exploits, I turn the page and find another. This time it is the lovely Impromptu in G flat, which Mr. Clutsam puts into B flat and changes into a waltz song, scrapping all the delicious figuration of the left-hand part:



With this I must stop, though the supply is far from being exhausted. But stay! I've forgotten the Nocturne in E flat alluded to by Mr. Agate in connection with the stage cavalier's presentation of a rose. Here it is, Clutsamised:

Ex. 15.



This is supported by a tame tum-tum accompaniment.

I have no doubt that Messrs. Agate, Clutsam, and Jetsam will say that I am fussy and pedantic in making this protest. Perhaps even some musicians who read this will agree with them. I hope not, for this is one of those subjects on which the view of the above-named trio matters little, whereas the opinion of musicians matters very much indeed. As there is no law to deal with musical vandalism, the only remedy is a strong and organized objection on the part of musicians. This is not yet available, because musicians are as slack in protecting their art as they are in safeguarding their own interests as a profession. Some day I hope there will be a Ministry of Fine Arts, a Music Protection Society, and a huge organization representative of the whole musical life of the country, amateur as well as professional. The Clutsams and Jetsams will then produce Damask Roses at their peril. Classical monuments are protected by law; why not classical music? And if (as seems likely) it will soon be an indictable offence to deface the countryside, why should there be no penalties for the despoilers of musical works that are just as truly a part of the world's heritage of beauty?

'The Damask Rose' will, of course, be popular and lucrative; in fact, report says that it is sailing to success. But on what? Mainly on the strength of the one part of it for which the producers can claim no credit—the music. This kind of traffic having started, where is it to end? Is the whole field of classical music to be laid under tribute, and distorted when 'the exigencies of musical comedy' require, by the Joes and Harrys of Tin-Pan Alley, and Mr. Clutsam, of London? Apparently; for as there is no legal obstacle the only preventive of further ravages is a sense of decency, plus a normal allowance of good taste.

At the Harold Brooke Choir Concert (Bishopsgate Institute, May 15, at 8) the programme will include Bach's motet 'O praise the Lord,' Bantock's Choral Suite, 'A Pageant of Human Life,' a selection from Brahms's 'Songs of Love' for Chorus and Pianoforte Duet, and Pianoforte Solos by Early English and Modern Spanish Composers, played by Mr. Frederic Jackson.

A GLANCE AT AMERICA'S MUSIC

America is wealthy enough to have many good orchestras and first-rate conductors, at assured fees that no European town can afford, and these orchestras (at least in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia) have so large a following that most programmes are played twice, some three times. Without such repetition the audience could not be accommodated. The usual plan in New York is to repeat Thursday night's programme on Friday afternoon, and sometimes again on Sunday afternoon. In Boston the pairs of concerts are on Fridays and Saturdays. In Philadelphia also they run in pairs. Programmes are short, rarely more than two hours and frequently only ninety minutes. Demand for seats is so great that subscribers who cannot use their tickets are asked to return them, and many of these are sold at fifty or a hundred per cent. profit by drug stores and other touts in the neighbourhood of the hall. Tickets returned to the management are usually re-sold for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund or similar object.

One good feature of the New York Philharmonic programme is that it tells listeners who want to study at home 'any of the works on this programme' that scores can be obtained from the New York Public Library. Does any London orchestra do this for its patrons? Is there in London such a public library rich in music scores?

The American orchestras are wealthy enough to produce a modern new work in most programmes after adequate rehearsal, and to ignore the storm of ignorant amateur protest that follows in the press correspondence. Mr. Stokowski, last autumn at Philadelphia (perhaps with the unpublished authority of his management), plainly told the objectors that *he* was arranging the programmes. Nevertheless, with all its orchestral opulence, it may be doubted whether America is a musical nation. At present most of the support for music seems to come from people with non-English names. Only about five per cent. of the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia orchestras carry English names, though it is probable that some of the players are English and hide the fact. (In America, as in Great Britain, a foreign name gives one a better chance in the musical world.)

In spite of the money available for music in the United States good music is not a necessity of the people's life, whereas to be in the fashion is the greatest wish of all. In no 'white' country are ideas and habits so standardised, and in none is mob emotion so powerful, whether at a ball game, on the Stock Exchange, or in regard to music. America buys thousands of concert tickets at four shillings each which could not be sold in England in hundreds, but the audience does not listen as intelligently as an English one. The Queen's Hall Promenade audience is a far keener judge than the Carnegie gallery. It contains many more men (at the Carnegie there is about one to every four women), does not rattle programmes and gossip half as much during the music, does not applaud between the movements of a concerto or symphony (this is general in America), and it knows its own mind. In a London audience, if two or three like a new work they applaud as soon as it ends. In the States fear of being out of fashion makes applause or disapproval of new works belated and tentative. (Even for Debussy or Brahms some

seconds of the clapping listen intently. They but not more than and top so favour. Dear audibly shoulders on those of Brahms. When most reflect in the corner whose friends inclined to this rough in Philadelphia. There Europe serious portion of and of a that at the best encourage for the corner are most. In the most corner extended number of real music. America's organization of America largely kind. I business most ornaments will get correct. In New houses seats at English reckons. The orchestra in the first are run in the American. These orchestras on their according. The fame of ever a public boards. There lover in young and, on famous form, j

seconds elapse between the close of the music and the clapping.) The American audience does not listen intellectually, but almost entirely emotionally. The English audience is in the same plight, but not to the same extent. In America, even more than in England, an opera with blood, 'sand,' and top notes raises cheers, but 'Pelleas' is not so favoured.

Dear ladies (I heard three of them) remark audibly of Toscanini that 'he has such expressive shoulders,' but they cannot keep their attention on those expressive bulwarks through the whole of Brahms's Concerto for violin and 'cello.

When all is said, in America as in England, the most refined, intelligent, and best-behaved crowd in the country can be found only in a concert hall whose free list is suspended, and I should be inclined to put the level of civilization, judged by this rough-and-ready method, considerably higher in Philadelphia than in New York.

There is the same difference in America as in Europe between the cinema audience and the serious concert audience, even allowing for the portion of the latter that social snobbery brings; and of all the American crowds I was crushed in, that at the Philadelphia Academy of Music was the best in both brains and good looks. It was encouraging to meet such people and such music, for the cinema crowd and the music on the radio are mostly very low-brow.

In the States, as in England and probably in most countries, the radio and gramophone have extended nodding acquaintance with an increased number of works but have reduced the amount of real music study. The way of the music teacher in America is as hard as it is in England. As one organist put it, 'they have a thin time.' The success of American orchestras and opera companies is largely attributable to advertising of a subtle kind. It has been an axiom of the picture-theatre business for years that if you have the biggest and most ornate theatre, even at higher charges, you will get the trade. This theory has been proved correct, and is now being realised in England. In New York at the biggest, most luxurious picture houses they can charge ten shillings for the good seats at a new film and yet fill the building. The English manager, before launching out like that, reckons whether the market will stand the expense.

The same process goes on with American orchestras and opera. Some of the biggest names in the financial world are behind them, and they are run as businesses. The chief advertising lies in the appeal of world-famous stars. Where we in England buy their services for one concert, America buys several at once for several concerts. These business men behind the American orchestras know that the safest way to avoid drains on their own pockets is to 'get the best and charge accordingly.' The crowd is sure to pay.

The orchestras have, of course, added to their fame by broadcasting and recording, and if ever a world-famous artist praises one of them the public soon know all about it through billboards and the press.

There is danger for the real American music-lover in the fact that he does not hear good young artists who do not happen to be famous, and, on the other hand, he has to put up with famous ones when they are past their best, or off form, just because they are well-known. But

advertising is such an art in the States that if a young executant is good a name can soon be made for him.

Mr. Stokowski has the Philadelphia orchestra drilled to precision like a regiment. As he walks on the platform every instrument is put in position. He raises his bâton as he steps on the dais, and in a tenth of a second the concert has begun. No posturing, no tapping for silence, no waiting for a door to be closed. He has his audience drilled also. It welcomes him with clapping as he appears, but is silent the instant his bâton is raised. He acknowledges the reception with a slight bow as he walks on, without stopping. Late-comers have to wait outside to the end of the item, even if it is Schubert's C major. They are not even admitted at the end of a movement. As in all other American concert halls, theatres, and picture-houses, smoking is not allowed. How we need a Stokowski in London! A feature of the Philadelphia orchestra is its youth. Probably the average age is no more than thirty-six.

Mr. Toscanini, like Mr. Stokowski, wastes no time. His beat is freer, smoother, more gracefully sweeping than Mr. Stokowski's restricted short nervous movements. But both have their orchestras under such control that they themselves might be playing each instrument. One of the Philadelphia flautists, with his eye on the conductor, had every accent, every slight extension or shortening of a note in a little solo phrase, dictated for him. The New York Philharmonic first violins can play rapid passages with a degree of unanimity and consequent clearness that has to be heard to be believed.

Both Stokowski and Toscanini conduct from memory, except the most complicated modernities. Mr. Stokowski used a score for Krehn's 'Ode to Lenin,' but Mr. Toscanini used none for Stravinsky's 'Fireworks' or Debussy's 'La Mer.'

The stage at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, which is a very well-arranged hall, is an excellent sound box. It would be interesting to hear a good English orchestra in such surroundings, without visitors sitting on the drums. Mr. Stokowski uses the theremophone in certain arrangements of Bach's organ works and other items needing more power in the bass than can be provided by the orchestra, even with its twelve double-bass. In concertos he sets the soloist in front centre, and stands between him and the orchestra.

The Americans can make pianofortes and organs, but they are very dear. In Wanamaker's store I touched a few different American instruments. One Mason was equal to any make I ever tried anywhere, but its price was £380. I should judge its value against the best English makes to be about £300, and against the best German about £290, certainly not higher. How many of the skilled American pianoforte mechanics were trained in German factories?

Some pianoforte salesmen in the stores are paid salary and commission, and make about £10 to £15 a week. An efficient assistant in a music store, with an encyclopædic head for titles and composers, receives £7 to £10 weekly. I asked several to suggest to me the newest serious genuine American pianoforte music that does not imitate Europe. Everywhere I was told there is none, if jazz and semi-jazz is ruled out.

Yet musical life in America is very active. The cheaper music magazines (there is a public for a large weekly journal, as well as monthlies and a quarterly) contain much that would not be printed in England, in the way of notes of artist's foibles, likes and dislikes, holidays and concert appointments—in short, the regular fierce publicity of every-day American journalism is turned on them. Artists advertise themselves by the inch, column, and page in classified and displayed announcements to a far greater extent than in England, but there is less advertising of new or old music. Undoubtedly a large part of the United States people's interest in matters musical is put into them by advertising in its many forms. The interest that is in them at birth, that would come out, whether tempted or not, is probably less even than in England.

J. A. H.

A MANX MUSIC-LOVER

Thomas Edward Brown, born May 5, 1830

By HERVEY ELWES

Just a hundred years ago Thomas Edward Brown was born in the Isle of Man. Until the age of fifteen he received his education chiefly under the guidance of his father, who was the incumbent of St. Matthew's Church, Douglas. He was then sent to King William's College, where he was sometimes pointed out to new boys as a tremendously clever fellow 'who knew more than any master.'

In 1849 he was admitted to a servitorship at Christchurch, which, at that period, seems to have entailed a good deal of discomfort and humiliation. He took a double first, and in 1854 was elected to a fellowship at Oriel. He was ordained deacon, but 'never took kindly to the life of an Oxford Fellow,' and shortly returned to the Isle of Man as vice-principal of his old school. He married his cousin, Miss Stowell, and in 1861 became head master of the Crypt School at Gloucester.

By far the happiest and most fruitful period of his life, however, was passed at Clifton College—where he was a master from 1864 to 1892. In the latter year, after a temporary breakdown in health, he left Clifton and returned to his beloved Isle. He died suddenly on October 29, 1897.

It was while he was still at Clifton that most of his poems were published—those delightful 'Fo'c's'le Yarns' which, though they are written in the Manx dialect, are perfectly easy to read; and his English poems, long since favourites with makers of anthologies. Some of his shorter poems have been set to music—notably 'When childher play,' by Sir Walford Davies. Further particulars of his life are contained in the introduction to a selection of his poems, published in Macmillan's 'Golden Treasury' series.

Brown was not only a great scholar, but a passionate lover of literature and life, of Nature and his fellow men. Music meant much to him; it was not merely something to be learnt—an accomplishment only to be practised, or enjoyed, at odd moments, but an essential part of the rhythm of his physical and mental life.

It is from the two volumes of his Letters, edited by his friend S. T. Irwin, that I have gathered most of the material for this small attempt at an appreciation of Brown as a music-lover. These volumes, which were published by Messrs. Constable in 1900, are now out of print.

How characteristically vigorous and unconventional his musical criticism was is shown by the following extract from a letter (undated) to S. T. Irwin, describing a Crystal Palace concert:

'... I have said nothing about the choral annexe to the ninth Symphony. No circumstances could be more unfavourable to a choir; when your ears have been stung for upwards of an hour by the most delicious string poison, "the human voice divine" is simply grotesque. There is one passage where the tenors lead off. Well, it sounded almost like a poor melancholy laugh, as of idiots. And indeed they had not even their note quite true. Then you remember a chorus takes off suddenly, and leaves a quartet exposed in mid-field. This is a most exquisite machine to my mind. It is as if a thunderstorm suddenly cleared away, and four stars shone out in a sweet quaternion of solitude. It ought to be that. But what did these people do? It was Winkle torn from Weller. They seemed so frightened; quite ghastly. Nothing to sit down on! And in such *impari materia*! Another stuff; not four threads spun finely, deftly forth from the big choral web, and streaming on a summer sigh of balm—but dingy, floccy tatters tossed up obscenely from a dust-heap. Yet Alversleben seemed not inadequate; the others, so help me sweet Cecilia, did not know "wherefore they were come together."

In a second letter, on another performance of the same Symphony, he writes:

'The absolutely celestial Coda was now and then as unerring as I could desire; but once, if I mistake not, nearly fell to pieces. It was a fearful moment; as if your dearest and loveliest on earth were suddenly to totter on the verge of madness, and say wicked and impure words... Ophelia... I felt quite giddy. But it was soon over, and the darling shone out bright and calm and peerless as ever...'

Brown had attended a rehearsal, which he found 'even more interesting than the concert':

'Manns, unfettered by the proprieties, mad, springing to his feet, hurling himself at the orchestra like a tiger, like a thunderbolt, like a conical bullet, like a little black devil! A splendid and never-to-be-forgotten sight. I saw his dodges, and more or less comprehended them.'

As a lover of the organ works of Bach, Brown found the more popular type of compositions generally played at organ recitals in those days very depressing. He went to an organ recital at the Crystal Palace:

'There was Mr. X, pounding away at some screaming indecency. I waited for his second piece, though much dejected, but as it was only some sugary or rather rum-and-sugary operatic *rifacimento*, I came away, and left him up to his ears in organ treacle.'

He returned, however, before the end of the recital, and adds the following comment:

'Smart's Andante in D is a pretty thing enough, not so much crisp as mincing. In our poor friend's hands it assumed an air of the fatuously dissolute.'

Brown's views on musical taste in 1870, or thereabout, are surprisingly hopeful. In fact not

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much more could truly be said of the position to-day (though the drawing-room 'fortress' has long ago fallen).

'We have been getting fonder of music [he writes], and of good music. In some fashion—rather haphazard, perhaps—we have been learning to know good music when we hear it. No doubt the middle-class drawing-room, that last fortress of error, is much where it was. . . . But the Teutonic invasion has told; Mendelssohn has almost obtained the *Britannic civitas*, and even Schumann stands—uncertain, it is true—upon the threshold. And if we pass from the drawing-room to the concert hall, the state of affairs is positively encouraging. Here are great organs magnificently played; here is Bach; here is an orchestra; here are Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, all the gods.'

Some twenty years later, shortly before leaving Clifton, Brown tells J. A. Symonds that people are asking him what he will do when he retires.

'Do! God bless my soul! I have everything to do. I have to save my soul alive, for one small item. As yet I have not even done that; in short I have done nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, and read nothing.'

'Every now and then these big blanks of vacuum come bursting around me with a sort of flop that is quite dreadful. Just the other day I felt this so strongly about music, for instance, and, briefly, of opera. I mentioned it to someone, who turned upon me a face more vacuous than the most portentous of my vacuums, and evidently didn't know what I was driving at.'

In the early 'nineties, when attendance at the opera—especially on 'Wagner nights'—was considered a social duty, the idea that Wagner's music might better be listened to apart from scenic 'effects' and costumed singers, was enough to make many people of a certain class look rather vacuous!

But Brown thought otherwise. Describing a performance of 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth to S. T. Irwin, in 1894, he says:

'Won't do! "Parsifal" is an impossibility, and I am hugely disappointed. . . . Set to your seal that the musical drama is a tremendous but hopeless aspiration. Fall back upon Beethoven and the symphonic form, and take courage. I don't wonder at men thinking that this is a path that no one can tread after Beethoven. But this is wrong. The world is open; we can yet gather the flowers of Heaven. Not, however, in this field of combination and complication will they ever be gathered. . . . Wagner's Wahn—exactly so, a noble Wahn, but brings me no Friede as Wagner says it did to him—will bring Friede to no child of man who is born with wings, however imperfectly developed.'

After his return home Brown wrote:

'Have you heard that there are to be orchestral Wagner concerts in London next November, the first to be conducted by Siegfried Wagner? That is just what I should like. The man Curtius is trying to arrange with Madame Wagner for the production of substantial portions of "Parsifal." Orchestral, remember. That's the point. As to their lewdness and

superfluity of scenic naughtiness, may I never again come within a hundred miles of them.'

In case this should give the impression that Brown was a bit of a prig, it may be added that he was inclined to be a trifle Rabelaisian at times. But, as he himself said: 'There are nice Rabelaisians, and there are nasty; but the latter are not Rabelaisians.'

Although Brown is so picturesquely emphatic in his condemnation of inferior music, or music badly performed he did not pose in any way as being a superior person. He was always ready to greet as a kindred spirit anyone who was at all musically inclined. Witness his description of an encounter with a pianoforte-tuner:

'The piano has been tuned to-day by a man from L'pool, a ter'ble nice young man. I played him "Myl-y-charane," and he played me a Cornish Florida. Fancy! these are the *agrément*s of Manx life. Do you know what a Florida is? A dance tune at the Cornish Floridas; and the Cornish Florida is the May-Day fête, and would seem to be the Floralia of the ancient Romans handed down from the British period. Fancy one of Smith's tuners meeting me in this intelligent and sympathetic fashion!'

Like many people with musical souls, Brown had a great love for the sea. Convalescent after his breakdown in 1892, he wrote thus to G. H. Wollaston, from Ramsey:

'O Wollaston, the delight of this leisure! I read, I write, I play. Good gracious! I shouldn't wonder if my music came to something yet. I have actually gone back to singing, a vice of my youth. Don't mention it at Clifton! I always think the sea the great challenger and promoter of song. Even the mountain is not the same thing. There may always be some damned fool or another behind a rock. But the sea is open, and you can tell when you are alone, and the dear old chap is so confidential; I will trust him with my secret.'

Later he employed his poetical and musical powers in writing the words and music of some songs, 'partly of sentiment, partly of fun,' in the hope that by singing them at public gatherings they would become sufficiently popular to oust the kind of songs which were being imported into the Isle by trippers.

'I have not been able to write much of late,' he says. 'Still I have written eleven songs, with music. A sad waste of time, I fear. But I have the fit upon me, and am hugely enamoured of a plan for counter-acting, counter-writing, counter-composing the music-hall songs now invading the silly rustics everywhere. Wherever you go you hear the wretched babes and sucklings discoursing of "the man that broke the bank" at somewhere—Monaco, is it? Or "a bicycle for two." It is very deplorable. Blessed little beautiful things that might well bear palms and follow Christ on His entry into Jerusalem. No doubt on Olivet you will soon hear (or has not the Jaffa railway already introduced?) the same refrain.'

One of the most distinguished of his pupils, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, has emphasised what he calls Brown's passion for continuity. Preaching

to the school at Clifton on one occasion, Brown said: 'Continuous life, that is what we want—to feel the pulses of hearts that now are dust.'

I should like to think that even the few brief extracts I have quoted from his letters are sufficient to show that, though Brown's own heart has long been dust, yet it still beats in perfect sympathy with the hearts of all those of us to whom music is a solace and a delight.

LEADING NEGRO CHOIR'S EUROPEAN VISIT

CHOIR OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE,
VIRGINIA,

TO BE HEARD IN LONDON

(From a Special Correspondent)

Hampton, Virginia.

'An event' in the musical worlds of Great Britain and the Continent will be the visit of the Choir of the Hampton Institute, Virginia, the oldest of the big normal and industrial colleges for Negroes in the United States, founded by General Armstrong immediately after the Civil War. The Choir, consisting of forty students, will leave America at the end of April and will be under the leadership of Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, Director of Music at Hampton for thirteen years. They will give an afternoon concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday, May 3, and on Sunday night they will leave for the Continent. They return to London for an Albert Hall concert on Sunday, May 11. They will sing in Brussels, The Hague, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Cologne, and other German cities, and will visit Switzerland.

Dr. Dett, a Canadian-born negro, has all the joyous spirit of the members of his race born further south. After being at the Conservatoire of Music at Oberlin College, he went to Harvard, where he gained, besides other distinctions, the Bowdoin Literary Prize for his 'Emancipation of Negro Music.' Twice he has been president of the National Association of Negro Musicians, and he has a steadily growing list of pianoforte and organ pieces, solos, and choruses to his name. He is recognised as a leading figure in musical circles, irrespective of colour.

The famous Fisk Choir delighted our fathers and grandfathers, but the Hampton Choir is coming with a different aim. They are not 'out' to raise money for their school, but to show the musical genius of their race, not only through the 'spirituals' which will fill a considerable portion of their programme, but also through their interpretations of classical and modern music.

'Our visit to England and the Continent will be our choir's first adventure overseas,' Dr. Dett told me. 'We hope that our performances will draw attention to the fact of the development of the Negro people during their sixty years of freedom in America, and therefore indicate that, given the same chances, the people of Africa may advance likewise, for all Europe is interested in Africa. Through the Choir, modern Negro youth—our forty singers range in age from about seventeen to twenty-one years—will speak for itself, both, I believe, in its accomplishment and in

its attitude towards serious art. A choir must establish itself as a choir first of all, and if it can't interpret world music, it cannot interpret Negro music. Our endeavour is to do both.'

To illustrate the kind of music to be given, Dr. Dett showed me particulars of a recent concert at the Symphony Hall, Boston. This programme included, besides the spirituals, sacred songs of the 16th century, Russian Liturgical hymns, Church music by modern American composers, and anthems and motets based on negro idioms, including his own 'Don't be weary, traveller,' which gained the Francis Boott Prize at Harvard in 1921.

The first big outside venture of the Hampton Choir was when it sang in Washington in the Temple of Music of the Library of Congress five years ago. This was followed by participation in Mr. Percy Grainger's concerts in New York, which city is now regularly visited twice a year in the course of the regular tours the Choir makes. The Glee Club, composed of the Members of the Choir, frequently tours the Southern States also.



DR. R. NATHANIEL DETT.

'When we first began to give our public concerts we found that many of the white people attending were amazed at the manner in which negroes had advanced in education,' said Dr. Dett. 'After the performance white ladies would crowd on to the platform and ask the choir questions, for, as they said to me, they could not understand how such children—"babies" was the expression some used—could not only sing so well, but how they could sing at all! To them this was a wonderful thing for members of what they felt was just "a child race."

'On one occasion I was particularly puzzled by the exclamation of one white lady who, after looking at the girls, cried, "But they have got straight legs!"

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'It was not for some time that I understood the significance of this remark. Eventually I found it was seriously meant, for this lady's idea of Negro girls and women was that of the least fortunate members of the race. Negro children in the days following slavery were too often afflicted with rickets owing to insufficient nourishment. Thus a very large number of negro servants certainly did not have straight legs, and this white lady imagined that it was a regular deformity of the race. It illustrates how much knowledge there is to be gained by white folk concerning the educated Negro to-day.'

H. W. P.

Music in the Foreign Press

ON EDITING PIANOFORTE MUSIC

In the February *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, Eduard Beninger calls attention to the many difficulties of preparing editions of pianoforte music:

'The most grotesque thing is the rage for indications of phrasing which found its scientific exponent in Hugo Riemann. Riemann has done away with all possibility of differentiating the *legato* slur from the "phrasing" slur. The first to react against this tendency was Theodor Wihmayer (1917). Hermann Keller, in his book "Die Musikalische Artikulation" (Munich, 1925), deals adequately with the difference between articulation and phrasing. Editors should give up the practice of providing articulation-slurs. The problem of providing fingerings is complicated in itself, and must be considered jointly with the problem of the use of the pedal—e.g., in Beethoven's Op. 106, there is one fingering that makes it possible to play the opening bars without using the pedal, whereas other fingerings make it necessary to use the pedal either from the up-beat to the first chord, or from the first chord to the second, which is not in keeping with the style of the opening.'

BAVARIAN FOLK-DANCES

In the same issue, Anton Bauer publishes sixty dance tunes from Bavaria. A peculiarity is that 4-4 and 3-4 often alternate in the course of a tune—or even 4-4, 3-4, and 2-4.

A BACH NUMBER

The January *Musik* is a special Bach number, with contributions by Ernst Decsey, Alfred Lorenz, Felix Weingärtner, H. W. von Waltershausen, Erik Reger, and Willi Apel—the last-named writer providing a particularly instructive essay on 'The Art of the Fugue.'

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF BEETHOVEN

In the February issue of the same periodical appear a letter from Beethoven to H. A. Steiner and one to Prinz Lobkowitz. They were first published in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, December 14, 1929.

ALBAN BERG

In the same issue, Willi Reich devotes a useful essay—chiefly biographical—to Alban Berg.

MAHLER AND LOEWE

In the same issue, Robert Sondheimer shows that many things in Mahler's music closely resemble things in Loewe's oratorio 'The Destruction of Jerusalem' (1830), which he describes as most live and impressive. He also calls attention to Loewe's influence on Wagner.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY CONCERTS

In *Das Orchester* (March 15) and in *Pult und Taktsstock*, Alfred Szendrei writes:

'There is, and can be, no such thing as a conductorless orchestra. But there can be (and the Leipsic Symphony Orchestra, following the example of Russia, has just proved it) concerts given without the visible co-operation of a conductor. To believe that the rehearsals of a musical work can take place without there always being one musician who leads and whom the others follow is absurd. Playing without a conductor is an experience whose educational value is great; it compels the players to acquire a better understanding of the works they play. It will also teach audiences not to indulge in excess of worship for conductors; nowadays too many people think that a conductor displays genius when he is merely being theatrical.'

THE ORGAN IN THE EAST

In the February *Revue de Musicologie*, A. Gastoué, referring to a previous contribution by M. Raghib, writes:

'The texts quoted by M. Raghib demonstrate that the organ was in use in early Byzantine churches, before the Turkish conquest. At that time, Byzantine music was founded on scales consisting of tones and semi-tones only. The author quoted by M. Raghib deplores the fact that Turkish musicians were unable to use the Byzantine organs, because their own music comprised intervals smaller than the semi-tone. Hence, it is quite true that Byzantine tonality changed, at a comparatively late date, under the influence of Turkish music.'

UNKNOWN WORKS BY F. X. KLEINHEINZ

In the March *Revue Musicale*, Emil Haraszti writes:

'We know comparatively little of F. X. Kleinheinz (1772-1832), who was a friend of Beethoven (according to a letter from Karl van Beethoven to Breitkopf & Härtel, he had transcribed a few of Beethoven's works) and had given music lessons to Theresa Josephine Brunswick. The first catalogue of his compositions was established by Eitner. In the library of the Budapest Conservatorium, I recently discovered the following, hitherto unknown, works of his: (a) a Cantata inspired by the Napoleonic wars, and more especially by the Presburg Peace (1805); it contains a "Battle," which in many respects resembles Beethoven's "Wellington's Victory," and some very fine choral music; (b) a transcription for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons of the above cantata, slightly modified; (c) an octet for wind instruments.'

PAISIELLO'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the March *Rassegna Musicale*, Nino Cortese describes his discovery, among the papers bequeathed to the Naples Historical Society by a

Neapolitan archæologist, of a manuscript autobiography of Paisiello, and publishes in full the text of this document, written in 1811.

VERDI'S OPERAS

In the February *Musica d'Oggi*, A. Della Corte inaugurates a series of articles on Verdi's operas. The first is devoted to 'La Forza del Destino.'

EARLY POLISH OPERA

In the March *Muzyka* (Warsaw), Stanislaw Niewiadomski writes on Boguslawski, the centenary of whose death was recently celebrated:

'In 1778, Boguslawski turned a comedy by Bohomolec into an operetta; this was the first example of a lyric play by a Polish composer. His opera, "The Cracovians and the Mountaineers," remained popular until Moniuszko's "Halka" appeared. His activities were many; he acted, sang, taught singing and stage craft, wrote or translated plays, and was both a theatre director and a producer.'

YUGO-SLAV FOLK-SONGS

In the January-February *Sveta Cecilija*, Franjo Zidovec publishes folk-songs from Durdevac.

A FRENCH PERIODICAL DISAPPEARS

The monthly *Musique* is amalgamated with the *Guide du Concert*. The last issue (March 15) contains an article by Irving Scherwé on 'Early French Influences on American Music,' and two hitherto unpublished letters from Oulibicheff to Fétis.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

Occasional Notes

The death of Lord Balfour ought not to pass unnoticed in a musical journal. Everybody knew he was a great amateur with a special knowledge of and enthusiasm for Handel, but we doubt whether many people were aware that his knowledge concerning the music of that composer was far greater than that of most professionals. We have just re-read, after an interval of many years, his essay on Handel. As it was written forty-three years ago, some of its references to other early composers hardly apply now that so much revival has taken place. For example, Balfour speaks of 'the largest portion of the works of even the great musicians' prior to 1760 as having 'either perished beyond hope of recovery' or lying ignored on the shelves of libraries. The revival of the Tudors and Elizabethans and of the pre-Bach Germans and the early Italians was yet to come; and it is clear from some of the writer's comments on Bach that, like most English people of fifty years ago, his knowledge of that composer was only beginning. The essay was written just after the bi-centenary of Handel's birth, and appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1887. The question of Handel's borrowings was evidently then very much in the air, for we find Balfour warmly defending the composer. His view is that Handel usually helped himself indifferently from his own and other composers' works during the 'heat and fervour of actual composition,' and with no thought of dishonesty; and, he adds:

'Rarely, therefore, unless in the case of a *pièce d'occasion*, do these borrowed pieces bear

the marks of being foisted into their places to save the composer trouble, or to cover a momentary failure of inspiration; in the great majority of cases (I do not say in all) the appropriated ideas seem only then to have found the setting and the use for which Nature originally intended them, when Handel impressed them into his service. They are wanderers, which have at last reached their home—migrating souls, which, not till then, have found their fitting and perfect embodiment.'

Not satisfied with defending Handel, he proceeds to show ingeniously that, so far from doing injustice to the composers laid under contribution, Handel has done them all a good turn:

'My second observation is this: If the main objection to robbery consists in the fact that the victim of the robbery is injured by it, Handel's appropriation of the music of his predecessors would seem to be innocent, if not meritorious. So far from their being injured by it in a quarter in which injury was alone possible, namely, their reputation, it is not too much to say that their whole reputation is entirely founded on it. Who would take the slightest interest in Urlio if Handel had not condescended to use his "Te Deum" in "Saul" and in the "Dettingen"? Who would ever have heard of Erba if Handel had not immortalised him by including parts of his Magnificat in "Israel"? The truth is that Handel had not cheated them out of their due meed of fame; he has cheated them into it. And I apprehend that if this were made the preliminary condition of all literary or artistic pilfering, the art of plagiarism would not, in all probability, be extensively practised or grossly abused.'

Balfour's discussion of Handel's use of the chorus, and his views on the dramatic value of the chorus in the scheme of a large work, are first-rate critical writing. Excellent, too, is his consideration of the absence from Handel's music of a quality of emotion which he finds difficult to describe save by remarking that its greatest exponent has been Beethoven in certain of his slow movements.

In view of recent attempts to revive Handel's operas it is interesting to read Balfour's opinion concerning the possibilities of such a revival. He considered that the arbitrary rules and conventions in the opera of the period put them out of court to-day. The domination of the composers by the singers he regarded as another obstacle. At a time when outstanding skill in performance was practically confined to a handful of singers, it was inevitable that those singers should demand a degree of consideration which, Balfour says, 'has never before or since been asked or received by interpreters of a work of genius from its creator.' He goes on:

'Thus Handel, in most of his operas, not only observed the elaborate system of rules which were contrived to ensure that, while each singer should have sufficient scope to display his talent, no singer should have too much, but wrote his

music with aptitude. It is, I examining compass peculiar part of notes.

To-day Farinelli trammels

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music with a special view to the particular aptitudes of the various members of his staff. It is, I believe, possible to discover, by a mere examination of his score, not only what was the compass of each performer, but what was his peculiar excellence or weakness, and in what part of the register lay his best and most effective notes.'

To-day we cannot be seduced by the voice of a Farinelli or of a Faustina into ignoring the trammels under which Handel worked :

'Therefore it is that the Italian opera of Handel's time is dead beyond all hope of revival, even in this age of revivals. No modern audience would tolerate it, even if modern singers could be found to render it ; and this, be it observed, not because the music is old-fashioned, not because our ears are tuned to richer orchestration or a different flow of melody, though these things be true, but because the composers of that day were compelled by the tyranny of circumstances to cast their thoughts in a shape which even a genius like Handel could not render immortal.'

Above all in this essay we like the passage in which Balfour speaks of Handel's weaknesses :

'It is not, perhaps, very easy to say it, and it is not rendered much easier on his occasion by the fact that the writer of these pages is obliged to confess to a degree of affectionate devotion to the great composer which it is not possible, or I had almost even said, which it is not desirable that the majority of readers should show. Yet, as it is permissible to feel for living personalities a degree of regard not nicely apportioned to the number and quality of their virtues, as we may have a tenderness even for their shortcomings, a lurking affection even for their very weaknesses, the same latitude of toleration must now and again be granted us in another sphere. In art as well as in life we must sometimes be allowed to feel that the native splendour of what is best in any man's work illumines, though with a borrowed glow, those parts which are less excellent, without being too constantly reminded that the glow is borrowed. In art as well as in life it must be given us sometimes to judge as lovers, and not with the chill impartiality of mere intimate acquaintance.'

This kind of sentiment, he hopes, need not impair the value of criticism unless it prevents the critic from separating the personal from the general in his estimate :

'From this danger [he goes on] I shall endeavour to guard myself ; and, in order that my readers may feel reassured on the point, I hasten to acknowledge that if, as is probable, they are only restrained by the respect inspired by a great name from saying that Handel is not infrequently simple even to the verge, or beyond the verge, of commonplace, I agree with them, even though to me he is never tame. If they think that Handel was frequently content to use again and yet again phrases originally invented, perhaps, by others, then worn threadbare through constant iteration by himself, I admit it to be true, though to me they seem

always fresh. And if they further desire to point out that Handel had certain tricks for producing some of his great choral effects, striking, no doubt, and characteristically simple, but still of a kind from which time and repetition have removed all the novelty and much of the charm, again I agree, though they still charm me.'

Could there be a more delightful bit of special pleading on behalf of one's favourite composer ?

That Balfour was less well acquainted with Bach than with Handel is shown by his comparison between the two in the following paragraph :

'The truth is that to every genius there is a characteristic weakness, a defect to which it naturally leans, and into which, in those inevitable moments when inspiration flags, it is apt to subside. With Handel this bias was towards melodious and facile, though always vigorous, commonplace ; as with Bach, it was towards a crabbed and somewhat ungrateful treatment of his materials.'

Readers should turn up this seventy-three-page study. It is to be found in the third and enlarged edition of 'Essays and Addresses,' where it makes a somewhat piquant appearance side by side with papers on 'Cobden and the Manchester School,' 'Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade,' and other subjects which we do not usually associate with enthusiastic and well-informed Handelian criticism.

Readers will have noticed a good many more or less amusing newspaper comments on the fact revealed in the Memoirs of Mrs. Drew (just published) that in his early days Balfour was an inveterate player of the concertina. A good deal less notice has been taken of the fact that he subsequently became an enthusiastic pianoforte duettist ; but of course pianoforte-playing makes poor 'copy' compared with a great statesman's addiction to an instrument whose very name has a touch of absurdity in most ears. But was the instrument the concertina ? We are told that Balfour's friends called it 'the infernal,' a nickname that suggests the likelihood of the instrument having been that known as the seraphina, a precursor of the harmonium brought out in England about 1833. Or the Balfourian instrument may have been the 'organo harmonica' an improved seraphina. It was evidently a portable instrument of some kind, for we are given to understand that young Balfour used to include it in his luggage when visiting. Among our favourite old *Musical Times* blocks are two which show us instruments that were popular among well-to-do people a little prior to the period concerned.

Having an idea that Balfour's favourite was one of these, we jumped at an excuse for reprinting these old pictures. Now that we have looked at them, however, and have also turned up the article on the concertina in 'Grove,' we see that the pictures have very little point. Nevertheless, we believe that they will please readers so much that we cannot send them back to the storeroom unused. We dismiss as unlikely

the instrument played by the gentleman in this illustration :



because we cannot imagine that Balfour would have been satisfied with a contrivance in which only one hand was available for playing purposes. As for our second picture :



after giving up speculation as to what the lady is really sitting on (for her centre of gravity seems to be poised well beyond the edge of the chair), we think that the limited scope of this instrument puts it also out of court. On learning from 'Grove' how great were the possibilities of the best type of Wheatstone concertina, we are inclined to think that after all this was the favoured instrument. How many readers know that Molique wrote two concertos for it, as well as a sonata for pianoforte and concertina; that G. A. Macfarren composed a quintet for concertina and strings; Edward Silas, an Adagio for eight concertinas, a quintet for concertina, pianoforte, violin, viola, and 'cello, and six trios for pianoforte, concertina, and violin? We learn also that much brilliant solo music has also been written for it. When this is realised, the picture of the exquisite Arthur Balfour playing the now-despised instrument at house-parties is less absurd than appears at first sight.

In continuation of our Occasional Note of last month in regard to the punctuality and timing of concerts, we draw on Mr. James Glover's notes

in the *Stage* for the following, concerning encores :

'... I went to a newly produced London musical comedy the other night, and the prima donna took about a dozen mild plaudits from a house of two thousand listeners, came on, took two calls, then a few steps to the conductor, suggesting "Yes, no; oh, yes." The conductor was the composer, and so we had the long, slow symphony and second verse all over again. And when I came out I found the managers who are running the show sitting on the stairs of the dress circle, and saying to the producer, "You must cut the show; look at the people going out. It is now 11.10. The curtain ought to drop at 11." And so on. [The barring of] five unnecessary encores that evening would have cut out ten minutes and quickened the action.'

(How many hours would be saved, and how much sluggishness of action averted, by a drastic rationing of encores during a Gilbert and Sullivan season!) Mr. Glover's remark applies also to the waste of time brought about by protracted recalls, the last few of which are demanded only by a mere handful of the audience. We believe that in this matter of punctuality the influence of broadcasting will be all to the good. In broadcast orchestral programmes the time spent on applause is reduced to the minimum, and encores are practically never heard. The public will soon be so appreciative of the resultant economy in time that they will wish to see it applied to concerts in general.

On more than one occasion we have alluded to the methods of the 'composers' of musical comedy music. The gossip-monger in the *Daily Mail* of March 31 mentioned a typical example. 'If the song-hit of Cochran's "1930 Revue" proves to be Mr. Beverley Nichol's catching melody "The little things you do," it will probably be the first popular tune ever composed with a latch key.' And he proceeded to tell us that Mr. Nichols produced it when he was suffering from a damaged right hand. 'He happened to sit down at the piano one afternoon, improvised a bass, flicked the treble with the key, and suddenly realised that he had discovered a melody which all London may soon be humming.' A copy of the tune lies before us. As the music is made up entirely of scraps that have seen hard service on the musical comedy stage for many years past, we think Mr. Nichols might have trusted to his memory alone and not bothered about that latch-key. If the duet is as successful as the *Daily Mail* writer expected it to be, the reason will be found, perhaps, in the fact that (as he goes on to say) the singers are supported by a chorus in 'sensational frocks blending greys, dazzling white, and deep black.'

Mention of Mr. Beverley Nichols (who has now appeared as a 'composer' as well as a writer of a revue) reminds us of our recent paragraph concerning Mr. Noel Coward, who (readers will remember) was hailed as a genius on the score of his having produced both the music and book of 'Bitter Sweet,' thanks to a series of one-finger adventures at the pianoforte. We were interested to see in a recent issue of *The Times* that 'Bitter Sweet' had reached its three hundredth performance; but, said *The Times* critic, why call the work an operette? 'Had it depended on its music it would not have passed its thirteenth performance.'

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Here is more light on a kindred subject, from the *Daily Telegraph* report of a speech delivered by Mr. Louis Sterling, managing director of the Columbia Graphophone Company, at a Musicians' Club dinner. Mr. Sterling told the company that he recently had as his guest an American publisher of sheet music. Sir Thomas Beecham, who was also there, said to the publisher, 'You must have some wonderful composers in your country.' 'They know nothing about music,' was the reply. 'They don't know one note from another. They just come into the office and whistle, and we have some clever youngsters who take it down.' Sir Thomas remarked that he himself had composed from time to time. 'Well, that's all right,' said the American publisher. 'Just come into our office some time and whistle it.' Mr. Sterling added that this anecdote gave the

boys' and girls' schools in different parts of the country. The scheme for affiliated orchestras is being steadily developed, and there are now junior orchestras at Manchester (Tobias Matthay School), Glasgow (National Scottish Academy), Plymouth, Leytonstone, &c. Study Circles are also being formed, and first-class orchestral players are acting as leaders of each section. Parties from schools, clubs, &c., may obtain reserved seats for the concert on May 9 at 1s. (tax included). All particulars concerning the orchestra may be had from the Secretary, The Studio, 40, Marlborough Hill, N.W.8.

Mr. Leslie Heward succeeds Mr. Adrian Boult as Musical Director of the City of Birmingham Orchestra. Mr. Heward is a native of Bradford, and thirty-two years old. He was a choir-boy at



A FINAL REHEARSAL OF THE LONDON JUNIOR ORCHESTRA.

Fox Photos

company an idea of how much some of those in the gramophone industry knew about music. 'We can't play, and we can't sing. My wife says my voice is colour-blind. We just kid ourselves that we know what is best in music, and the public have got to have it.' Mr. Sterling's frank remark helps us to understand why the gramophone companies do such splendid things at one moment and some almost unbelievably bad ones the next.

The London Junior Orchestra announces its second public concert at Central Hall, Westminster, on May 9, at 8 p.m. The Junior Philharmonic Choir will sing madrigals and part-songs. We have already given particulars of these two important junior organizations. We add that the honorary Council now represents nearly seventy

Manchester Cathedral under Dr. Sydney Nicholson, with whom he studied the organ. Subsequently he became assistant organist at the Cathedral, and also held a Church appointment as organist and choirmaster. He has since become widely known to the public through his conducting for the B.N.O.C., and later for the B.B.C. In 1925 he went to Cape Town as conductor of the orchestra there, and programme director to the Cape Peninsular Broadcasting Association. Since his return to this country he has done a good deal of work in connection with sound-films and gramophone recording.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Music has been conferred on Prof. W. G. Whittaker by the University of Edinburgh. Prof. Tovey, Dean of

SONGS

Novello publishes 'Two Passiontide Songs' by Denis Wright, which are out of the ordinary and deserve notice. The composer takes his texts from Troutbeck's translations, and sets them with reticence and modesty of style. The first song is at times in the style of Bach; the second reminds one of Schubert's manner. The songs do not aim at originality or modernness, they aim only at a sincere and careful setting of the words; and it is because of their obvious sincerity that they succeed.

'Jewels,' by Norman O'Neill, makes no effort to be out of the ordinary either in style or outlook. The song is skilful and effective, but undistinguished. Much the same is true of Hubert Brown's 'Noonday Haze' and 'A Mist of Bluebells,' though here the real conventionality of the harmony is emphasised by an attempt to colour up the accompaniment. Having said this, it is fair to add that these two songs are very well written, and show firmness of grip and knowledge of effect (Winthrop Rogers).

Marjorie McTavish sets translations from Chinese poems in her 'Tears' and 'Drinking Song' (Augener). She has imagination and a sense of the picturesque. There is always the danger, when Eastern poems are used, of securing a facile atmosphere without any real attempt to get at the meaning of the words. The composer's accompaniments are on the elaborate side, but the songs have emotional background as well as colour.

From Rowland, of 84, Oxford Street, are 'Two Songs of the Chalutzim,' Hebrew-Palestinian folk-songs arranged for voice and pianoforte (with English translation) by Maurice Bannister.

T. A.

UNISON

Martin Shaw's 'Sea Roads' is bright and conventional in words and music. For once the composer is trite, though that will not prevent the song being liked (Hawkes).

Ernest Austin's 'Dainty lady, trip with me' has nothing very fresh either. The poetess rhymes 'song' to 'young,' 'kingcup' to 'dewdrop,' and (apparently) 'me' with 'holiday.' The music has an easy amble, in brisk six-eight, with dotted quavers (Larway).

G. Rathbone's 'Fresh from the Dell' is in quick two-four time, which must be strictly kept, without stiffness. The music is greyish in tone—rather monotonous. Perhaps that is part of the interpretative idea. It can quite well be defended. Handel's simple 'Ask if yon damask rose,' from 'Susannah,' has a sweet lift in the melody, which moves graciously, at no great speed; a good means of coaxing fluently expressive tone from a class (Novello).

W. R. A.

PART-SONGS FOR CHILDREN'S AND FEMALE VOICES

Bantock's latest large-scale writing is a set of five 'Choral Songs and Dances' from the 'Bacchae' of Euripides, here arranged for pianoforte accompaniment. The orchestral parts may be hired. The five are: 'From Asia,' 'Where is the home for me?' 'Will they ever come to me?' 'Weave ye the dance,' and 'There be many shapes of mystery.' The first and third cost ninepence each, the second

and fourth sixpence, and the last fourpence. All are for s.s.a. (three parts throughout). Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation is used. The first two are fairly easy; the middle one is the longest, and more difficult, though never for long at a time. 'Weave ye the dance' has very short solo portions, which any good chorus leader can do. It wants bacchanal rhapsodies and fury. The last, *largamente maestoso*, is only a couple of dozen bars long; it could hardly stand by itself, but some of the others could. The suite would be effective if there were some description of the play in a programme, or spoken before the performance. The idiom is not 'advanced,' nor has it more than a flavour of the archaic, and the accompaniment would, I imagine from looking at the pianoforte copy, without seeing the orchestral score, suggest the ancient instruments of Greece, the lyre and flute. The music is likely to be popular. Its range of emotion is considerable, and it is written with good understanding of what the voices can do (Joseph Williams).

Dr. Sweeting has two new songs, one, 'In March,' for s.s., and the other, 'The Twelve Gardeners,' for s.s.a. The first is buoyant and swift-moving. As it ends up with a word of praise for 'my pretty Phyllis,' it suits males best, though vocally it is good for all. The other song steps more quietly, still with attractive brightness in its face. The low part goes down only to C as a rule, with one B. Leslie Heward's 'Bunches of Grapes' (s.s.) is a good test for alert youngsters. It is a setting of that little poem by de la Mare that ends with Jane's delighted cry for 'a bumpy ride in a waggon of hay.' Speed, precision, and a neat swirl all the way are the qualities wanted here (Stainer & Bell).

A. M. Goodhart's 'Song of the Sirens' (Odysseus's maidens, not the modern ones) is for s.s.a. It asks a flexible tonal variety, with a certain warmth and flamboyance of style, is very short, and should attract bright choirs (Curwen).

A song by George Butterworth is welcome. This lamented writer's choice work ceased all too soon. I see that 'In the Highlands' was first copyrighted in America in 1912, but presume that it is but newly issued here. It is for s.s.a.; gracious as the poem by an un-named writer ('In the Highlands, in the country-places'). There is real charm here; breadth too, and simply-applied strength (Augener).

Ernest Austin's 'Springtime' (s.s.) says old things agreeably, in a score of bars for the voice, and a few more for pianoforte. There is nothing in the world to prevent fifty other people from doing this every bit as well; equally, no reason why Mr. Austin should not do it again, while he does it as nicely as this (Larway).

Edgar Moy's 'The Lamp Lighter' sets not Stevenson, but Shenton (s.s.). Twenty-five bars this time; there is a passion for short songs; but can many choirs afford even threepence for a tiny piece nowadays? This song trips along sturdily. I think it is often worth a composer's while to go a little out of his way to avoid getting a word like 'at' on the first of the bar, especially after a rest. Parry used to take pains—too many, some thought; but I believe it is right to avoid these stresses on weak words (Hawkes).

W. R. A.

MALE-VOICE

Arnold Williams's 'St. Mary's Bells' (Masefield) gives T.T.B.B. a little of what they always fancy—'ding-dong' imitations, with sudden swells, *ppp* instantly followed by *ff*, and so on; scales and bell arpeggios and all. There is not much else, but this should be worth the money. I like best Ireland's solo setting of this song (which begins, 'It's pleasant in Holy Mary') (Curwen).

George Rathbone takes Byron's 'There be none of Beauty's daughters' and makes a pleasant T.T.B.B. song of it, in easy, flowing periods, with suitable opulence of harmony, and no excess (Novello). W. R. A.

MIXED-VOICE

Several songs by A. Brent-Smith appear, a madrigal and a ballet-madrigal, both for S.S.A.T.B., and a six-part madrigal (S.S.A.T.B.B.). The first is 'In Praise of Pan' (Beaumont & Fletcher), and the other two have words by Julian Riddell—'Now Spring doth show her powers' and 'As some great engine,' which title reminds one of some of those in Tudor days. The style follows that of the great old models, with some success, though the squareness of rhythm is not quite in the tradition. The ballet style is easier to do, but there one falls into the modern part-song way rather easily. Only one man, as far as I know, has done this thoroughly well in our day, and that is Wolstenholme, in 'To take the air.' The last of this set has more of the element of surprise than have the others, and that is an important element, as one realises when the right effort is made to see the ancient madrigals in their astonishing freshness. There is good material for choral societies here, but I cannot be sure that it is worth a modern composer's while to challenge comparison with Wilbye and Morley (as he must if he will write madrigals). Wolstenholme did it brilliantly, and Mr. Brent-Smith comes off well; but I feel that his is more the kind of music that would be written by a sound student in the Final B.Mus. (Novello).

Charles Wood had a throw in the same gamble with 'The Bag of the Bee' (the familiar Herrick whimsy), which is now published. This, for S.S.A.T.B., comes very near the real flavour. It is a clever essay indeed, and good entertainment too. David Stephen sets Shelley's 'Oh, gentle moon,' for S.A.T.B., and finds, in a short space, a good deal of the poet's emotion. Near the end the parts are divided, and he ends with a 6-3 on the tonic. This song would please choirs that can throw their emotion about at a quick call. 'Where be ye, my love?' is Peter Warlock's transcription. It is for S.A.B., 'very slow and plaintive'—a strikingly expressive piece apparently from Henry VIII.'s time, and as good as some of the songs ascribed to His Majesty (Oxford University Press).

'King's Gardens' is a straightforward setting of words from the Greek. It does not catch all the quiet, inner exhilaration of the happy words, but with suitable delicacy it can be well enjoyed. It is by Percy Judd (Hawkes).

'Rebecca's Hymn' (Scott's Rebecca) is set by Maurice Jacobson, for S.A.T.B. and *ad lib.* soprano soloist (whose part can be taken by the semi-chorus). I think the style is a little light for the dignity of the music. The scoring for strings

(with organ *ad lib.*) gives it greater breadth, doubtless. The pianoforte does not seem quite to fill the bill. The singers have a good brisk time, the music not being easy. Its aspiration is good, its power in performance might be considerable; only its general discourse seems rather slight and a little forced for the weight of the theme (Curwen).

Yet again our old friend 'The Sands of Dee,' set for S.A.T.B. by I. Burnell. It is in a descriptive, chromatic style that recalls some of the old favourites like Hegar, and many of the Welsh specialities. Choirs that like that type of work will probably enjoy this (Novello). W. R. A.

'The Faithful Shepherdess' is one of a series of classical plays which have been adapted 'for female representation' by Adam Smith. This one has some songs, dances, and a little two-part chorus music, with other incidentals, by Florian Pascal, neatly done in a tuneful if not extremely new way. There are four chief shepherds, three shepherdesses, a God of the River, a Faun, and a Priest of Pan. A good deal of the music is accompanied rhymed declamation, which needs a good deal of practice if the music and poetry are to fit well. The solo parts are four in number, and none has very much to do. Whether this lovely lyrical piece can stand 'female representation,' or any other, I doubt. I have seen it staged, and prefer to read it. For those who like to try their hand (or rather voice) at one of the perfect things of dramatic-poetic fancy, here it is (Joseph Williams; complete music, 3s.; libretto, 6d.; vocal music and dances, separately, 1s. each. Score and parts, MS. only.). W. R. A.

CHURCH MUSIC

Two recent additions to Novello's series of Short Settings of the Office for the Holy Communion (including Benedictus and Agnus Dei) are excellent numbers which will be welcomed by choirs looking for something that is interesting and effective without being too elaborate. F. W. Wadely's setting in F minor is a musicianly work, mainly diatonic in style, and distinguished by its neat, fluent vocal writing. Four-part writing prevails, the only unison work (for tenors and basses) occurring in the middle section of the Creed and Gloria, which also contain parts for soprano (Incarnatus) and tenor. The final sections of both these movements appear effectively in the tonic major. With a well-balanced choir this setting should sound well. Godfrey Sampson's setting in E flat, though not difficult, provides scope for a big choir. The writing generally is broad and straightforward, and some massive effects are obtained. Opportunities for unaccompanied singing occur in the Sanctus, Benedictus, and the middle section of the Gloria. The Agnus Dei is set entirely for solo voices—soprano, bass, and tenor. Both these settings would suit good average choirs.

Novello's issue also 'An Easy Communion Service' in E flat, for congregation and choir, by the Rev. Charles T. Powell. The congregational part is in unison throughout, and within the compass of an octave (C to C'). Scope for simple four-part singing by the choir is afforded in the shorter movements and in the middle

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[Mention review in 'Recollected Whitehead' 'Strauss—Pp. 63' 'Univer 'A Text— for So Pp. 26 'Optimis By J. 1s. 6d. 'Technic Jevons

sections of the Creed and Gloria. Simple three-fold and nine-fold forms of the Kyrie are included. Too many composers, by the way, seem to be unaware of the fact that in many churches nowadays the responses to the Commandments are not sung. The inclusion of a simple nine-fold form of the Kyrie would seem advisable in all settings of this Office.

From the Oxford University Press come two new numbers of the Oxford Series of Modern Anthems, edited by E. Stanley Roper. Harold E. Darke contributes a fine setting for male voices and organ of T. Hughes's 'O God of Truth.' A stately opening leads to some vigorous writing, which reaches a climax with the verse 'We fight for truth.' Effective contrast is provided in the following verse—'Then God of truth for Whom we long'—which is set simply and quietly (*tranquillo*) for solo tenor and chorus, and with a return to the music of the opening pages an impressive close is reached. William H. Harris's anthem, 'The Heavens declare the Glory of God,' was written for the two hundred and seventy-sixth anniversary of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral, May 21, 1930. It is a setting of Psalm xix. with two verses from 'Eternal Ruler,' by J. W. Chadwick, and is founded on Gibbons's Song I. This is a good piece of diatonic writing, strong and dignified in style, which should make an imposing effect. The closing pages of the opening section are for double choir. A quieter section (*più lento*) for cathedral choir and then full choir (*pp*), with tenor solo, works up gradually in pace and power to a repetition of the opening verse. This leads through a brief organ passage (*dim.*) into the hymn 'Eternal Ruler,' sung to Gibbons's stately tune. This is treated very effectively for double choir and makes an imposing finish to a very fine work, which, withal, is by no means difficult.

From Curwen's comes a Mystery Play—'Easter'—written by John Masefield and with music by Martin Shaw. It is a striking setting, thoroughly characteristic of the composer. Much of it is for various solo voices—representing 'The Way of the World,' 'The Spirit of the Place,' 'A Dead Man,' 'The Wind Above,' 'Anima Christi,' 'Mary Magdalen,' &c. There are some beautiful moments as well as much that is vivid and dramatic before the final triumphant chorus, 'Sing, men and angels, sing, For God our Life and King Has given us Light and Spring And morning breaking.'

G. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Mention in this list neither implies nor precludes review in a future issue.]

'Recollections of a Violoncellist.' By W. E. Whitehouse. Pp. 107. *The Strad*, 5s.

'Strauss—The Rose Cavalier.' By Eric Blom. Pp. 63. ('Musical Pilgrim' series.) Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d.

'A Text-Book of Vocal Training and Preparation for Song Interpretation.' By Frank Philip. Pp. 261. Reeves, 7s. 6d.

'Optimism, or Everybody's Guide to Happiness.' By J. Alfred Johnstone. Pp. 100. Reeves, 1s. 6d.

'Technics of Organ Teaching.' By Reginald Jevons. Pp. 37. Reeves.

'Guide to the A.R.C.M. and other Examinations in the Art of Pianoforte Teaching.' (Second edition, enlarged.) By Arthur H. Fillingham. Pp. 56. From the Author, 96, Street Lane, Leeds, 2s. 6d.

'Music through Games.' By Lorna Stirling. Pp. 143. Evans Bros., 3s. 6d.

'Making Singing a Joy.' By Adelaide Gescheidt. Pp. 69. New York: R. L. Huntzinger; London: Hawkes, 5s. 6d.

'Natural Singing and Speaking.' By Ernest Cameron. Pp. 32. Watts, 2s. 6d.

'New Musical Resources.' By Henry Cowell. Pp. 144. Alfred A. Knopf, 8s. 6d.

'The Journal of the English Folk-Dance Society.' Second Series, No. 3. Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d.

'The First Two Years of Pianoforte Study.' By Désirée MacEwan. Pp. 46. Oxford University Press, 3s.

'Verdi.' By Ferruccio Bonavia. Pp. 161. Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

H.M.V.

So exaggerated a view is held by many as to the beneficent influence of the gramophone that it is well to be reminded occasionally of some of its shortcomings. For example, I was recently asked by a correspondent concerning an English recording of Brahms's third Symphony. To my surprise I found that none had been made. Columbia has recorded Nos. 1 and 2; H.M.V., Nos. 1 and 4—the former twice! Another reminder is provided by the issue this month by H.M.V. of Beethoven's fourth Symphony. This, however, still leaves Nos. 1, 2, and 7 missing from the H.M.V. list—a surprising state of things. Some of our amateur friends who hail the gramophone as the salvation of music must admit that one of the first duties of a company is to give us (just as publishers do in their department) complete sets of such 'staff of life' classics as Beethoven's Symphonies and Sonatas. Gaps in the lists of these fundamental things are very poorly compensated for by the constant duplications of infinitely less important works. However, here at last is an H.M.V. recording of No. 4, one of the lesser-known of the nine, but nevertheless a delightful and characteristic work, played by the Pablo Casals Symphony Orchestra of Barcelona, with, of course, Casals as conductor. One's pleasure at receiving records of this work must not hinder one from suggesting that better results would have been got by one of our best English orchestras and conductors. I have never much fancied Casals as a conductor. I understand he is fonder of it than of 'cello playing—which may well be the case, for most of us are inclined to overestimate our abilities in our hobbies and side-lines. True, this performance shows him in better form than I have known him hitherto, either directly or through the gramophone. He is, I think, inclined to overdo the sudden alternations of soft and loud. Such violent contrasts are, we know, features of this symphony, as indeed they are of almost all of Beethoven's works. But, nevertheless, Casals here seems to have underlined the

obvious. I should have liked less *ff* in the slow movement. In this connection I have often wondered why conductors do not modify the *fortissimos* in this portion of a symphony, in order to throw into relief the loud portions of the other movements. Following a movement with plenty of power, and a scherzo with ditto, a slow movement in which the *ff*'s were slightly scaled down would gain, and would also be less likely to take some of the point off the Finale. The balance in these records is good save for some weakness in the string basses, and this part of the orchestra is not always quite clear, especially in the Finale. A good set of records, then, but not outstanding (D1725-28; the eighth side is filled by the Overture to the 'Ruins of Athens').

Readers who want the vivid and powerful are catered for in an excellent record of the Introduction and Bridal Cortège from 'Le Coq d'Or,' played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates (D1745); and in a tremendously powerful recording of 'Finlandia,' made by the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Malcolm Sargent. Better brass reproduction than in the latter I do not recall, and a great virtue is that, with all its power, the record never strikes one as being noisy. Following on the very successful record of the 'Ruy Blas' Overture recently made by the same performers, it makes one speculate as to the cause of this unusual excellence. Does it lie in Dr. Sargent, his players, or the hall in which the recording is made? Anyway, nothing better can be desired in the way of records of straightforward, vivid, popular music (C1827).

For the Vienna Waltzites there is a record of Strauss's 'Tales from the Vienna Woods,' played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch (C1828).

In the way of chamber music there is a top-notch in Schumann's Trio in D minor played by Cortot, Thibaud, and Casals. This is the kind of production that one is now able to take for granted. There are no better chamber-music records made than those in which these three players are concerned—indeed, so high is the standard that one is almost pleased to be able to fall on an occasional defect. In this instance I feel that the pianoforte is at times too reticent, and that the tone of both string players is at times inclined to be hard and shrill. These occasional blemishes, however, really detract nothing from an extraordinarily fine piece of work—one that should make Schumann's steadily-rising stock take a further upward move (DB1210-12).

Mischa Elman is heard in a couple of violin solos, Wilhelmj's version of Chopin's Nocturne in D flat and Mendelssohn's 'O for the wings of a dove,' arranged by Lucas. There is surely no need for this latter version of a piece that is infinitely more effective as a song. I am less impressed than I expected to be by playing from such a source. For example, in the Mendelssohn the time-values are just sufficiently out to upset the frequently-recurring rhythm of the opening phrase (DB1398).

Boris Hambourg plays an arrangement of Ireland's 'The Holy Boy' and Hamilton Harty's 'Butterflies.' In the latter the string part strikes me as being over-loud, far too substantial—a tenor butterfly, so to speak. The only reminder we have of the normal insect is in the concluding

bar, the rest of the piece suggesting one that had been fed on the food of the gods (B3302).

Cyril Scott still carries on with a performance of his own pianoforte solos, giving us capital playing in two of the 'Pierrot Pieces'—'Pierrot Triste' and 'Pierrot Gai' (B3315).

There is an important batch of organ records calling for more discussion than I can find space for. I begin by saying that they all show marked improvement in clarity. The bass is still a weak spot, and climaxes are liable to be confused. The playing in every instance is first-rate, and the choice of music more enterprising than usual. While I am on this point I direct my readers' attention to an interesting article by Mr. Whittaker Wilson in the April number of the *Gramophone*, in which he sets forth a suggested specification for a recording organ and studio. There is no doubt that sooner or later organ records will be made on such an instrument and in such a building, and until that time I feel we have to face the fact that most of the organ music heard via the gramophone and radio will be to the uninitiated hearer a vague and rather disappointing experience. I have in some quarters been taken to task for saying such things as this. My opponents apparently forget that we who know the organ repertory backwards can mentally supply any deficiencies in the recording or broadcasting. Before expressing an opinion, we must try to listen with the ears of those to whom the music is new, and to whom polyphonic music is an unfamiliar experience. We all want to see a much bigger public for the best organ music, but it is useless to pretend that such a public can be developed other than very slowly so long as the recording and broadcasting of organ music is on a far lower level than that of any other medium. The irony—I might almost say the tragedy—of the situation is that those confounded conglomerations of effects known as cinema organs almost invariably record well, while the real thing, as played in churches and cathedrals, remains a matter of speculation, with the dice heavily loaded against the instrument. Of the records received I mention first those of Franck's Chorale No. 1, played by Guy Weitz, because it brings to our notice a new organ for recording purposes, and (judging by these records) one of the best. The opening of the piece gives us some real quiet foundation tone, free from the fluffiness that too often mars this particular quality; and the bass is, on the whole, more definite than usual. There is some screaminess in the final section, but that is partly Franck's fault, for both hands here are rather high on the manuals. *ff*. This recording gives an uninitiated listener quite a fair idea of Franck's work, and to those of us who know it will be a real pleasure (C1825-26).

I am glad to see that Rheinberger has at last been discovered by the recording companies. Dr. Charlton Palmer plays the fine Scherzo (actually called by Rheinberger 'Scherzoso') from the E minor Sonata, and Vierne's 'Berceuse.' I feel there is too much tone in the Berceuse, and it moves a little woodenly, the fault lying in the registration or the recording rather than in the playing; the Scherzo is not clear owing probably to the thickness of the writing. I like Dr. Palmer's use of the powerful solo reed on the last page (B3316).

I put on a record made by Dr. Stanley Marchant at St. Paul's Cathedral with especial pleasure

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because a former highly-praised one made by him somehow never reached me for review. (If this meets Dr. Marchant's eye it will explain my failure to mention the record in this column.) Here he plays Greene's sturdy Voluntary in C minor and an arrangement of Handel's Chorus, 'Awake, the trumpet's lofty sound.' I am surprised at the clearness of these reproductions. One would have expected chaos from any organ record made in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Handel Chorus is decidedly effective, with some good use of the reeds (B3313).

More Handel is heard from Dr. Henry Ley, who plays the Overture to 'Otho' on the organ at St. Margaret's, Westminster. I find the main part of the work rather thin and uninteresting. The Gavotte and Finale are far better, especially the Gavotte, which is very crisply touched off and comes through clearly (B3310).

Last month I commended for its clearness a record made by Mr. Reginald Goss Custard. The same virtue is shown in his latest issue, one of a Minuet by Watling and No. 3 from Coleridge-Taylor's 'Three-Fours' Waltz Suite arranged by the player. Coleridge-Taylor's music is of no great moment; the Watling piece is dainty and effective, and a good specimen of a form in which it is difficult to be original. The organ is that of Queen's Hall (B2725).

The other Goss Custard—he of Liverpool Cathedral—plays the Fugue and Finale of Mendelssohn's D minor Sonata. This is far and away the best record I have heard made on this mammoth instrument. The rather slow-going fugue comes off well, although the crawling echo in the delivery of the subject makes one apprehensive. The soft stops are heard to advantage in the Finale, but one is reminded of the usual bass weakness of the gramophone towards the end, where the dominant pedal is practically inaudible—and would indeed be missed by any listener who did not know the piece (C1823).

Before passing on to the next section, I end as I began with a tribute to the fine playing in all these records. As usual, I am left with a feeling of regret that attainments equalling those of the best pianists and violinists should still receive less than justice from the gramophone. But let us keep pegging away, and we shall in the long run get what we want.

There are a couple of good band records—one of the Royal Belgian Guards Band, that plays a couple of marches of rather poor quality (B3327), and Sousa's Band in a couple of marches by the one and only John Philip—'Riders of the Flag' and 'Golden Jubilee' (B3287). Every time I enjoy a Sousa march (as I did these) I return thanks for not having outgrown the appreciation with which as a youngster I heard Sousa's band play in Queen's Hall many years ago. Long may my brow be broad enough to accommodate Sousa as well as Franck!

There are some excellent vocal records. For sheer enjoyment give me that of Stuart Robertson and a male chorus in a set of old songs—'My Bonny,' 'Down in Demerara,' 'Villikins and his Dinah,' and 'Some folks like to sigh.' I am sorry for the company that can sit with a straight face through 'Villikins.' Mr. Robertson's singing is quite first-rate in its humour, point, and clarity of diction. The label makes no mention of the

pianist, but whoever he is he deserves a round of applause for his really brilliant and amusing work at the pianoforte. No doubt it was carefully planned beforehand, but it sounds like an uncommonly good extempore performance. In this little record of quite commonplace material there is more art, vocal, instrumental, and interpretative than in many a pretentious red-label operatic aria shrieked or bellowed by some Mediterranean star (B3322).

Arthur Fear sings the 'Honour Song' from Verdi's 'Falstaff,' and (in English) 'Eri tu.' He is far and away better in the first. In the 'Falstaff' song he is first-rate. In fact, with its fine singing, and brilliant orchestral recording this is one of the best operatic records I have heard for a long time. I expect many readers will ask (as I do) why 'Falstaff' is so rarely heard on the English operatic stage (C1822).

Here is yet another recording of Maud Valerie White's 'King Charles'—a song about which I feel diminishing enthusiasm with every hearing—and one of Handel's fine 'Droop not, young lover,' sung by Keith Falkner. I prefer him in the Handel, perhaps partly because I prefer the song. His treatment of this robust air is on the light side, but it is so admirable in fluency and rhythm that it will reconcile hearers to the absence of the usual more full-blooded interpretation (B3321).

There are a couple of 10-in. records labelled 'Prelude to the Loves of Robert Burns,' consisting of a number of Scottish songs from the film play sung by Joseph Hislop with orchestral accompaniment conducted by Leslie Heward. This is far more tasteful and satisfactory than such things are wont to be, thanks to the delightful singing of Hislop and the artistic arrangement and playing of the songs. A few of the harmonizations however, strike me as being a trifle over-elaborate (B3264).

Finally, here is a belated record of Caruso, singing with magnificent abandon and power the aria, 'Deh! ch'io ritorni,' from 'L'Africana,' and Tosti's 'Good-bye' in Italian—the latter quite unnecessary surely. Could not a re-recording of one of his finest efforts have taken the place of this dreadful overworked song? (DB1386.)

COLUMBIA

Two more of the 'Scheherazade' series of records started last month have been received—the 'Story of the Calendar Prince' (DX3) and the 'Young Prince and the Young Princess' (DX4). The players (I remind readers) are the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris, conducted by Phillippe Gaubert.

Chopin's Concerto No. 2, in F minor, is played by the same orchestra under the same conductor with Marguerite Long as soloist. Here the interest is almost entirely in the pianoforte part. It is, in fact, astounding to note how Chopin's inexhaustible resource and command of decoration and colour in writing for the keyboard seem to have almost entirely forsaken him when dealing with the orchestra. Over and over again we have delightful passages on the pianoforte against long stretches of tame uninteresting writing for strings. There are one or two good orchestral climaxes, but of real scoring there is scarcely a vestige. Miss Long plays brilliantly, and I imagine that these records

would be of great interest to pianists, especially those who wish to study this particular work (LX4-7; the Mazurka, Op. 59, No. 3, is on the last side).

The only string solo record received is of Toscha Seidel playing Kreisler's 'Liebesfreud' and 'Schon Rosmarin.' I am rather disappointed with his playing, his tone being not over-good, and in his treatment of rapid passages he tends to become unrhythmical (DB29).

At the moment I cannot remember whether Grieg's Lyrical Pieces and other short works are adequately represented on the gramophone. Anyway, it would be better, I think, both for the composer and the exchequer of the companies to bring forward his lyrical side rather than the Ballade, which has just been recorded with Godowsky as player. Perhaps I should have enjoyed the Ballade more had the tone been better. But there it is; the record gave me (a warm Griegite) very little pleasure (LX9).

The other pianoforte record attracted me little more, if at all. It is of Percy Grainger playing a Fantasy of his own on Love Themes from Strauss's 'Rosenkavalier'—showy and superficial to such a degree that the excellent playing fails to atone (DB28).

The B.B.C. Wireless Military Band, conducted by Walton O'Donnell, makes the most of the cheerful fatuities of the Overture to the 'Black Domino' (DB25).

There are a couple of good choral records. The St. George's Singers are heard in Morley's 'Fire, fire my heart' and Wilbye's 'Lady, when I behold.' I should have liked a little more clearness of definition in the Wilbye; the defect comes mainly from a want of incisiveness in the diction. 'Fire, fire my heart' is much better—in fact, a really good performance. Morley's capital piece is in frequent use for competition Festival purposes, and choirs who have to deal with it would learn much in the way of pace and style from this record. The St. George's Singers are a good collection of voices. They have the advantage of a bright, clear soprano, and capable middle parts. If the bass could fatten his tone without sacrificing any of his present telling quality (I might almost call it his 'cutting edge') he would be an even better foundation than he is (5548).

The Sheffield Choir, with orchestra and organ, conducted by Sir Henry Coward, are recorded in Central Hall, Westminster, singing a couple of 'Elijah' choruses—one of the Baal outcries, and 'Thanks be to God.' The style is hardly fierce enough for the worshippers of Baal; in 'Thanks be to God' the pace seems to be excessive towards the end. It is all very well to sing about the waters rushing along, but the voices mustn't attempt too much of the same method of progress. This is a very enjoyable record, with a more telling orchestral part than is customary. As usual with these Yorkshire choirs, there is more than a touch of hardness in the womens' voices when singing loud and high, but this seems to be a tradition, so we must assume that the folk up there like it that way (DX16).

There are two operatic aria records, both tasteful and good, though not outstanding. Muriel Brunskill in the Gipsy Song and the Card Song from 'Carmen' (DB30), and Heddle Nash in 'Shall I tell thee the name of thy lover?' and

'Dawn with her rosy mantle,' from 'The Barber of Seville' (DX18).

Harry Dearth sings Squire's 'Lighterman Tom' and Sterndale Bennett's 'It's a beautiful day'—two poor songs. I have often heard him to greater advantage than here (DX19).

Wireless Notes

By 'AURIBUS'

Dr. Percy Rideout's letter in last month's *Musical Times* seems to call for some comment on my part, since it denounces the whole system of things that come under discussion in this column. Dr. Rideout says that the art of music is about to die, the end is not far off, and the cause of the malady is poison administered by broadcasting. He sheds no tears, he utters no recriminations, he does not say 'I told you so,' or rally us to the defence, or incite us to blow up Brookman's Park. He gravely inspects the patient, examining each symptom like a board of medical advisers, and subscribes to the report with an ominous calm which has probably convinced some of his readers that things are about as bad as they could be. That Dr. Rideout did not convince me was due partly to my natural buoyancy of temperament, partly to what seem to be flaws in his arguments.

He reasons closely, but does he reason justly? At one point he invokes the future, saying that the contraction of the ranks of the would-be professional *will* proceed by leaps and bounds, and that this fund of talent from which the greatest artists are recruited *will* gradually grow smaller. How does he know? If the contraction has been manifest during the last eight years, does it show an increasing, a steady, or a decreasing rate? A decreasing rate, which seems as probable as any other kind, would work itself out and leave a stable quantity. And what is this contraction of the musical ranks which Dr. Rideout and other surveyors of the field so readily take as gospel? It means, I suppose, that fewer young people are learning to play or to sing. I should like a few statistics in this connection from the R.A.M., R.C.M., T.C.M., G.S.M., L.A.M., M.A.M., and all the little A.M.'s and C.M.'s in the country—I would even ask the L.C.M.—before arriving at any positive belief about the matter. In general, I would admit the probability that the presence of ear-phones and loud-speakers in the homes of England is to some extent counteracting the old incentive to music-study. But in whom—the potential artists or the potential duffers? An artist is one in whom the musical impulse is so strong that it takes charge of his life and his livelihood and makes itself an outlet for his nature. Even where the additional faculty of skill is lacking and the performer is not destined to shine before the public, the musical impulse is still strong enough—do we not know hundreds of cases?—to lead its possessor, or victim, away from uncultural and profitable occupations into a professional career of semi-failure, in which the only recompense is a musical existence. People who are thus driven by their musical natures have never been kept back by the fact that they could go to concerts, and I refuse to believe that they are kept back nowadays by the fact that concerts come to them. It may be answered that by

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'people' we mean, in this discussion, 'children,' for the first steps towards a musical life are taken in childhood. Even so the causes work. In the normal case a music teacher is called in because a child shows signs of musical faculty. Are these signs less likely to emerge in the presence of a receiving set than without one? With the world's music ringing through the house it is surely more likely that a budding musical faculty, the embryo of great artistry, will be awakened into betraying itself and thus gaining the attention it deserves. Try as I may, I cannot see Dr. Rideout's picture of the young Albert Sammons, John Coateses, and Henry Woods of to-day going into the motor trade because their parents are fond of the wireless.

When Dr. Rideout talks of the 'fund of talent from which the greatest artists are recruited,' I think he is misled by a word. Great musicians and poets and actors and preachers are not 'recruited' from the ranks of the bad ones. They follow their star because Nature ordains it, and it makes no difference how great or small a crowd of the less gifted ones may surge round them. It is the ranks that attach themselves to the chosen few, not the chosen few who are picked from the ranks.

If any thinning of the musical ranks is caused by broadcasting it is at the tail end. The substance of the general complaint is that nowadays it is increasingly difficult to earn a living by 'taking in pupils.' Teachers in schools tell us that their lists are smaller than they used to be. There is a famine in the world that used to support itself on two classes of pupils: (a) the small and gifted class that studied with a purpose, and (b) the large and ungifted class that took up lessons for a time because it would do no harm, or for some such evanescent reason. It is class (b) that has kept the teaching profession alive; it is class (b) who, infirm of purpose, will be prey to the counter-influence of broadcasting; and it is the parents of class (b) who will close their purses when times are hard. In fact, it is in the least valuable part of the musical community that the casualties will occur, to the damage of the teaching profession, no doubt, but not to the damage of the art. And is it really due to broadcasting that fewer people are taking up music, or is it due to that other cause that was mentioned just now—hard times? Before Dr. Rideout can persuade me that broadcasting is the culprit, he must isolate its effects, and that is a thing nobody can do. It seems to me that the other is a far more likely cause of the trouble. Why drag in broadcasting when there is a simple connection to be made out between the facts that money is tight and less of it is being spent on music lessons?

Dr. Rideout's further arguments are based on premises that he gives out as if they were axiomatic, but which I simply cannot accept. 'The transmission of a piece brings no real enjoyment to the listener unless it is familiar to him.' An odd statement, surely! If it is true of Dr. Rideout he has my respectful sympathy. It is not true of me or of my musical listening friends with whom I have exchanged experiences. What is the 'peculiar emotional stimulus which decides whether a work is actually liked or not'? My own

decisions depend entirely upon what the composer put on paper, whether I go to a performance, or listen at home, or read the score, or stumble through it at the pianoforte. The more I study Dr. Rideout's letter the more I seem to see him as a being from another world. He writes at some length of the difference between the atmosphere of the concert hall and the atmosphere of the home, points out that the former is better suited for listening to music, and takes it for granted that we agree with him. I don't, and, as far as I can gather, others don't. It is true that 'the home is permeated with an atmosphere of its own which cannot be obliterated at a given moment.' It is truer still if for 'home' you substitute 'concert hall.' For many years I have wished that I could obliterate the atmosphere of the concert hall when I go to hear music. How much nicer it would be to escape from the unsightly architecture and get amongst my own things, which are familiar and therefore do not distract; to rid my foreground vision of the backs of a dozen people's necks, hats, coat-trimmings and bald heads; to flee from the whispering and coughing and fidgeting that keep my consciousness alive to a hundred human presences when I want it all for the music; to get away from all the business of the platform, the comings and goings and repeated bowings, the awkward deportment that seems to afflict the musical profession in front of the public, the exasperating monotony of the motions incidental to performance. Dr. Rideout says that when you are listening to the wireless 'the sense of personality in the performer is absent; the attention is dominated by the machine that utters the sounds.' This is incredible! All these years my attention has been distracted by swaying and bouncing pianists, writhing violinists, mouthing singers of all shapes and sizes, singers too beautiful to be watched with equanimity, quartet parties oscillating under beams of strong light, flourishing timpanists, brandishing trombonists, and capering conductors; yet when I get out of sight of them and sit beside a motionless box I am told that my attention is being 'dominated' by it! It is curious how views differ. Dr. Rideout returns to the subject: broadcast sounds are 'subject to the opposition of an atmosphere in his [the listener's] surroundings which is likely to be entirely antipathetic to the mood that the music seeks to create.' As far as I remember, the moods that music seeks to create lie close to the spirit of Nature, or of human drama, or of locality, or of phantom thoughts too subjective to be labelled. If Dr. Rideout finds a better reception of these moods among the herd at a meeting-place than he does at the altar of his own fireside, then he and I are of a different constitution, and we make a different approach to music.

Dr. Rideout is dissatisfied with the sounds of transmitted music, which, he says, 'are not and, in the circumstances, cannot be identical with those produced by the performer'; which are 'not altogether true in their emotional significance'; and which are 'abstract unless he can arouse his imagination to supply the sense of personality in their origin.' My experience is different. When I listen by wireless to a speaker or singer I at once come under the influence of his personality. All the expressive part of him seems to be close at my

elbow. When I listen to string-playing in solo or quartet the 'emotional significance' that reaches me is the part that issues from the players through bow and finger-tip, ceases to have anything to do with a fleshy machine, and becomes a marriage of mind with the soul of an instrument, which is, of course, a very jolly affair. Nearly all small-scale or medium-scale music-making comes through with something of this liberation, and enough truth in quality of sound to give me the illusion that the origin of it is close by and concealed only by a veil that keeps back the mechanism. The chief small-scale exception consists of some pianofortes in some studios. Large-scale music, we all know, reproduces itself ineffectively, especially when it is loud. That is the case at present. Have wireless engineers made up their minds and definitely told us that this difficulty is for ever insuperable? If not, we are at liberty to invoke the future, as Dr. Rideout does in another connection, declare that improvements in transmission 'will proceed by leaps and bounds as the years go on,' and base our prophecy, as he does his, on the developments of the last eight years.

Dr. Rideout makes the further point that 'no performer agrees that the conditions under which a transmission is made are such as allow a completely favourable result to be obtained.' How does he know? His only evidence, I submit, is that some performers don't agree. Experience tells us that when anything provided for common use comes under discussion it is the objectors who raise their voices and the satisfied ones who say nothing. There are plenty of artists who are at their best when they perform in private, for whom the presence of a staring audience is a psychological factor that has to be overcome by an effort of will, to the detriment of artistic power. In fact, this strung-up condition is so common that we make a special remark when a performer does not suffer from it. Those who do suffer from it will be much more comfortable in a broadcasting studio than on a concert platform, but there is no particular reason why they should report the fact. Then there are the experienced, competent artists—the real ones—who are indifferent to the presence of a thousand people or one; they will have no reason to make remarks upon a subject that affects them so little. When we come to the people who are really put out of countenance by the want of an assembly to play upon we are among the egoists. The microphone and the walls of a studio will not give them the reaction that suits their temperament; having something to complain about, and being egoists, they come out with it, with the result that their views, and theirs alone, receive attention. So I think we can discount the tales we hear about the studio being unfriendly to the performer.

There remains the practice of controlling the tone, to which Dr. Rideout also refers, saying that it 'removes a large portion of the individuality of the performance.' Here the ordinary listener is somewhat in the dark for want of the comparative tests that have convinced the radio engineers of the need of control. We are told that if the various pitches, volumes, and timbres of sound are left to find their own way through the transmitters they are liable to emerge altered, and this,

it seems to me, would 'remove a large portion of the individuality of the performance.' Before making up my mind on the subject I want to hear various interpretations (a) direct, (b) broadcast without control, (c) broadcast with practised control, and (d) broadcast with impromptu control, and I want the test to be carried out with all kinds of solos and ensembles. Without some demonstration of the kind nobody has any grounds for an opinion.

To sum up, there is scarcely a point on which I agree with Dr. Rideout. I hope he will not gather from this that I decided to attack his views and went the whole hog on purpose. I have expressed well-considered opinions, as, no doubt, did Dr. Rideout. The fact that I speak in the first person in contrast to his generalisations does not weaken my case, for each of us can speak only for himself and those who agree with him. I wonder how much of our divergence is caused by differences in ourselves and how much by differences in our receiving sets!

For several reasons—one of which is a neighbouring electrical machine that during business hours makes dirt-track noises in my loud-speaker—I have listened to very little since last writing. Hence this turn of argument. Dr. Rideout would have found support for his anti-broadcasting attitude had he listened to the transmission of 'The Apostles' from Worcester on April 10. The ether has queer tastes. It will give a tolerable effect to orchestral music picked up in the Albert Hall, but when 'The Apostles' is transmitted from a cathedral, where the music sounds glorious, it will reduce the whole thing to incoherence. The choir sounded like a company of ghosts, the orchestral bass often disappeared entirely, the solo singing sounded close by at one moment and round the corner at the next, and the general effect was too indistinct to give anyone unacquainted with the music any idea of what it is really like. It is a pity that such a misadventure should happen to so spiritual a work as 'The Apostles.' Modern radio engineering has still a problem to solve in the transmission of large and elaborate musical textures. But now a friend who has just read these remarks tells me that the broadcasting of Mahler's eighth Symphony—as big a job as the microphone has ever tackled—was as good as could be.

Teachers' Department

'The Levinskaya System of Pianoforte Technique and Tone-Colour.' By Maria Levinskaya. [Dent, 10s. 6d.]

This must surely be one of the most interesting of the many volumes that have been written on the subject of pianoforte technique. The author presents the results of her prolonged and patient investigations in such an easy, pleasing style that many of those who may not be able to accept all her deductions will probably admit that she has produced a thoroughly readable and stimulating book.

From her early pianoforte lessons as a child in Russia, Madame Levinskaya has sought continuously for an answer to the question, 'How do

you do it? It seemed to me, would 'remove a large portion of the individuality of the performance.' Before making up my mind on the subject I want to hear various interpretations (a) direct, (b) broadcast without control, (c) broadcast with practised control, and (d) broadcast with impromptu control, and I want the test to be carried out with all kinds of solos and ensembles. Without some demonstration of the kind nobody has any grounds for an opinion.

The book by an admirer and contrast of old and some interpretations of Turk 'the spirit of pianoforte of Teach methods discoverin finger mo theories, moderns which rep writer co the early inside iss took ther of Piano these adv oned, and Part 2 principles Levinskaya chapters and Rota stiffness mental ad key-bedd The a portionat relaxatio 'whereas and har supersed pianists direction without one idea motion a being ex at the k of the r vocabula associati mischief beating

you do it?' '... An instinctive conviction seemed to tell me that there must exist a more commonsense procedure than senseless repetition of the same passages and exercises again and again.' She worked with many teachers—including Safonoff in Moscow, Godowsky in Berlin, Philipp in Paris, Matthay in London—nineteen in all, 'some celebrated, others obscure, from whom I tried to glean a ray of light. . . . The discrepancies between the instruction of my numerous teachers forced me to reflect; and, after clearing away all the hazy conflicting doctrines, to evolve ultimately a system which made it possible to embrace the good in all of them.' The true solution in her opinion 'lay in accepting finger work on the lines laid down by masters of the past (muscular power moving levers), yet adding to it a modification of their teaching by additional analysis of all arm lever movements in detail, as well as by a more defined knowledge of all the powers for the use of the arm gravitation (fall of weight), swing, centrifugal force, law of continued motion, &c.'

The book is divided into three parts, prefaced by an admirable Introduction. Part I—Historical and Controversial—contains a comparative survey of old and new methods, in the course of which some interesting light is thrown on the teachings of Turk (1750-1813, regarded by the author as 'the spiritual forerunner of the trend of artistic pianoforte teaching'), Adolph Kullak ('The Art of Teaching,' 1858), and others. Old and new methods are carefully examined with a view to discovering 'whether the teachers of the early finger methods knew anything of our modern theories, and whether, on the other hand, we moderns can dispense with the finger technique which represents the pivot of past teaching.' The writer considers that there were investigators of the early years of this century who lost their way in side issues, that many of their later developments took them too far, and that 'before a true Science of Piano Technique can be established some of these advanced theories may have to be abandoned, and a return to the starting-point made.'

Part 2—Fundamental Principles: a few basic principles scientifically revised according to the Levinskaya System—discusses in the opening chapters 'A few home-truths about Relaxation and Rotation,' and 'The middle course between stiffness and relaxation.' Other points treated are mental and muscular control, finger independence, key-bedding, and touch and tone-colour.

The author considers that 'a quite disproportionate significance' has been attached to relaxation and rotation, with the result that 'whereas formerly learners suffered from stiffness and hardness of touch, now they have been superseded by a whole generation of students and pianists whose tendencies lie in the opposite direction, namely, looseness approaching flabbiness without grip or grit. They are imbued with the one idea—the keeping of the arm in constant motion as a *visual* test of its looseness, the result being exaggerated and aimless rotary movements at the keyboard.' Rotation she regards as 'one of the most misapplied terms in our pianistic vocabulary,' and in her opinion 'its faulty mental association has wrought in its way as great a mischief as the old misapplied finger striking and beating of the keys.'

In correct finger work all rotary exertion should be eliminated. Under 'Finger Independence' we read: 'The true solution lies in the development of the autonomous action of each finger as far as it is physiologically possible whilst preventing all involuntary arm movements, yet without impeding valuable muscular exertions in the arm and not opposing voluntary arm movements when required.' The solution sought, we are told elsewhere, was not 'in looseness of arm but in the co-ordination of finger technique and general muscular development with looseness. One without the other is practically useless.' Contrary to the views of some modern authorities, the writer has come to the conclusion that the order of teaching must proceed from finger control to the newer developments. '... Muscular control of the fingers and arm should be acquired (up to a point) before the exploitation of weight is applied.'

There is much that is provocative in the chapter on key-bedding. Madame Levinskaya argues that without so-called key-bedding a perfect *legato* is impossible. From the very beginning a point should be made of learning to remain deep in the key-bed, the note, moreover, being held *firmly*. '... The whole *raison d'être* of non-key-bedding is removed if the pressure of the finger tips, supporting the weight and serving as a transmitter of such muscular tension as is determined by the quality of the tone, is correctly localised and isolated from all pushing from the arm as a whole.' The expression 'key-bedding' is held to be responsible for much that is weak in present-day pianoforte teaching. '... "Go deep into the key-beds, but do it rightly," is a fundamental principle of piano technique, and the idea of non-bedding of the keys should on no account be taught to beginners, as it obscures the more important issues of muscular control.'

Part 3—Solutions and Conclusions: the two chief aims of the Levinskaya System—treats of the science of tone-colour technique, and pianoforte study as a means of mental and physical culture and training of character. The work concludes with three Appendices—the Eternal Duality of Art and Science, the Impossibility of standardising Aesthetic Values, and Syllabus of Twelve Lectures on Pianoforte Problems and their Solution.

Madame Levinskaya has undoubtedly produced a striking book, which every teacher and player of the pianoforte should certainly read. G. G.

POINTS FROM LECTURES

'The Development of a Proper Pianoforte Style' as illustrated from 1709 in a lecture by Mr. E. W. Allam, interested the Harrogate Three Arts Club. The difference between the keyed chamber instruments in vogue in Bach's time was explained, and the methods adopted to vary the tone-colour of the harpsichord were indicated. 'The tone of the pianoforte and the method of producing it necessitated a different style of composition; the Alberti bass merely rumbles; contrapuntal passages are often muddy; the grace notes of harpsichord music become fussy; the spacing of chords is different; but *cantabile* melody is good.'

Composers' styles from Clementi to Chopin were illustrated, and Mr. Allam continued: 'Liszt developed from Weber and showed the utmost that wrists and fingers can do, but after Chopin there seemed to be nothing else to add. The

compositions of Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett are reactionary, and Brahms showed nothing really new in technique; in fact, nothing was added until the arrival of Debussy. This composer developed an entirely new style, and all composers since are indebted to him. By means of a new use of the pedal he sounds two tonalities simultaneously; his effects are sensuous. Other tendencies are to be seen at the present day. Some composers treat the pianoforte purely as a percussion instrument, e.g., Stravinsky and Prokofiev. Together with this is the influence of the guitar, as in the modern Spaniards—Granados, Albeniz, and de Falla. The Frenchman Ravel has a highly original style—an amalgam of preceding ones together with technical tricks of the harpsichord composers. All this leads to the revival of the harpsichord, which has more percussive power and more guitar-like effects. Perhaps the harpsichord and pianoforte will now exist side by side.

The Doncaster Organists' Association found Mr. Norman E. Strafford diverting and informative in his lecture on 'The Evolution of English Song.' A most important period of transition came when some conformity of words and music was introduced. Purcell played a great part in this development of verbal accentuation. Purcell was a mighty experimenter, but some of his excursions into what must then have been ultra-modern harmonies were not always of the happiest. After Purcell carelessness set in, and we had to wait until Parry before we had another man who was particular about the conformity of words and music.

Mr. Strafford briefly mentioned outstanding names among song-writers of the 18th and 19th centuries: Henry Carey, Boyce, Arne, Dibdin, Bishop, Hullah, Sterndale Bennett, and Sullivan, and discussed modern song composers, particularly Parry, Stanford, and Quilter. Stanford's craftsmanship he described as equal to, if not better than, that of any other English composer. He passed that true test of genius: obtaining the maximum result from the minimum means.

In advance of the Norwich Musical Festival next October, Mr. W. E. Hansell told the local Rotarians some of the forthcoming features, but at greater length dwelt on the Festivals of the past. The present series of Festivals, which began in 1824, owed its conception to Richard Mackenzie Bacon (editor of the *Norwich Mercury*); its successful organization in the early days to Edward Taylor, ironmonger of Norwich, afterwards Gresham Professor of Music and music critic for the *Spectator*; and to the enthusiasm of the Rev. R. F. Elwin, vicar of St. Peter's, Parmenter-gate. Norfolk and Norwich people should be proud that their Festival is amongst the few which attract musical folk from a distance, almost as people are attracted to Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, in Germany, or perhaps to Cincinnati in the U.S.A. One only has to look at the programmes of the earlier Festivals to realise how unfavourably they compare with the schemes of 1924, 1927, and 1930, and how steady has been the development of musical taste. When Catalini was approached by the committee of 1824 (she had sung twice before at concerts at Norwich), she wrote: 'I am a musical festival; I am the sole attraction.' She was not engaged; but things have changed for

the better, and the goal for which Festival committees aim is one of general excellence, rather than relying upon one or two stars.

'There was only one solo violin sonata by Henry Purcell,' Dr. W. G. Whittaker said at Glasgow lecture. 'That sonata was a remarkable one—almost a phenomenon. I have no knowledge of when it was written, but it lay in private collection until about 1896. The interesting thing was that the only sonata that Purcell wrote for one violin took the form that ultimately came to be the form used by most modern composers; that was a slow movement followed by a quick one, followed again by a slow movement, and ending with a quick movement. It had all the harmonic daring of Purcell. In his other sonatas it seemed as if the composer had almost been insensible to the peculiar colour of the violin, yet he showed in this sonata that he was as much master of that as of anything else he had written. He had got to the soul of the violin as much as had the Italian school, and it was one of the finest violin sonatas ever written. It could hold up its head with those of Beethoven and Brahms.'

'The essentials of good hymn-tunes were melody, harmony, structure, and alliance between words and music.' Following up these points at Preston Parish Church, Mr. Arthur Fountain said: 'The melody should have movement, sweep, rhythm, and an avoidance of stagnation. The harmony should consist mainly of strong chords. A poor tune could not be saved by clever harmony, but a good tune could be vastly improved by it. There should be an alliance of words and music in regard to sense and accent, and a good tune should be inspiring and hopeful.' It was a vexed question why the tunes of Stainer, Barnby, Dykes, and others of the Victorian era had been so popular. In the lecturer's view it was because they appealed to the emotions and nothing more. Some few were good, but the majority were unworthy of a place in public worship. There should be an appeal to the intellect as well as to the emotions at a time and place where the best within people should be stirred.

'The Church Music of the Future' (the title of Mr. Willan Swainson's lecture at Aberdeen) 'would be in tune—in tune with the spirit of worship, and in tune with itself. There was a great deal to be done in that direction. The congregational Church music of the future would be the voice of the entire congregation, an expression spontaneous and free. All the members of congregations in that ideal time would be able to read music fluently. It would be a foreign language no longer, but the mother-tongue of feeling.'

Handel was examined and found wanting in a review by Mr. F. Roydon Richards at Bridlington. In his opinion the emotions aroused by 'The Messiah' had nothing religious about them, because there was very little of the religious about Handel. Mr. Richards played on the pianoforte a typical Handelian conclusion and pointed out the majesty of the chords. 'There is the successful man getting it over the footlights, and one feels it all the time,' he said. Compared with Bach at the same period, Handel's counterpoint was not complex. He was thinking not of the development

(Continued on p. 438.)

Hail, True Body

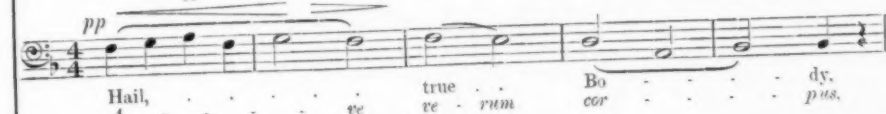
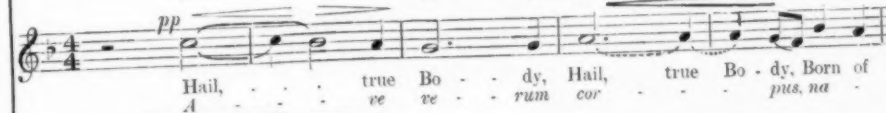
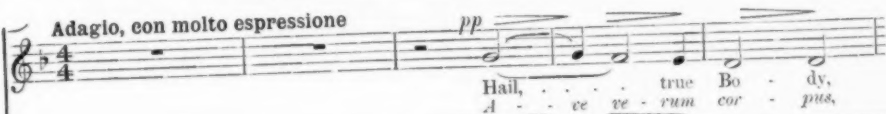
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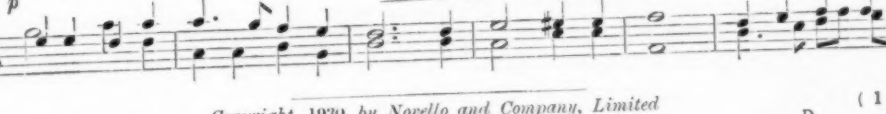
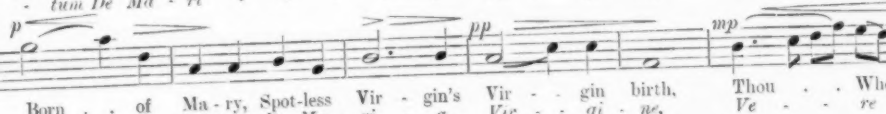
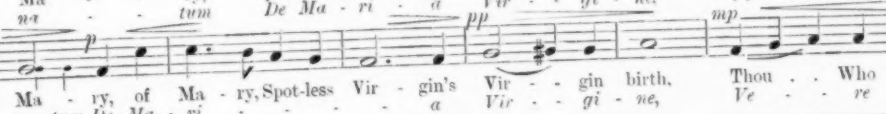
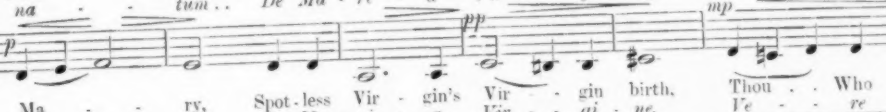
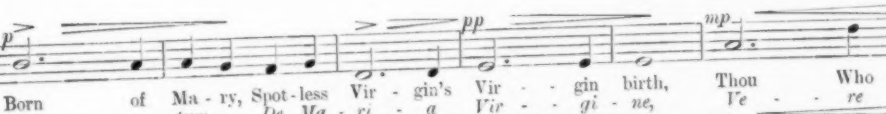
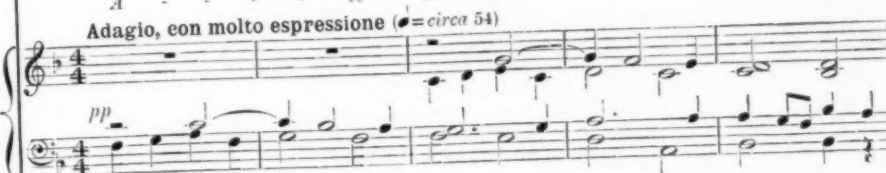
Adagio, con molto espressione

pp



Adagio, con molto espressione (♩ = circa 54)

pp



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(1)

HAIL, TRUE BODY

May 1, 1930

mf *f* *dim.*

tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry, wea - ry On the Cross for
pas - sum, in - mo - la - tum In cru - ce *dim.*

tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry On the Cross for
pas - sum, in - mo - la - tum In cru - ce, in cru - ce *dim.*

tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry, wea - ry On the Cross . . for
pas - sum, in - mo - la - tum In cru - ce, in cru - ce pro *dim.*

tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry, wea - ry On the Cross . . for
pas - sum, in - mo - la - tum In cru - ce, in cru - ce pro *dim.*

molto legato *p*

sons . . . of earth; Thou Whose
ho - mi - ne, Cu - jus

molto legato *p*

sons . . . of earth; Thou Whose sa - cred Side was
ho - mi - ne, Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - ra - tum Flu

molto legato *p*

sons . . . of earth; Thou Whose sa - cred Side was riv - en, . . was riv -
ho - mi - ne, Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - ra - tum, Flu

HAIL, TRUE BODY

May 1, 1900

dim.
for
pro
dim.

sa - cred Side was riv - en, Whence the wa - - ter and blood . . flow - -
la-tus per - fo - ra - - - tum Flu - xit a - - qua et san - - gui -

mf

for
pro
dim.

riv - en, Whence the wa - - ter and blood . . flow - -
- - tum Flu - xit a - - qua, flu xit a - - qua et san - - - gui -

mf

for
pro
dim.

- en, Whence wa - - - ter, wa - - - ter and blood flow - -
- - xit, flu - - xit a - - - - qua et san - - - - gui -

mf

for
pro

Whence wa - - - ter and blood . . flow - -
Flu - - xit a - - qua et san - - - - gui -

rall.

Più moto
con devozione

mf

- ed. O may'st . . Thou, dear Lord, . . be giv - en At death's hour to
- ne. E - - sto no - bis prae - gu - sta-tum, Mor - - tis in ex -

con devozione

- ed. O may'st . . Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en, At
- ne. E - - sto no - bis prae - gu - sta - tum,

Più moto

- ed. O may'st . .
- ne. Mor - - tis,

con devozione

mf

- ed. O may'st . . Thou, dear Lord, be
- ne. E - - sto no - bis prae - gu -

Più moto (♩ = circa 66)

mf

be . . our Food, . . . our Food. O Je - su sweet
a - mi - ne. O Je - su dul

death's . . hour . . to . . be our Food. O Je - su sweet
Mor - tis in ex - a - mi - ne. O Je - su dul

Thou be giv - en to be our Food. O Je - su sweet
mor - tis in ex - a - mi - ne. O Je - su dul

giv - en At death's hour to be our Food. O Je - su sweet
- sta - tum, . . Mor - tis in ex - a - mi - ne. O Je - su dul

- est! O Je - su ho - liest! O Je - su sweet - est,
- cis! O Je - su pi - e! O Je - su dul - cis,

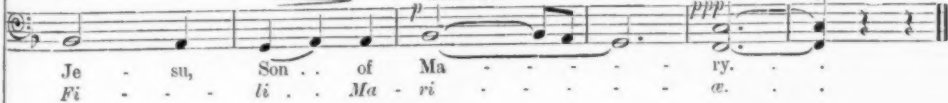
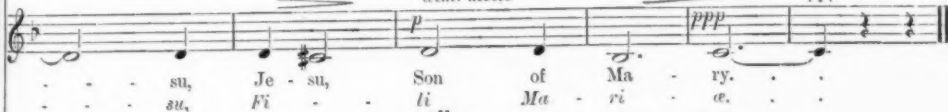
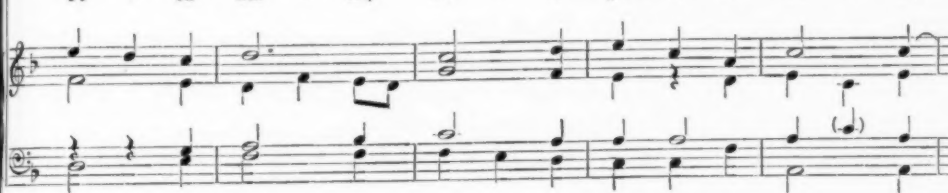
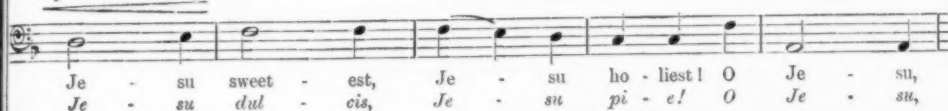
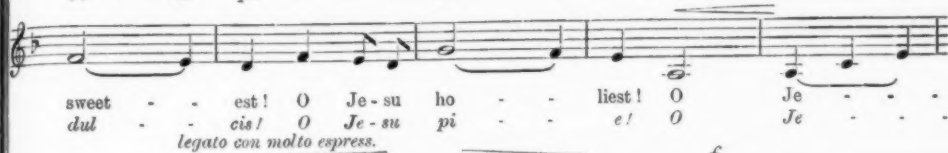
- est! O Je - su ho - liest! O Je - su
- cis! O Je - su pi - e! O Je - su

- est! O Je - su ho - liest! O
- cis! O Je - su pi - e! O

- est! O Je - su ho - liest! O
- cis! O Je - su pi - e! O

HAIL, TRUE BODY

May 1, 1930



(Continued from p. 432.)

of the art, but of whether he was giving nice fat notes that the tenor would sing. 'I think the simplicity of Handel's counterpoint is to be attributed to the fact that he realised complicated counterpoint would not go down with the general public, and it was contrary to his business instincts to write anything too elaborate.' J. G.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Questions must be of general musical interest. They must be stated simply and briefly, and if several are sent, each must be written on a separate slip. Our 'Answers to Correspondents' column closes on the 14th of the month. We cannot undertake to reply by post.

J. D. T.—The trouble with the fourth (ring) finger is, of course, that it is handicapped by Nature from the start. In the exercise for muscular control of the fingers to which you refer you must not expect to be able to raise the ring finger as high as the others. On this point Charles F. Reddie, in his 'Pianoforte Playing on Its Technical and Aesthetic Sides' (Joseph Williams, 5s.), says of the fourth and fifth fingers: 'Not only has their use been less frequent for ordinary purposes in life, but they are connected by a tendon near the knuckles which prevents their being raised to the same extent as the second and third, hence the mistaken idea that they are particularly weak. Anyone with a knowledge of anatomy knows that all strength lies in the forearm muscles and not in the fingers. By a correct adjustment of muscular energy (*i.e.*, keeping the muscles controlling the first, second, and third fingers passive) and a consequent proper use of the keys, a trill played with the fourth and fifth fingers should be rendered comparatively easy and effective.' In his 'The Science of Pianoforte Technique' (Macmillan), Thomas Fielden—who, by the way, is opposed to exercises such as the above—says concerning this cross-tendon formation: 'The supposed weakness of this (fourth) finger is thought to be due to this apparent irregularity. Recognition of this peculiarity of structure, and of the necessity for special treatment in developing the strength of this finger, will overcome the weakness. The finger should be exercised gymnastically, and, at the keyboard, it should never be exercised with both adjacent fingers held down.' In the exercise he gives for this finger, in which the thumb and next two fingers are held together, or placed on the edge of a table, he directs that while the ring finger moves backwards and forwards the little finger should be left to swing freely. You will find an excellent collection of exercises for muscular development away from the keyboard—for arm, wrist, hand, fingers, and thumb—in Ridley Prentice's 'Hand Gymnastics' (Novello 2s. 6d.). G. G.

YOUNG AMATEUR.—(1.) We think you will find what you want in F. G. Shinn's 'Elementary Ear-Training' (Augener). (2.) We wish all amateur organists were as conscientious as you in their reluctance to inflict improvised varied harmonies on their congregations. When beginning the use of free accompaniments the best plan is to take one or two simple hymns weekly and write out varied harmonies. We agree that some of the published collections of such harmonies, though very fine as music, are

not always practicable for use where the chorale force is small or weak; they make too frequent use of independent parts above the voices, and are often too difficult for the average player. So go ahead and put your own organ harmonies on paper until you feel competent to improvise them. A convenient method of bridging the stage between writing and improvising is to write the melody and bass only, and trust to improvisation for the inner parts. (3.) There are many excellent correspondence courses of memory training. If the fee is beyond you, however, you may do much by working systematically on your own account. How would you set about learning a literary passage from memory? In the long run memorising music calls for much the same method. Some good memorisers combine three methods—(a) Memorising a work gradually by repetition much as they would a piece of poetry; (b) by making a mental photograph of the music page (we understand that Sir Thomas Beecham is an adept at thus mentally photographing a score); and (c) by automatic action of the fingers. We need hardly say that a good knowledge of harmony is a great help.

MANX-HYMN.—The hymn-tune you enclose entitled, 'Manx Fisherman's Evening Hymn,' is feeble both in melody and harmony. The following two phrases alone would be sufficient to damn any hymn-tune, no matter by whom it was composed:



Your friend who calls it 'a very fine tune' certainly has very poor taste.

SUPERTONIC.—(1.) Your question is vague. You do not say what subject you wish to enter for. We assume it is pianoforte, but even then it is not clear whether you wish to try for the teacher's or performer's diploma. In any case, you will find all the particulars you require in the syllabus, which may be obtained from the College. If you still wish for information write to us again. Furthermore, if you intend to study without the aid of a teacher (a course which we do not recommend except in unavoidable circumstances) we will do our best to outline a scheme of study. (2.) *Pochissimo rit.* = a little slowing up; *Il seguente* = the following. (3.) The two diplomas carry very little weight in the musical world. Have nothing to do with them. (4.) Another vague question. We think, however, you will find what you want in Cuthbert Whitmore's 'Commonsense in Pianoforte Playing' (Augener, 2s.) and in James Ching's books on various aspects of the subject (Forsyth).

GLYNDW
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GLYNDWR.—The College about which you inquire is not recognised by the Teachers' Registration Council. You ask if 'professional jealousy' is a reason for non-recognition. You may dismiss this idea from your mind completely. This particular college is not recognised because it is conducted, not for the furtherance of art, but for profit, the proceeds being shared by the proprietors. It is thus a trading concern. The imposing list of vice-presidents and of examiners really counts for little. (We have known instances in which such names have been used without the knowledge of their owners.) As we have shown previously in these columns, the fact of the examiners of certain proprietary colleges being first-rate men does not count for much, for the simple reason that the proportion of passes is ridiculously high. If you wish to do well by the boy in whom you are interested, you will see that the diploma he works for is one that carries weight among the majority of musicians of standing.

W. H. P. W.—(1.) There is only one way to develop sight-reading ability, and that is to be constantly reading at sight, beginning with easy things and gradually increasing the difficulty. Don't stop when you make a mistake. The essence of good reading is to keep going, and to give as fair a sketch as you can of the piece without hesitation. In the early stages do not be afraid to go slowly. (2.) We think you can with confidence rely on any of the correspondence courses advertised in our columns. (3.) A.R.A.M. is an honorary distinction. That is why you see it more rarely than the other set of initials. (4.) It is impossible to say how long it will take you to obtain a good diploma. Three hours' study a day (the period you suggest) may be ample for some aspirants, and quite insufficient for others. You ask, as an alternative, for a suggestion of an easy diploma. But a diploma that is easy to gain is not worth having in the long run, so we won't suggest one.

JOHN CLERY.—(1.) Smetana's symphonic poem 'Vltava' has a very simple programme devised by the composer himself. It deals with the progress of two small springs that rise in the depths of the forest, one slow and cold, the other quick and warm. They join in progress and become the river Vltava (or, as the Germans call it, Moldau). The river passes through forests, with attendant sounds of hunting; through villages where the peasants are singing and dancing at a wedding; by moonlit castles; by sporting water-nymphs; through rocks and boulders; until finally it widens and makes a majestic progress by the fortress at Prague. A pianoforte duet arrangement of 'Vltava' is obtainable from Novello's. (2.) Svendsen was born at Christiania in 1840, and died at Copenhagen in 1911. His opus numbers run to twenty-six, and consist chiefly of orchestral and chamber music. He is not one of the 'foremost of our modern musicians,' but takes good rank in the second grade.

H. P. B.—Handel's use of three flats for the key of F minor in the chorus 'And with His stripes' was not due to a desire to avoid accidentals. It was a convention that became established when the modes gave way to the major and minor scales. The minor scale was still regarded as a modification of the Dorian mode—the notes D to D' without

sharps or flats. Composers added the B flat as an accidental, still retaining the flat-less signature of the mode. Bach's so-called Dorian Toccata and Fugue is a familiar example of a work which, though in the modern key of D minor throughout, yet has no flat in the signature—at all events in most editions. This convention was adopted in other keys, for example, works in B minor had only one sharp in the signature. Similarly Handel, in the case you mention, uses three flats where now we should use four. The practice is usually dropped in modern editions.

A STUDENT.—(1.) We do not know the choir-training book you mention. In training your boys use all the vowels. In the circumstances you mention it would be best to begin with the open vowel and change to the closed. (2.) You ask if the production of storm effects on the organ are liable to injure the instrument, and, if so, what is the actual damage done. In our experience the only damage is to the ears of the audience. However, there are storms *and* storms, and it would be narrow-minded to condemn them wholesale. Didn't Beethoven write one? and Wagner? and Rossini?—in fact, it would be difficult, we think, to name a composer who at some time or other has not tried his hand at the depiction of bad weather.

E. ORTEN.—An organist's use of the organ for lessons and practices is a matter of arrangement between him and his vicar—obviously the only method, if clashes are to be avoided. It is not usual for an organist to invite another player to deputise for him without at least mentioning the fact to the vicar. Similarly, the vicar should not ask another organist to play without the consent of his own organist. Certainly an outsider should not be allowed to give lessons on the organ without the sanction of the local player. It is all summed up, as you say, in the question: 'Who has the legal control of the organ and keeps the keys?' The answer is, 'The vicar.'

C. J. C.—Don't on any account meddle with the varnish of your violoncello. The varnish of string instruments is a trade secret; the experts believe that the quality of tone of the old instruments owes everything to a varnish the composition of which is not known to us. If you wish your violoncello to be re-varnished send it to a first-class maker who will tell you whether the job is worth doing. If all that is desired is to brighten up the varnish you will be able to get a small bottle of varnish reviver from any good dealer at very small cost.

F. B.

HERMANN.—Having performed 'Maritana,' you ask for other good ballad operas, suitable for a limited cast, with no performing rights and containing a little humour. Many a producer has gone grey looking for such works. We can only recommend you to stick to old favourites such as 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' or 'Trovatore.' You may not find much humour in these, but the cast is about right. If this plan is of no use, we fear you can only choose a work on which there is a fee, or descend to musical comedy.

DENMARK.—(1.) Yes; give your pupil a little of the best Guilman to go with his Bach and Rheinberger. Try also Salomé's First Book of Twelve Pieces, and similar collections by Dubois. (2.) We suggest Schumann's Album Leaves, any

of the first few books of Grieg's Lyrical Pieces, and the Little Preludes and Fugues of Bach. For studies, try 'The Best Hundred of Czerny,' recently issued by Paterson's Publications.

CONSTANT READER.—We have no copy of Dryden's poem at hand, but reference to the Handel Society's edition of 'Alexander's Feast' gives the lines as:

'See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair.'

You may therefore dismiss as incorrect the other two versions you have heard—'How they hiss in the air' and 'How they hiss in their lair.'

H. M. P.—(1.) We have asked Messrs. Novello to send you a selection on approval. (2.) Try Volume 5 of Novello's sets of Twenty Pieces for Organ; the Monologues of Rheinberger; Vierne's Twenty-four Pieces in Free Style; and you certainly ought to have the Little Organ Book of Bach, although many of the pieces are rather more difficult than they appear to be.

M.—We are sorry to appear discouraging, but the branch of the profession you mention is so very much over-crowded that we cannot hold out hopes of your obtaining work easily. No doubt the A.R.C.M. or L.R.A.M. diploma for that particular subject would be a help.

PIANOFORTE.—(1.) We should advise you to leave the woodwork of your pianoforte alone. (2.) You need have no fear of rusting wires if the instrument is kept in a dry room. We know of no little book dealing with the care of the pianoforte.

A. E. J. H.—We know of no more elementary book on modulation than the one you mention. Surely your pupil will find what he wants on this subject in any good book on harmony.

E. J. O.—We are sorry to be compelled to omit your letter, partly on the score of space, and also because the subject is by this time rather out of date. We were glad to hear from you, however.

TEMA.—We have not the Tutor at hand, so we cannot tell you the source of the Beethoven theme you mention. Copy out the air and send it to us, and we will do our best to identify it.

A. B.—The compass you mention is rather limited. We think your best plan will be to obtain the Baritone Album published by Messrs. Boosey.

ORGAN LOVER.—We are sorry we can give you no information as to the average ages of the entrants for the organ examination.

H. W. C.—For obvious reasons we cannot recommend pianoforte tuners or repairing firms.

M. H.—We do not know the origin of the words of the carol 'I saw three ships come sailing in.'

Last month 'E. G. D.' inquired concerning an analysis of Bach's 'Art of Fugue.' A correspondent kindly writes saying that he has a copy of Jadassohn's 'Canon and Fugue' wherein is a complete and detailed analysis. He is willing to lend this to 'E. G. D.' If the latter will therefore write to us, we will put him in touch with our correspondent. (Since writing the above we find that the letter has been destroyed. May we trouble our correspondent to send us a post-card?)

Last month 'Scale' asked for aids to practice in scales, &c. A correspondent kindly brings to our notice C. G. Wood's 'Irregular Scale and Arpeggio Practice for the Use of Candidates Preparing for Professional Diplomas in Piano Playing' (Ashdown, Is.).

J. B. CLARK says that at Genoa he found in the Church of the Immaculate Conception 'a large organ with a detached console, said to be by an English builder.' He could not ascertain the builder's name. Can a reader tell him?

Church and Organ Music

LIVERPOOL CHURCH CHOIR ASSOCIATION

The Liverpool Church Choir Association breathed its last at a meeting at which the Lord Bishop of Liverpool presided, in the Town Hall, on April 8. The end had not been unforeseen after the impasse which occurred in November, 1928, when the Festival Service for that year was abandoned, after the music-books had been printed, distributed, and rehearsed by the choirs concerned. The Association has been in existence thirty years, during which time fifteen Festivals were held in St. George's Hall and four Festival services in the Cathedral. The Executive Committee stated that since the war the work of the Association had been carried on with increasing difficulty year by year. There was a decrease of interest taken by Church people in the work of the Association, a decrease in financial support, and of interest taken by ordinary Church choirs in the type of Church music for whose study and practice the Association was originally founded.

Its record is a high one, which has been attained by the loyal and devoted work of choirmasters and choirs. Distinguished musicians who have been guest-conductors have included Sir Hubert Parry, Sir George Martin, Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. G. J. Bennett, Sir Ivor Atkins, Dr. Varley Roberts, Mr. Tertius Noble, and Dr. Charles Macpherson.

As there seems small likelihood of the annual Festivals being resumed on the old basis in these changing times, the Executive Committee recommended in the best interests of all concerned that the Association, as at present constituted, should be officially wound up. The resolution to this effect was carried without dissent, and the Bishop said he put it with heartfelt regret. But it was in no sense an admission of failure, for the Association had attained its object. The general standard of Church music had improved, and there was a desire to improve it still further. He did not believe that the small attendance at the meeting indicated that enthusiasm for Church music in the City and diocese was on the decline, though many accidental circumstances prevented its display on the old lines. The meeting recorded its appreciation of the work of the hon. secretary, Mr. W. A. Roberts, and hon. treasurer, Mr. G. A. Tessimond, and informally the desire was expressed to perpetuate the memory of Ralph H. Baker, the founder and hon. secretary of the Association (1900-22). It is hoped to carry out the suggestion that a memorial window should be placed in the Cathedral.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CHURCH MUSIC

We are now able to add the following details: the lecturers will include the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester (who is better known to old Summer School-ites as the Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones), Dr. M. P. Conway, Dr. Henry Coleman, and Mr. Martin Shaw. The Bishop Otter College, Chichester, is admirably suited for the purpose of the school, with comfortable accommodation for about a hundred. We repeat the dates: September 1-5. Correspondence should be addressed to the Rev. G. Ervine, St. Paul's Vicarage, Chichester. Applications for membership should be accompanied by a deposit of 5s.

KARG-EL

It is going to present the at the end assured be

We are programs owing to month we than Saturday is 6.15. this opportunity are May omitting may be Choveaux Archibald Mr. Godfr

Mr. R. organist a on Sunday. There oug recitals at agreed to

The S (Cork) ga March 25 'Light of Williams' Wood's 'Miss Fra Watt, and conducted Signor G since the performed Psalms, 1 Sirens,' England, palling of Mother,' —a fine that at Cathedral

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KARG-ELERT FESTIVAL AT ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY

It is good news that the composer intends to be present throughout the festival, and that he will play at the end of some (at least) of the recitals. He is assured beforehand of a warm welcome.

We are asked to announce that the charge for programme books has been raised to one shilling, owing to the cost of production. In our note last month we gave the time of the recitals on days other than Saturday as 6.30. This was a mistake; the time is 6.15. The Saturday recitals are at 3.30. We take this opportunity of reminding readers that the dates are May 5-8, 10, 12-15, and 17—that is, a fortnight omitting Fridays and Sundays. The Festival Booklet may be had from the organizers—Mr. Nicholas Choveaux, 9, Homefield Road, Wimbledon; Mr. Archibald Farmer, 6, Carlingford Road, N.W.3; and Mr. Godfrey Seats, 4, Kilmore Road, S.E.23.

ALEXANDRA PALACE

Mr. Reginald Goss-Custard has been appointed organist at Alexandra Palace, where he will give recitals on Sunday afternoons (3 p.m.), commencing on May 18. There ought to be a large public glad to hear regular recitals at so convenient a time on what is generally agreed to be one of the finest concert organs in existence.

The St. Fin Barre's Cathedral Oratorio Society (Cork) gave two fine concerts in the Cathedral on March 25 and 26, the programme consisting of Elgar's 'Light of Life,' Wesley's 'In Exitu Israel,' Vaughan Williams's 'Toward the unknown region,' and Charles Wood's 'Expectans Expectavi.' The soloists were Miss Frances Allsom, Miss Eileen Price, Mr. W. F. Watt, and Mr. Ronald Bridgett. Mr. J. T. Horne conducted, Mr. T. W. Magahy was at the organ, and Signor Grossi was orchestral leader. We note that since the Society was founded seven years ago it has performed over twenty works, including Holst's Two Psalms, Brahms's 'Requiem,' Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' Elgar's 'The Music-Makers,' 'The Spirit of England,' and 'Go, song of mine,' Dale's 'Before the paling of the stars' and 'The Shepherds and the Mother,' Motets by Byrd, Weelkes, Charles Wood, &c.—a fine record. Public interest is shown by the fact that at the two performances reported above the Cathedral was packed.

Some notable performances of the 'St. John' Passion were given in London during the past month. It is fitting that St. Anne's, Soho, the famous church so long identified with Bach's music, should, under its new organist, Mr. F. Hamblin, have given three performances of an excellence which showed that the music of St. Anne's is in safe hands. The work was finely sung also at Southwark Cathedral under Mr. Edgar T. Cook, whose Saturday afternoon musical services throughout the season have been as enterprising and excellent as usual. Performances of the 'St. Matthew' Passion and of such smaller works as Charles Wood's 'St. Luke' Passion have been so numerous in London suburbs and the provinces that we are unable to chronicle them. The increasing number of such performances, many of which now take place in small centres, is a matter for satisfaction, but it makes adequate reporting of them impossible.

The new three-manual organ for the Seamen's Orphanage, Liverpool, now being built by Messrs. Henry Willis, will incorporate two small 'Father Willis' organs combined, plus the necessary new stops to make the tonal scheme balanced and complete. One of these organs was the original instrument in the chapel; the other, and smaller of the two, was in the dining hall. Another 'Father Willis' organ to be modernised is the little instrument in the chapel at Sir Anthony Brown's School, Brentwood. The rebuilding is being done by Messrs. Henry Willis.

The new Trompette Militaire for St. Paul's Cathedral organ will constitute quite a new departure in heavy-pressure reeds. The tubes themselves are formed of spun brass and follow the shape of the French cavalry trumpet very closely.

With light-loaded tongues, and speaking on a pressure of approximately 30 inches, the stop will have a very free clanging tone in imitation of the original, which should suit the resonance of the Cathedral Dome to perfection. It will also present a fine contrast to the existing tubas.

Southampton had its first hearing of the B minor Mass on March 19, when the Philharmonic Society performed the work in St. Mary's Church. The soloists were Miss Doreen Bristol, Miss Linda Seymour, Mr. Arthur Powell, and Mr. Stanley Pope. Mr. Ronald Dussek conducted, and had the valuable assistance of two of his predecessors, Dr. Heathcote Statham playing the organ, and Mr. W. H. Stanton the pianoforte. The efficient orchestra was led by Mr. F. Long.

Mr. W. Greenhouse Alt, organist and choirmaster of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, has obtained the degree of Mus. Doc. of Edinburgh University. Dr. Alt has done distinguished service in the cause of Church and organ music, and these columns have often contained references to the many fine series of historical and other recitals he has given in St. Giles's.

The programme of the motet recital at Ripon Cathedral on March 26 included Victoria's 'O all ye that pass by,' Dering's 'Jesu, the very thought is sweet,' Byrd's 'Come, come, help, O Lord,' Allegri's 'Miserere,' Haydn's 'Insanae et vanae curae,' &c., and a choral elegy, 'Give rest, O Christ,' by Dr. Moody, the conductor.

Dvorák's 'Stabat Mater' was sung in Doncaster Parish Church by the local Musical Society on April 3. The soloists were Miss Sybil Blomfield, Miss Madge Dickinson, Mr. Percy Allatt, and Mr. G. F. Brook. Mr. Norman Strafford accompanied skilfully on the organ, and Mr. Bennett conducted a performance, notable for its devotional spirit.

Under the auspices of the Southport and District Organists' Association a Rheinberger lecture-recital was given by Mr. W. Silkstone Dobson at Christ Church, Southport, on March 29. The works played were Sonatas No. 1 and No. 12, the Passacaglia from No. 8, and the Cantilene from No. 11.

Mr. W. Henry Maxfield has been presented with a gold watch and a cheque, as a mark of appreciation of his forty-six years of work as organist and choirmaster at St. John's Church, Altrincham.

RECITALS

Mr. Charles Stott, St. Philip and St. James's, Scholes, Bradford—Fugue, 'Ad nos,' *Liszt*; Fantasia-Impromptu, *Alcock*; Final in B flat, *Frank*.

Mr. H. J. Timothy, St. Vedast Foster, E.C.—Military Overture, and Andante and Fugue in E minor, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude in D, *Stanford*; 'Sunrise on Stonehenge,' *Wood*.

Dr. H. W. Rhodes, Coventry Cathedral—Allegro (Concerto in D), *Handel*; Grand Chœur Dialogue, *Gigout*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; 'A Song of Sunshine,' *Hollins*; March for a Church Festival, *Best*.

Mr. G. D. Cunningham, St. Paul's, Portman Square, W.—Fantasia and Fugue in G, *Parry*; Three Chorale Preludes, *Bach*; Finale (Symphony No. 8), *Widor*; Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*.

Mr. Arthur Meale, Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster—Concert Fantasia, *R. P. Stewart*; Concertante, *Handel*; Gavotte, *Bach*; Grand March in E flat, *Léfebvre-Wély*; and a programme of his own works.

Dr. Bernard Jackson, Boston Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Romanze and Scherzo (Symphony in D minor), *Schumann*; Pastorale, *Viene*; Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*.

- Miss Lilian Coombes, Brixton Independent Church—*Scherzo, Gigout*; *Rhapsodie No. 1, Saint-Saëns*; *Fugue in E minor, Bach*; *Three Movements from Op. 65, Karg-Elert*.
- Mr. Ralph T. Langdon, St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh—*Sonata No. 8 Rheinberger*; *Passacaglia in C minor, Bach*; *Grave (Symphony No. 5), Vienne*; *Postlude on 'The Old 100th,' Harvey Grace*; *Minuet and Trio in E flat, Wolstenholme*.
- Mr. Leonard Tanner, St. Lawrence Jewry—*Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Bach*; *Sketch in D flat, Schumann*; *Prelude on 'The Old 104th,' Parry*; *Sonata, Elgar*.
- Mr. Leonard Foster, St. Martin's, Croydon—*Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach*; *Rhapsodie in D, Saint-Saëns*; *Introduction and Fugue, Reubke*; *Diithyramb, Harwood*.
- Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Lawrence Jewry—*Alla breve in D, Bach*; *Symphonic Chorale, Karg-Elert*; *'Clair de lune,' Vienne*; *Voluntary in G, Stanley*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, People's Palace—*Fantasia in F minor, Mozart*; *Andante in D, Haydn*; *Air with Variations and Finale Fugato, Smart*; *Introduction and Fugue in C minor, Reubke*.
- Mr. Philip Miles, St. Lawrence Jewry—*Two Sketches, Schumann*; *Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Mendelssohn*; *Three Chorale Preludes, Bach*; *Scherzetto in F sharp minor, Vienne*; *Fantasia in F minor and F major, Mozart*.
- Mr. Hubert Crook, St. Paul's, Cliftonville—*Overture to 'Samson'*; *Andante meditativo, Ferrari*; *'Laus Deo,' Harvey Grace*. (Violin solos by Miss Marjorie Crawshaw.)
- Mr. Nicholas Choveaux, St. John's, Wimbledon—*'Pax Vobiscum' and Choral Improvisation on 'Sleepers, wake,' Karg-Elert*; *Fugue in C sharp minor, Honegger*; *Introduction and Fugue (Sonata), Reubke*; *Elegiac Romance, Ireland*; *Carillon, Seats*; *Sonatina and Fugue in E flat, Bach*.
- Dr. A. W. Wilson, Whitworth Hall, Manchester—*Cradle Song, Harvey Grace*; *Chorale Prelude on 'Hanover,' Parry*; *Two movements from 'Cathedral Windows,' Karg-Elert*; *Prelude and Fugue in B minor, Bach*; *Finale (Symphony No. 6), Widor*.
- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, Middleton Parish Church—*Concerto No. 4, Handel*; *Two movements from 'Scenes on the Downs,' F. H. Wood*; *'Verdun' (from 'Erica' Sonata), Stanford*; *Overture to the 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,' Handel*; *Prelude on 'Hyfrydol,' Vaughan Williams*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. H. A. Roberts, choirmaster and organist, Holy Innocents', Hammersmith.
- Mr. F. W. Quibell Smith, choirmaster and organist, St. Edmund's, Dudley; music master, Lichfield Grammar School.

Letters to the Editor

THE DOLMETSCH FOUNDATION

SIR,—Inasmuch as, in the January number of the *Musical Times*, the founders of the Dolmetsch Foundation 'appeal for the support of all who have the interests of music at heart,' I feel bound to say that there are, in the Foundation's letter, certain points which call for careful consideration.

1. The Foundation, speaking of the music which culminated in the Elizabethan period in England, states that 'the instrumental music, of which there is much greater store, has had to wait longer for recognition, because proper appreciation was impossible until it could be played on the instruments for which it was written in accordance with the technique proper to those instruments and to the time.'

While admiring and appreciating Mr. Dolmetsch's indefatigable industry in the realm of antiquarian

research and instrument-making, one can only conclude that if the public performances of the Dolmetsch family accurately represent the standard of musical insight and technical proficiency prevalent during the Elizabethan era in England, then this country must have been as deficient in competent executants as it was undoubtedly distinguished in its composers.

As a matter of historical fact, however, men such as Bull, Byrd, and Gibbons were, relatively to their period, just as brilliant performers as, in the next two centuries, were Bach, Handel, and Purcell, and it is inconceivable that musicians of this order would have tolerated for one moment the sight and sound of their compositions being mangled and distorted beyond recognition by a group of amateurs.

Nervousness, indisposition, a sense of inferiority, and other extra-musical factors may sometimes account, in large measure, for an unsatisfactory performance, but at the Dolmetsch concerts, whether in London or during the Haslemere Festival, the same distressing phenomena invariably take place; I refer to the ragged ensemble, entire absence of rhythmic vitality, wrong notes, lapses of intonation, involuntary stops, and general carelessness which characterise the playing of practically every item.

Not only is this sort of thing extremely painful to those accustomed to the playing of first-class artists, with whom it inevitably invites comparison, but in doing such injustice to the music it is also the worst possible form of advertisement for the cause to which Mr. Dolmetsch is devoted.

Hence, on historical, aesthetic, and technical grounds, I am absolutely opposed to the perpetuation of the fallacy that the type of performance described above should be regarded as being 'in accordance with the technique proper to those instruments and to the time.'

Even if it were true (which it is not) that the Elizabethans made music in this feeble fashion, it is no reason whatever why we who have since the 16th century immeasurably advanced in instrumental and technical resource should revert to the primitive.

One can concur with Mr. Dolmetsch in his abhorrence of technical exploitation at the expense of the music, but on the other hand, the insufficiency of elementary digital dexterity which results in a rhythm so erratic as to make of, say, Bach's *Prelude in C minor* for lute (better known to pianists as *Prelude No. 3* from 'Twelve Short Preludes') a parody of the original, is even more exasperating. Incidentally, if Mr. Dolmetsch is genuinely opposed to technique *per se*, I should like to know why he permitted the performance, at one of the morning exhibitions of instruments, during the Haslemere Festival last summer, of a pseudo-pyrotechnical display entitled, 'Chromatic Acrobatics for Two Recorders.'

2. I dispute the assertion that '... proper appreciation [of the music of the 16th and 17th centuries] was impossible until it could be played on the instruments for which it was written.'

The fact that composers of this period had of necessity to content themselves with such instruments as were then available, does not mean that their works were fore-doomed to be performed for the rest of time on those (now) superannuated specimens, the tone of which has been described by Dr. Burney as 'a scratch with a sound at the end of it,' and by another authority as 'resembling nothing so much as a solo on a bird-cage played by a toasting-fork.'

The question as to whether the music of any given period should or should not be played upon the instruments of that period is one of musical expediency, and cannot be summarily settled as being axiomatic.

Some music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries—especially that of a contrapuntal character—when played by (say) Mrs. Woodhouse on a good modern harpsichord (the only instrument of the pre-pianoforte era which is at all practicable for concert use) does, undoubtedly sound to greater advantage than on the pianoforte, but it by no means follows that *all* of it must, and it certainly does not justify the strange view

taken by utterances, ment which the modern

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taken by Mr. Dolmetsch, at any rate in his public utterances, that the pianoforte is a pernicious instrument which should be played only in private, and that the modern orchestra is an unmitigated curse.

In the opinion of many musicians, however, a great deal of this music may be far better appreciated when transcribed and adapted for either the pianoforte, organ, modern stringed instruments, or orchestra, and in this form it has for long been familiar to the musical public through the work of such admirable editors and transcribers as Busoni, Bauer, Craxton, Moffat, Dunhill, Fryer, Henderson, Warlock, Wood, and Elgar. To those who offer ethical objections to this treatment it must be pointed out that composers of distinction—as opposed to ‘professors of composition’—wish their works to be presented in as favourable conditions as possible, consequently they welcome whatever inventions and improvements the ingenuity of instrument makers may place at their disposal.

Indeed, it is very largely the increased demands of the composers themselves which have gradually led to the development of our present-day instruments; and it is instructive to note, in passing, that Bach, although he preferred the clavichord for private practice, and disliked the first pianofortes which were brought to his notice, so strongly recommended the later instruments of Silbermann, the pianoforte-maker of Strasbourg, that the latter rapidly amassed a considerable fortune.

Moreover, from a purely logical standpoint, to perform old music upon modern clavichords and harpsichords, &c., with all the various innovations effected by Mr. Dolmetsch, is just as great an artistic anachronism as it would be (in his opinion) to utilise other modern resources.

Thus it seems clear, I think, that this attempt to resuscitate obsolete instruments on the ground that proper appreciation has been hitherto impossible is both theoretically indefensible and practically undesirable.

3. The Foundation's letter apart, it is also necessary to consider the musical philosophy involved, and to ask if its public propagation is justifiable.

Mr. Dolmetsch does not always state it definitely, but he constantly implies both by word and deed that the art of music virtually ceased with Bach's death, that the pianoforte and modern orchestra, as noted above, are pernicious and dangerous developments, and that our only artistic salvation lies in returning to and resuscitating obsolete instruments, practising as little as possible, and playing nothing written after 1750.

Without enthusiasm nothing very vital can be achieved, but enthusiasm, unless tempered by discrimination, may easily degenerate into fanaticism.

I submit that the symptoms in this case point unmistakably to this condition, and that we are, in short, facing a retrograde movement which is contrary to the furtherance and development of our art, and which should be very carefully controlled and watched.

It has been suggested to me that ‘there must be something in it,’ and I suggest, in return, that this ‘something’ may be explained as follows: (a) no other family, so far as I am aware, both makes and plays upon ancient instruments, hence we obtain the element of novelty which leads to curiosity and interested attention; (b) there exists a small section of sentimentalists who share with Mr. Dolmetsch the belief that anything old is good, therefore the older the better.

This section turns up at every Dolmetsch concert, and is responsible for a good deal of unthinking and persistent adulation both in private and public.

Let it be thought that I stand alone in my opinions on this subject, I should like to quote some reviews of one of the records which Mr. Dolmetsch has made for the Columbia Company. Mr. Compton Mackenzie wrote in the *Gramophone*: ‘... intensely as I appreciate what he has done for the antiquarian side of

music, I am no longer able to enjoy it as much as I did. Now I ask myself if my taste has deteriorated in twenty-five years or if, as I prefer to think, it has, in widening, improved.’ *Musical Opinion* said: ‘They [the Fantasias and Fantasy] are played with hardly any phrasing; but we believe that Mr. Dolmetsch contends that this is the authentic manner in which string works of this period should be given.’

In the *Musical Times* ‘Discus’ stated: ‘I wish I could pump up some enthusiasm for these performances. But I feel that the tone is unvital and the style altogether too tentative and monotonous to be convincing. I must express my preference for hearing such works transcribed for modern stringed instruments and played by first-rate performers. The interest here is almost solely antiquarian, and antiquarian interest is often a mere blight.’

In view of all that has been said above I really feel that it would be more to the point for ‘those who have the interests of music at heart’ to cast a critical eye over some of the Foundation's proposals, to accept with due reservation certain of the claims advanced on Mr. Dolmetsch's behalf, and to appoint a select committee which may determine which of his teachings should be preserved and which of them should be treated with caution, rather than swallow whole the Foundation's ‘earnest desire that his learning in all its forms (my italics) shall be preserved and handed on to posterity.’—Yours, &c.,

38, George Street, CLINTON GRAY FISK.
Baker Street, W.1.

THE SUPPLY OF ADJUDICATORS

SIR,—When I was in my middle twenties—I have still some way to go before I shall be thirty—I became, almost inadvertently, an adjudicator at a Festival. I have quite recently had the pleasure of paying a return visit to that Festival in the same capacity.

One midsummer's day a few years ago, I played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto at the Leas Cliff Hall, Folkestone, and, a few days later, attended a conference there in connection with examinations held by the Guildhall School of Music (where I am a professor). At the end of the proceedings I found myself called upon to propose, impromptu, a vote of thanks to the Mayor of Folkestone, who had presided; and, thanking my lucky stars that I had taken every opportunity to speak in public ever since I made my first oration in a sixth-form debating circle at school, I managed to emerge from the ordeal without discredit.

Mr. Douglas Spain, the genial secretary of the Folkestone Musical Festival (which, by the way, is run by the Rotary Club of that town), had heard me play the pianoforte and make a speech, and in due course I was invited to adjudicate.

There, and since then elsewhere, I have been associated with Dr. James Lyon, Mr. Ernest Read, Mr. Robert Radford, Dr. Herman Brearley, and—a man almost as young as myself—Mr. Sydney Northcote.

I must at this point proclaim that I have no desire to specialise in adjudicating. I am too interested in playing the pianoforte and teaching. But I do not think I am placing too much value on my abilities, or on the abilities of, say, Sydney Northcote and other men of about our age, when I endorse the pleas made in your columns for the occasional inclusion of ‘the likes of us.’ There are quite a number of us who have played to big audiences (and small ones), spoken at meetings, argued at conferences, faced a microphone, published a few works (and written more), published a few articles (and caused the editor many regrets), and taught pupils young enough to be our children, old enough to be our parents.

Would Festival secretaries be taking such a very big risk in trusting our judgments? And if an adjudicator ‘has much in common with a public performer—we might even say, entertainer,’ is it not at least possible that a young man can carry off that

part of the rôle as successfully as those who have been judging for thirty years, my boy?

There need be no silly 'Youth v. Age' controversy about this matter. It should be plain that a growing movement needs a certain amount of new blood from time to time, and the plan expounded by Mr. Harvey Grace is a hopefully sensible one. There is, indeed, only one criticism that I can find to offer. Would not a register of an adjudicator's qualities serve to affix a label to him—a label that would stick even when by persevering effort at self-improvement he had made it no longer applicable?—Yours, &c.,

41, The Grove, SIDNEY HARRISON.
Hammersmith, W.6.

SIR,—It is pleasant to find Mr. Harvey Grace, in your April issue, and 'Scrutator' in March, referring to the suggestion which I made in the *Music Teacher* a few weeks ago—that there should be at the offices of the Federation of Festivals a register of adjudicators. In order to give Festival authorities an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the suggestion, I reprinted my article and sent a copy to every secretary whose name appeared in the Festivals Year Book. A few replied, mostly in encouragement, though several feared that adjudicators themselves would not like the idea; and doubtless the plan was mentioned at a good many meetings of which I never heard any report. It has not, so far as I know, been raised as a major question at a Federation meeting. At the time my chief impression was that which Mr. Grace refers to when he says that 'cold water was promptly thrown on it.' One gets used to that when trying to look ahead in this world; but the hardened musician—still more the journalist—is not greatly depressed by a douche, nor uplifted by applause. It is all in the day's work of our odd (one might sometimes say astounding) profession.

As the topic has been raised again by an adjudicator of such great experience as Mr. Grace, I venture to hope that it may be thought worth discussing. I have a few copies of the reprint of my article, and if any new secretary, who did not get a copy before, or anyone else who would like to see the suggestion I made, cares to send me a postcard saying so (to Brent Brook, Brent Green, Hendon, N.W.4), I shall be glad to send a copy, so long as they last.

May I just add a word of appreciation of Mr. Fowles's April letter, full of that spirit of service and goodwill which is eminent in him—a spirit all the more surely impelled and efficacious because Mr. Fowles is one of the few people who really know what the musical profession has been, where it stands, where it may go if we do not look out, and where it *might* go if everybody saw as far and worked as heartily as the best.—Yours, &c.,
W. R. ANDERSON.

SIR,—The value of the views given by Mr. Harvey Grace and Mr. Ernest Fowles in your April number, on the question of supply of Festival adjudicators, cannot be over-estimated, and as expressions of opinion are invited I wish humbly to offer mine.

Happily it is very true that 'a race of musicians trained in all the essentials of adjudicatorship promises to become . . . a feature of the musical world,' and because of the immense and welcome increase of the Festival idea in this country, the demands now being made and to be made in the very near future on the small but efficient body of adjudicators will be very severe.

The unique and varied qualifications essential for this most important service, so ably described by Mr. Fowles, might well create a sense of despondency in any but an aspirant of the best material, but it is to such a one that special facilities should be given by Festival committees, to enable him to perfect himself in this most important branch of his profession.

This special work requires special training, and as it can only properly be obtained at a Festival itself,

I suggest that when a committee is engaging its principal adjudicators—whose qualifications should be well known—it engages also a Junior, to be nominated if necessary by the leading adjudicator himself, and at a fee in proper relation to services rendered on the one hand, and the value of the experience to the Junior on the other.

The extra expense should not be alarming, and should be regarded by committees as a premium to ensure the succession of the efficiency sought.

It is conceivable that a plan could be formulated much on the same lines as senior and junior legal counsel, both of them in their sphere all-important, but performing different functions on a recognised fee scale.

The engagement of one or more Juniors in a Festival would give committees the opportunity of forming their own opinion with a view to the future. The experience thus gained could be utilised by the Federation in the compilation of a confidential register which would not only be of the utmost value but quite unobjectionable, as it need contain only the names of those Juniors who wish seriously and regularly to continue to perform the important office of adjudicator.

I write these views as a member of a Festival committee to whose notice I shall hope to bring them in the near future.—Yours, &c., HENSLOW ORCHARD.

5, Highland Road,
Bromley, Kent.

[The above letters are all that we can at present include from those received. Mr. Henslow Orchard's suggestion is, we think, excellent, especially in regard to the nomination of a junior by the chief adjudicator.—EDITOR.]

COMPETITION FESTIVAL SYLLABUSES: 'A WRETCHED PRACTICE'

SIR,—In the very interesting article in the March number of the *Musical Times* on 'Choosing the Syllabus,' one important fact was not mentioned. Publishers frequently offer prizes for various subjects, provided that the test-piece is chosen from their list of publications. Unfortunately, they don't always give the committee a free hand. They send a parcel of music which often does not contain one suitable piece for competition.

The selection committee cannot very well refuse the prize—indeed it would be most ungracious to do so—so that they are faced with the alternative of choosing a piece that is not suitable.

The publishers are not to be blamed for having a keen eye to business, but the work of selection would be much easier if the publishers would not limit the committee to the few pieces which they choose to send, and, moreover, adjudicators would not have to listen to a piece which does not improve with repetition.—Yours, &c.,
X.

[Mr. Harvey Grace writes: 'I made no allusion to this difficulty because I thought the wretched practice had been knocked on the head long ago. I do not agree that a selection committee cannot decline a prize offered in the way 'X' describes. Their obvious duty to their competitors and public is to point out to the donor that they cannot accept a prize that carries with it any sort of condition as to the choice of test-piece. As 'X' says, nobody would blame a publisher for giving a prize with an eye to business, but the eye must be a very general one; the more flourishing the Festival movement, the better for the publishers. Restrictive conditions accompanying the gift do more harm than good to the movement; and selection committees on their part will do well to remember that their acceptance of such gifts puts them in an awkward position. For one thing, it amounts practically to the handing over of their job to a publisher, who (I know this from some experiences many years ago) will naturally seize the opportunity of foisting off a selection of pieces that have fallen flat and need a leg-up. Even worse, their action may

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be construed into something like blackmail. ('If a publisher doesn't stump up for our prize fund, he gets no show in the syllabus.') And on his side the publisher's action is a kind of bribery. My advice to committees is to take the strong line, and choose the best and most suitable music, irrespective of all other considerations. They will find that a good Festival cannot be built up on bad music and dubious commercial methods.')

PUBLIC SCHOOL ORCHESTRAS: A SUGGESTION

SIR,—I was much interested in the article in the April *Musical Times* on 'Public School Orchestras.' I notice that Radley (where I was Precursor from 1923-28) is mentioned as one of a dozen schools within a hundred miles of London possessing good school orchestras.

I enclose some programmes done during the last year at Stowe, as I know you are interested in public school music. Last term's programme was performed without any professional assistance whatsoever (except masters and music staff). I write to you because I think the Stowe orchestra is at least as good as that at Radley, and also because Stowe is a comparatively new school, as you know.

I think the idea of school orchestras combining is excellent, and I for one should not in the least resent the appointment of another conductor for a combined performance. Our orchestra is very keen, and we have started a junior orchestra to provide for the surplus wind. We are still short of strings, largely because boys are not taught these instruments at preparatory schools. Nearly all our string pupils started to learn here. I do not think jazz music has anything to do with the shortage of strings. I think it is entirely due to the inadequate arrangements made for teaching strings at preparatory schools, and the attitude of parents (who wish their boys to be able to play a pretty piece on the pianoforte and little more).—Yours, &c.,

Stowe School, L. P. HUGGINS.
Buckingham.

ODE ON THE NATIVITY

SIR,—In his sympathetic and appreciative review of my newly-published work (a setting of the whole of Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity') your critic mentioned that I had used an English horn and a bass clarinet in my score. In case any conductor who reads your reviewer's notice should on that account peruse the vocal score no further, may I reassure him? If the printed full score be consulted, it will be seen that I have used (as I generally do) one hautboy and one English horn, and the bass clarinet part has been 'cued-in' for other instruments throughout.—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL B. ROTHAM.

The Athenæum,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE ORGANISTS' BENEVOLENT LEAGUE

SIR,—This year marks the 'coming of age' of the above League, and the committee is anxious to arouse fresh enthusiasm for its work, and also to make it a record year for contributions. The funds of the League are used in two ways: first, to give relief by means of a grant to organists or their dependents who are in distress through poverty; and secondly, to provide annuities for organists in poverty who are no longer able to engage in active work. It is necessary to stress the point that the League will help these applicants without regard to creed, and irrespective of whether they have previously contributed to the fund or not. We feel that the funds at present available are inadequate to meet satisfactorily both these requirements, and I earnestly appeal to your readers to come to our assistance in greater numbers, by giving recitals, lectures, &c., in aid of the fund, or by giving a donation. It is especially desired during the present year to add substantially to our invested funds, so that, from this assured income, we may

provide more old organists with adequate payments by way of pension.

It was the wish of the founder, the late Sir Frederick Bridge, that at least five hundred organists would give an annual recital for the benefit of the fund. This hope has not yet been realised, though many organists and organists' associations are consistent helpers. I can give my personal assurance of the good the League has done, and is doing, and in the same measure as we receive so shall we be enabled to distribute.

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, O.B.L., The Royal College of Organists, Kensington Gore, S.W.7. A copy of the last annual report and all particulars will be sent, on application, to anyone interested.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST BULLOCK
(President).

Litlington Tower,
7, The Little Cloister,
Westminster Abbey, S.W.1.

'THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE'

SIR,—In his last letter Mr. Farthing writes: 'I did not say that Newton and Leibnitz were contemporaneous with Bach and Handel.' In his first letter he wrote: 'Few readers will have failed to call to mind that double coincidence of contemporaneity—Newton, Leibnitz; and Bach, Handel.' And in his next paragraph: 'The period of richest activity in music (Bach to Beethoven) is paralleled by the period of richest activity in mathematics (Newton to Lagrange); there being a little priority in mathematics.' This 'little priority,' as I have already said, amounts to forty-three years—the priority of Beethoven to Wagner. Newton and Leibnitz belong to the 17th century; Bach and Handel to the 18th. I daresay that, if one took the trouble to search the registers, it would be possible to discover the names of two green-grocers who were born in the same year, and also of two bakers who were born forty-three years later. But these interesting facts would have no more significance than those discovered by Mr. Farthing.

I asked Mr. Farthing if he considers that the spirit of the age in the 1st century A.D. was embodied in Christ. But he has not thought fit to answer that question.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR T. FROGGATT.

5, Richmond Mansions,
Denton Road,
Twickenham.

[We re-open this correspondence in order to give Dr. Froggatt that last word to which, as opener of the discussion, he is entitled.—EDITOR.]

HYPNOTISM IN MUSICAL EDUCATION

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. J. Louis Orton's article on the above subject, and though I do not doubt the efficacy of hypnotic methods in producing results such as those of which Mr. Orton speaks, it should not be forgotten that modern psychologists are tending more and more to discredit the use of hypnotism. At one time it was the most popular way of tapping the subconscious mind of a patient to put that patient into a hypnotic trance and so gain easy accessibility to the latent material. In some cases it is still necessary to have recourse to hypnotism, but it is found that a constant and sometimes not very prolonged practice of hypnotism tends to bring on, even in normal minds, a state of 'dissociation,' which is virtually a mild form of insanity. Psycho-analysts are therefore nowadays adopting roundabout methods of approaching the subconscious rather than having recourse to hypnotism. The risk of producing dissociation may be small in proportion to the number of subjects hypnotised, but the risk is always there, and hypnotism must be regarded as too dangerous a thing for even a competent teacher of music to attempt, and should be left, if it is necessary at all, to a fully competent psycho-analyst.

Undoubtedly hypnotism in a mild form is constantly, and in all probability unknowingly, practised by teachers and clergymen, to implant ideas into the minds of those under them; but its systematic and intensive

use as suggested by Mr. Orton, whilst certainly obtaining the desired results, cannot be accounted anything less than very dangerous to the subjects so treated. The question involved therefore resolves itself to this: 'Are we to accept the risk of unbalancing the mind in our desire to bring forward latent talent by hypnotic methods?'—and the answer is bound to rest with the individual teacher concerned.—Yours, &c.,

'Ifley,' Broad Road, A. ROBERT WILLIAMS.
Sale, Manchester.

THE SHORTAGE OF ALTOS

SIR,—I write to say that when about nineteen years old I joined a good voluntary Church choir as a bass (baritone really). Some three years later the organist asked me to deputise for an alto for a few weeks. Those few weeks extended to about fifty-five years. I am now eighty, and gave up singing alto only three years ago. At least one in every three baritones could sing alto with very little tuition. Perhaps I am somewhat an exception, as I was not only a singer but a 'cellist and had a fair knowledge of harmony and composition.—Yours, &c.,

Birmingham.

YELRUT.

'WOUNDED HEART'

SIR,—With reference to the tune sent in by 'L. C. S.' on p. 137 of the February *Musical Times*, this is a well-known Pathan song, which can be heard sung or played by the tribesmen all along the N.-W. Frontier. I have heard it sung by Pathans in Baluchistan between Quetta and Chaman, and it is, I think, common in the Peshawar district too. I believe that it has been adopted as the regimental march of one or more Indian regiments, and it is used by the English in band programmes. It is also used as a drinking song on festive nights, with a fairly free translation of the original Pushto verses, beginning, 'There's a boy across the river . . . but alas, I cannot swim.'

It is called 'Zakhmi Dil,' the literal translation of which is 'Wounded Heart.' There is a small misprint in the title as given by you. It probably owes its popularity among Europeans to the fact that its original version needs little adaptation to the diatonic scale. It is a fine marching tune, if rather commonplace to European ears.—Yours, &c.,

Delhi Cantt., India.

PITCH: HOW MUCH HIGHER?

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to a serious and important matter concerning orchestral music in this country? I refer to the much debated question of pitch. Having been a string player myself for many years, I regret that the present pitch adopted at Queen's Hall is a great deal higher than it was twenty years ago. So unnecessarily high, indeed, that when Kreisler was playing the Beethoven Concerto the other day one had only to close one's eyes so as not to see the open strings being used, and the effect was exactly as if the Concerto was being played in E flat.

Surely it is high time that something was done to check this alarming rise of pitch.

Grove's Dictionary states that the fixed pitch for all countries should be 522. I am informed on good authority that the pitch of all our orchestras is 530 (if not more), and if some steps are not taken we may, perhaps, have a further rise—that is, if conductors do not check it. The problem is an urgent one, and I would like to see some competent authorities taking up the matter.

The military bands are lowering their pitch to 'normal,' but what is the normal going to be?—Yours, &c.,

L. H. OVENDEN.

St. Edward's School,
Oxford.

'BIRD SONGS'

SIR,—For years past I have been greatly interested in the song of English birds. In our suburban gardens,

public and private, we are entertained with the jolly rollicking notes of the blackbird and the marvellously beautiful song of the thrush.

I am glad to say both of these wonderful songsters are to be found within the precincts of many cities and towns in Australia, nesting among creepers and thickly-grown hedges; not easily alarmed—the thrush indeed, being a particularly friendly bird, innocent and confiding; the blackbird, on the other hand, suspicious and alert to danger, fancied or real.

The thrush changes his song as the season advances. During the early days of spring and well into the succeeding summer he becomes a very impassioned vocalist. His trills are marvellously executed, and his song develops into an unbroken stream of melody so wonderfully conceived with a multitude of complicated rhythms that one can scarcely believe these are the outpourings of 'unpremeditated art.'

The blackbird is continually giving surprises with snatches of old-time melodies. A few weeks ago he startled us with the following, many times repeated.



He has now supplied the answer in a truly extraordinary manner:



Have any of your readers a similar experience of his amusing assurance in the art of phrase-making?—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD R. G. ANDREWS

'Walmer,' Logan Street,
Canterbury, Victoria
Australia.

MICHEL ANGELO

SIR,—The letter of Michel Angelo addressed to Botticelli, but intended for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco di Medici, was dated July 2, 1496—not 1546. It may be read in the collection of Michel Angelo's letters translated by R. W. Carden, and published by Messrs. Constable. The artist's own references to his illnesses may also be read in those letters.

My allusion to the weakness in the health of the great artist was intended as a possible cause of, and excuse for, a part of his moral weakness. If Mr. W. T. Keech does not approve such excuse, it seems merely to minimise the value of his own judgment and admiration. The course of my argument is in no way disturbed. Allowing or refusing such excuse, Michel Angelo remains a great artist in revolt against the evils of his time, and expressing that revolt—not openly, but symbolically.—Yours, &c.,

Kilcote,

RUTLAND BOUGHTON.

Newent, Glos.

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR.]

'WHY NOT UNIVERSAL FINGERING?'

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *Musical Times* I cannot but be pleased at your earnest endeavour to encourage all that is best in British musical life—whether it be trying to get a hearing for some new British work or deprecating the importing of foreign conductors when we have as good at home, and so on.

But what of English fingering for the pianoforte? I believe that most musicians would rather see it scrapped, as the use of two systems is obviously confusing. I am not aware if the English system is in use in any other countries, but if it is, then here is another job for the League of Nations!—Yours, &c.,

Stoke-on-Trent.

H. G. BELASCO.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Amateur orchestra rehearsing in North London on Friday evenings requires additional members. Violins, double-bass (instrument provided), and wind (low pitch) especially wanted. Classical and modern symphonic music.—R. A. D., 145, de Beauvoir Road, N.1.

Amateur 'cellist wanted for small orchestra. Also other instrumentalists, including wind. Stamford Hill district.—V. B., 31, St. John's Church Road, E.9.

Lady pianist wishes to meet capable violinist and/or 'cellist for sonata and trio practice.—Miss F. BELSON, 81, Sidney Road, Hackney Wick, E.9.

Light baritone wishes to meet gentleman pianist or would like to join quartet. S.E. London.—C. E., c/o Musical Times.

Pianist wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice of good music. N.W. district.—R. N., c/o Musical Times.

Amateur 'cellist (gentleman) wishes to meet other instrumentalists for the regular practice of trios, quartets, and quintets. St. Albans or district.—W. F. B., c/o Musical Times.

Tenor and alto wanted for the mutual practice of anthems, cantatas, operatic excerpts, &c. Large library.—L. S. P., 9, Castletown Road, W. Kensington, W.14.

Sharps and Flats

Two novelties are included in the programme—Handel's Grosse Fugue for strings only, and his Rondino for wind instruments.—*Gossip Writer in the 'Daily Express.'*

I left at the end of the second Act of 'Tristan' because I was determined to go to bed at a reasonable hour. . . . Only ill-balanced, one-idea'd persons can enjoy the last Act of a Wagner opera as well as the first. . . . Louis of Bavaria would listen to 'Tristan' twice in one night. But Louis was mad. Every first-rate performance of the best Wagner operas is attended by a number of people nearly as mad as Louis.—*Arnold Bennett.*

I have not yet caught cold. But all the pianofortes in England have colds. Why is that?—*Artur Schnabel.*

Lord Berners, besides being one of England's few musicians, is fond of beautiful birds, which he keeps in cages, and of playing pranks on people.—*Gossip Writer in the 'Sunday Dispatch.'*

Opera is all right for those who are too old or too fat for anything else. But the screen offers bigger opportunities.—*Mary Lewis, American opera singer (after reducing her weight from 12 st. 7 lb. to 9 st. 9 lb.).*

Grand opera is old-fashioned entertainment, pompous, slow, full of innumerable absurdities, and obsolete. It is a dead art.—*Amelita Galli-Curci.*

When some genius has made opera fit for normal people to look upon, I will boldly champion Madame Galli-Curci for a job in the first production. She is slim and she can act. She can also sing—always an advantage in grand opera.—*Gordon Beckles.*

. . . our dull old 'Grove's Dictionary' . . . —*W. J. Turner.*

A correspondent sends us the following, from *The Etude*:—'Leoncavallo is an important composer for the stage. His best-known operas are "Pagliacci" and "La Bohème." But Leoncavallo did write an opera called "La Bohème," so *The Etude* has achieved, not a Flat, but a Sharp.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Three concerts occurred during the last weeks of March. At the orchestral concert under Sir Henry Wood at Queen's Hall on March 20, the orchestra gave a brilliant performance of Berlioz's 'Carnaval Romain.' The solo players were Miss Joan Allen, who gave Mackenzie's 'Pibroch' Suite remarkably well, and Mr. Robert O. Edwards, who played admirably in Delius's Pianoforte Concerto.

The chamber concert on the following Thursday at Duke's Hall was notable for some sound Mozart playing in the first movement of the Quartet No. 18 in D. The ensemble of the four young men was excellent. A quartet for two sopranos, flute, and harp by Kathleen Taplay showed some exceedingly promising writing for a student. Yelland Richards played the pianoforte part of his own Sonata for violin (Lisa Simpson) and pianoforte.

On Saturday, March 29, a choral concert took place in Duke's Hall under Mr. Ernest Read. Some effective vocal ensemble was heard in the groups of canons and rounds, 'Sing we now merrily' going very well indeed. Works by Palestrina and Bach were sung by the full chorus. Miss Muriel Middleton and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn sang Ayres and Ballets, both being accompanied on appropriate instruments—Miss Middleton on the lute and Mr. Dunn on the clavichord. F.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Easter term closed with two concerts of more than usual importance, namely, an orchestral concert by the First Orchestra and a choral and orchestral concert by the Choral Class and the Second Orchestra.

At the first of these, Prokofiev's third Pianoforte Concerto and Beethoven's D major Symphony were the principal items, the former being played by Miss Helen Perkin with a brilliancy and exuberance that did much to camouflage the *longueurs* of the work.

The Choral Class tackled a formidable undertaking at the other concert in Vaughan Williams's noble 'Sea Symphony,' under Mr. Reginald Jacques; it is all the more satisfactory, therefore, that a successful achievement can be recorded.

The list of awards for the term is as follows: Charlotte Holmes Exhibition—divided as follows: Kathleen M. Collins (pianoforte), Margaret Stebbing (violin), Leocadia Morison (viola), Violet P. Brough (viola); Council Exhibitions—Robert Davies (singing), Marjorie Westbury (singing), Phyllis M. Millar (pianoforte), Barbara Siddall (pianoforte), Dorothy K. Goadby (viola), Joyce Bowen ('cello), Virginia du Plat-Taylor (organ), William Evans ('cello), Joan Perrins (singing), Evelyn Rothwell (hautboy), Cynthia Hordern (singing), Iris Holgate (violin), Edith C. Hopwood (pianoforte), Christine Gordon (violin), Elizabeth Morison (clarinet); Raymond Fennell Prizes for Teachers' Training Course—Cecil D. Dalley, Eluned Leyshon, Winifreda L. Dinn, Joan Cattell, Frances J. French, Fredericka V. E. Hartnell, Maureen D. H. Moore, Margaret Rayson, Constance A. Wright, Mary T. Priestman, Phyllis M. Russell, Dorothy J. Shillito, Violet R. Wood, Sarah Bethwaite, Elizabeth R. Clapham, Gertrude Hutchinson, Lillette M. Hartley, Violet F. Palmer, Margaret J. Rees, Nora A. Richardson, Catherine E. Watkins; Hopkinson Medals—Irene Kohler (gold), Dorothea Aspinall (silver), Nancy Read (silver); Cobbett Composition Prizes—Phantasy Quartet, Helen C. Perkin, Phantasy Quintet, Elizabeth V. Maconchy.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The annual distribution of diplomas and prizes took place at Queen's Hall on March 29 and attracted a large audience. In the unavoidable absence of the President, the Earl of Shaftesbury, owing to indisposition, Dr. John Warriner (Chairman of the College Corporation) presided, and was supported by the Principal, Mr. E. Stanley Roper, the Controller of Examinations, Mr. E. d'Evry, and other members of the Corporation. Both the Principal and the Controller

of Examinations submitted satisfactory reports of the activities of their respective departments. The Rev. Dr. Foxell, Chaplain, gave an excellent and encouraging address to the recipients after Dr. Warriner had distributed the diplomas and prizes. The College Orchestra, under Mr. John Barbirolli, performed a programme of music that included Mozart's 'Ein kleine Nachtmusik,' 'Vorspiel' to Act 3, 'Die Meistersinger,' Elgar's 'Coronation March,' and a 'Prélude Romantique' by Frederic d'Erlanger. Baron d'Erlanger was an interested listener, and received an ovation when going on to the platform at the conclusion of his piece.

On this occasion, too, the College Mixed Choir gave an admirable performance of 'Stabat Mater,' which was conducted by the composer, Dr. George Oldroyd, a member of the College Corporation.

Other successful students' concerts were given at Grottrian and Wigmore Halls during the last two weeks of the term.

The following have been awarded scholarships as a result of the recent competition: Pianoforte playing—Vera D. Manwaring and Blanche M. D. Matthey; Clarinet playing—Mr. H. New. The Grosvenor Gooch Prizes for the term were awarded to Miss A. L. Frost and Miss Mollie O'Halloran.

The summer term opens on April 28. Lectures, &c., have already been arranged to be given by the following: Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, Miss E. Medd Hall, Mr. Henry Geehl, Mr. Hubert Foss, and Mrs. Helen Trust.

For the opera performance of 'Tom Jones' at the Scala Theatre on May 23, when H.R.H. Princess Mary will attend, and the entire proceeds will be given to Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, a very distinguished audience is already ensured, and the demand for seats, even now, is of a most encouraging nature.

It is gratifying to note that in South Africa, the Bishop of Johannesburg is Chairman of the Local Centre there, whilst at Pietermaritzburg, the Bishop of Natal has accepted the same position for that Centre.

In view of her many long years of faithful service to the College, the Board has awarded to Mrs. E. Brown, of the Barrow-in-Furness Centre, an Honorary Fellowship diploma. A similar honour has been awarded to Mrs. A. H. Day, of Durban, Natal, whose connection with the College extends over many years.

Miss B. Kok-Alblas has been appointed local secretary of the Birkenhead Centre in place of her father, the late Mr. Kok-Alblas.

ROYAL MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF MUSIC REVIEW WEEK

BY OUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT

Since Mr. R. J. Forbes's succession to the position of Principal of the Royal Manchester College of Music several attempts have been made to bring its work more prominently before the general public, as distinct from the relatively small but highly specialist coterie of music enthusiasts in this city. He conducted a rattling students' performance of Verdi's 'Falstaff' last December, and a little later they went *en bloc* to London and repeated it at the Royal College of Music; such an interchange of student effort might possibly with great advantage become a feature in the life of both concerns.

The lesser Lancashire cotton towns have in the past maintained a steady stream of student supply to the Royal Manchester College, and especially is this true of North-East Lancashire. To-day, this (and other) northern industrial areas, are passing through the trough of the deepest trade depression ever known, and many a promising artistic career has been sacrificed on the altar of preferential claims of family maintenance. As a practical man the Principal has boldly faced an unpromising situation, and in the closing days of March brought the whole college apparatus into a fuller public light than this city has hitherto known by means of a 'Review Week.' It cannot be said that this first experiment in wider publicity met with an

encouraging recognition in the shape of large attendances, and this is surely capable of future remedies. At present there would seem to be no lack of well-directed enthusiasms, and, judging from the sample one heard, the average of performing ability appears higher among the instrumentalists than the vocalists—an odd thing in this (one of the two or three) most richly endowed areas for choral singing in the land—but the present economic strain partly accounts for it.

Once in Gloucester Cathedral during the Festival rehearsals an unknown lady, obviously of the West Country, sitting at my side, realising from conversation that I had obtained my musical experiences mainly in Manchester, fired at me this startling question: 'But who are your Manchester composers?' To which I could only reply: 'Madam, we have few—John Ireland, Frank Merrick, and Eric Fogg—we grow performers and especially players.' If perchance she reads this I should appreciate her further acquaintance. This episode recurred to mind as one listened to a lunch-hour performance under Mr. Forbes of the B minor Overture of Bach for strings and flutes and the string Serenade of Tchaikovsky.

There is nothing much amiss with a concern that can generate such palpably keen enthusiasm for Bach—with every man and woman on the platform revelling in the work, and the warmth of tone a sheer delight for ear and heart. If that mid-day programme could be played some time in half a dozen Lancashire working-class centres—for that is where the unadulterated musical passion is to be found in Lancashire to-day—one can be sure that its recruiting influence could not fail to work.

The violin playing of Miss Jessie Hinchcliffe (first movement, Sibelius Concerto), Miss Doris Smith (Bach dance movements), the agile flute performance of Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert, were of outstanding character; reports also speak handsomely of the chamber music work in Strauss and Brahms. Another valuable phase of college life was revealed in a lecture-recital by Mr. Frederick Dawson on 'Declamation as applied to Pianoforte Playing,' and quite the sanest (and wittiest) talk that I have heard for many years, by Mr. Neville Cardus 'Concerning Musical Criticism.' Altogether, 'Review Week' was for me a thoroughly stimulating affair.

C. H.

UNION OF GRADUATES IN MUSIC INCORPORATED

The thirty-seventh annual general meeting of the Union of Graduates in Music took place at the Hotel Great Central, Marylebone, on March 20, Prof. C. H. Kitson presiding. Prof. E. J. Dent was unanimously elected President of the Union for the ensuing year. There were eight nominations for the five vacancies on the Council. The voting of the members present resulted in the election of Dr. H. Sydney Scott, Mr. W. Lovelock, Mr. J. Raymond Tobin, Mr. H. Wharton Wells, and Mr. A. Rawlinson Wood. Fifteen graduates in music had been admitted to membership during the past year.

The meeting was followed by the annual dinner, the President, Sir Granville Bantock, being in the chair. The various toasts were proposed by the chairman, Mr. J. Raymond Tobin, Mr. A. Forbes Milne, and Sir Edward Elgar, and were responded to by Sir Hugh Allen, Mr. J. Percy Baker, Col. L. M. Gregson, Mr. J. H. Amshewitz, Mr. Charles Long (hon. treasurer and secretary), and the President.

Among other members and guests present were the Rev. Norman C. Woods, Major and Mrs. J. C. J. Hoby, Major A. R. Newling, Capt. H. E. Adkins, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Brockless, Dr. Emilie B. Guard, Mrs. J. Percy Baker, Mrs. and Miss Borland, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. H. Clark, Mr. Kenneth Clark, Mr. and Mrs. D. Douglas, Mr. H. D. Gordon, Mrs. E. F. Horner, Mr. Holden Heywood, Miss Margaret Jones, Mrs. C. H. Kitson, Mrs. C. Long, Mrs. Lovelock, Miss Caroline Perceval, Mr. E. L. M. Prichard, and Mr. H. Wardale.

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PURCELL AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Purcell's opera, 'Dido and Æneas,' was given by the boys of Christ's Hospital in the big school on March 21 and 22 under the direction of Dr. C. S. Lang. The whole was sung and played by the boys themselves, and the enterprise was considered to be something of a venture, not because there was any doubt of the capacity of the boys to sing and play Purcell's music, but because it replaced a very popular institution, the periodic presentation of one or other of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The question was whether, in these circumstances, the audience of boys could be persuaded to enjoy Purcell, or whether their task would be prejudiced by the wish for Sullivan. The prejudice, however, was fairly borne down by the success of the undertaking. Purcell was found to have a flavour of his own, and a good flavour. His tunes were whistled and sung by newly-made converts.

But what struck the visitor most about the performance itself was the understanding by the participants of those parts of Purcell's opera which are not tunes, the subtly devised speeches in musical declamation which are neither aria nor recitative. The Æneas whom I heard on the Friday night (there were changes of cast between the two performances) had very little voice but he knew how to deliver the scene of Æneas's compliance with the gods' command so as to suggest the tragedy of the situation. The two small boys who represented Dido and Belinda (F. H. Terry and G. B. Slater) only betrayed their sex when they walked. You can make a small boy look like a pretty girl or even a gracious lady, but you cannot make him walk like one. But Slater's singing of Belinda's insinuating encouragements to the lovers showed the artist's instinct in diction and phrasing, and Terry, whose nervousness showed itself a little in 'Ah! Belinda,' at the beginning of the opera, soon got complete command and sang the final recitative, 'Thy hand, Belinda,' so truly and rose to his high G in 'Remember me' so easily that it was difficult not to feel sentimental over the woes of this Dido, just because the boy's voice was so unaffectedly free from sentimentality.

'Dido and Æneas' gives the needed scope for good team work in its highly contrasted choruses of courtiers, witches, and sailors, and the choral scenes were all given with admirable spirit. Occasionally the enthusiasm outran discretion, and in one of the witches' laughing choruses Dr. Lang had some difficulty in keeping his singers and players together, a difficulty increased by the darkness of the scene. But the echo chorus at the end of this scene was admirably managed. Members of the choir behind explained that their accuracy was assured by the fact that they could see the conductor's beat shadowed on the back-cloth. Mr. Usherwood, one of the housemasters, was responsible for the stage production and secured most effective groupings of the figures on scenes which had been painted in the school. In fact, everything was done on the spot and out of school hours, and that is the great justification for school opera. Nothing else affords opportunity for so close a collaboration of all the talents. What a pity that the repertory of opera suitable for this purpose is so limited. After Purcell, what next? In such performances as these (and both boys' and girls' schools are giving them with increasing frequency) there seems to be a unique opportunity for the composer who can use it. But where is the Purcell of the 20th century?

X.

London Concerts

TWO MAHLER SYMPHONIES

Within the same month the B.B.C., at their admirable and shamefully ill-frequented Symphony concerts, gave us two of Gustav Mahler's Symphonies—the small No. 4, in G major, which is not altogether unfamiliar to English music lovers (April 4) and the huge No. 8, in E flat major (April 15). Sir Thomas Beecham, under doctor's orders, had to give up studying the light

No. 4, his place being taken at short notice by Oskar Fried, who gave a rather stolid but creditable performance; Sir Henry Wood devoted all his unflinching energy to endless rehearsals of No. 8 and made its first performance in England an event to be remembered.

It looked as if Mahler would never get a foothold in this country; musicians would devote a little home study to him and then take him as read, while the general concert-going public seemed to take it for granted that he was not essential to their felicity. Now we seem to have suddenly come in for a spell of Mahler. He was well represented in the past winter season by these two symphonies and 'The Song of the Earth,' which Mrs. Samuel Courtauld let us hear at one of her concerts. Nothing is more likely than that we shall have a Mahler Festival next, with Mengelberg, Bruno Walter, and the rest of the specialists performing his complete works; nothing is more certain, on the other hand, that however far a sudden flare of enthusiasm or a taste for a new experience may lead us towards Mahler, he will be dropped again by most people, talked about a little more intelligently and a little less vaguely than before (which is something, at any rate), and remain one of the respected and unwanted personalities in music.

In the meantime, while he is with us we must try to make up our minds about him. This is not at all easy, for we have had next to no practical experience of him and we have been distracted by a good deal of that uncritical adulation which some German writers on music, and especially biographers, pass off as serious musical literature. They, of course, have the excuse of having known Mahler as a man and admired him as a conductor of unquestionable genius; but we, deprived of these doubtful advantages, have his music alone—and only now—to help us to form a judgment. Our case is complicated by the lateness of Mahler's arrival here. All these difficulties, however, have at least this in their favour—we can listen to Mahler dispassionately. It does not matter to us whether he continues the German classical tradition or not, and though we know that he wrote nine symphonies and began a tenth, we neither try to see in him a successor to Beethoven nor should we feel greatly disappointed on finding ourselves unable to do so.

Quite disinterestedly considered, Gustav Mahler has no chance whatever to be ranked with the great masters by posterity. He is a composer of extraordinary artistic imagination, but without a vestige of specifically musical invention that can be called out of the ordinary; and again, he is an astonishingly cunning manipulator of the outward trappings of music, but handles the actual stuff of music often extremely clumsily. His themes are poor, his melodic ideas deplorable; his counterpoint fits badly, as, for example, in the first movement of the fourth Symphony, where for all the charming and transparent orchestration the music sometimes sounds extremely unsatisfactory because the substance itself is bungled, or in much of the abortive fugal writing in the eighth Symphony, the texture of which is constantly torn and then knotted together again. It is a commonplace of criticism to call Mahler, who was a great conductor, one of the finest orchestrators who ever put a score together; but although it is perfectly true that there is nothing that he did not know about instrumentation and hardly anything he did not do, the fact remains that, so far from the orchestration always showing the music to advantage, the poor quality of the latter often frustrates his most artfully devised instrumental schemes.

Let us, then, dismiss Mahler as a classic. But must he be a classic? After all, the composers who are not among the supreme masters and yet add something vital to our experience are in the majority. Mahler may gladly be seen in their ranks; it is sheer sentimentality or vanity on the part of those who were his personal friends or admirers to wish to force him into a higher place than is his due. If he must at all costs

be pigeon-holed, he may be called not a classic, but a classicist. He works with the diatonic scales, with (loosely) the symphonic sonata form, with (roughly) the scholastic counterpoint, and so on, all of which describes merely the kind of composer he is, but does not of itself determine his rank.

Having tried to assign Gustav Mahler his proper place, one must endeavour to show by what qualities he does enrich one's musical experience. There is no doubt that, though no genius of the highest order, he is a personality, and one the more curiously impressive because he has neither taste nor style, for he can be nearly Schubert one moment and then become very much more nearly Humperdinck for a long stretch of amiable and innocent dallying with small ideas. His great attraction is an unflinching sincerity. What he says he means, and however trite it may be, he stands by it. He has aspirations. Both the symphonies we heard recently take us to Heaven, the fourth into the jolly land of Cockaigne which a child or a very naive peasant would imagine Paradise to be, the eighth into the closing scene of the second part of Goethe's 'Faust,' which Mahler, characteristically, treats with almost the same ingenuousness, though with orchestral and vocal means multiplied a hundredfold, bespangling and bedizening it like some enormous Christmas tree subscribed for by Germany's largest and most soulful choral society—the society which in the first part had sung the setting of the hymn, 'Veni, creator spiritus,' that left the spirit unresponsive but nevertheless moved the hearer by the earnestness of the invocation.

Here, perhaps, we have the secret of what is successful and what fails in Mahler's music; his intention is so much finer than his realisation. One cannot help being impressed by his ambition to grasp all life and after-life as well, to match great poetry, to let the hearer share his moods, as he sometimes does very poignantly; but again and again one is disillusioned by the way he does it. There is too much means and too little end. The fourth Symphony is a more perfect work than the eighth because its aim is shorter. Where the composer contents himself with sweet toying with his whims, and does not, as in the slow movement, probe his emotions deeply, the disparity between artistic volition and creation is scarcely disturbing. It is in the eighth Symphony that it becomes disappointingly apparent. Those who worship Mahler take the will for the deed; those who are intent on judging him on his merits are too frequently worried by his misdeeds.

The eighth Symphony is colossal in appearance, but one constantly has the feeling that it is exactly the sort of music we all dreamed of writing at the age of fifteen, when nothing less than Goethe's 'Faust' (Part 2) would do, when we were young enough to feel quite sure that we understood it, when we despaired of finding music paper with enough staves to take all the instruments under the sun in addition to (as in Mahler's case, who, however, missed the saxophone—a grave omission) eight soloists, a mixed double chorus, and a large chorus of boys, when, in short, we expected only one half of the town to come and hear the work because the other half would be performing. The difference between us and Mahler is that we grew out of this sort of thing; there is another, however, which must be pointed out in justice to him—after all, he wrote the music and we didn't.

The performance of the fourth Symphony under Oskar Fried has already been referred to. He did not prevent the admirable B.B.C. Orchestra from giving us some exquisite playing, and Miss Elsie Suddaby sang the voice part in the Finale with the right child-like sweetness of tone, though her words did not carry as they should do in perfect singing. In the eighth Symphony there is little scope for exquisite orchestral playing, but the players did admirably. It was the National Chorus, however, that did the best work of the evening, and Sir Henry Wood showed, as he too rarely does in London, how admirably he manages massed voices. The boys were more than adequate, and of the eight soloists six were good to fair. The

unlimited number of rehearsals that had been given to the work showed their results in infallibly excellent teamwork. A good deal was made of the fact that the symphony had been so well rehearsed, which ought to be nothing to talk about. What we can do for Mahler we ought to do for every concert.

E. B.

THE BACH CHOIR

The Bach Choir gave two complete performances of the 'St. Matthew' Passion on April 5 and 6 at Queen's Hall under Mr. Adrian Boult. The only cuts were the substitution of the opening *ritornello* for complete repeats *da capo*. This is artistically justified. When the Bach Cantata Club gave the work complete in the autumn they obeyed the letter of the law and took twelve minutes longer than the Bach Choir's performance, but it is not the time that matters—our ears no longer require the repetition of the first sections of classical symphonies, and one or two of the solos in the Passion which are marked to be repeated as to two-thirds of their length are among the duller numbers (e.g., No. 61). The Bach Choir's time was 3 hours 36 minutes, as against 3 hours 50 minutes at Leipzig, 3 hours 48 minutes of Mr. Kennedy Scott's, 3 hours 30 minutes (estimated) of Sir Hugh Allen's at Oxford, and 3 hours 20 minutes of Sir Henry Wood's. It may seem incongruous to treat a musical masterpiece in this way as though it was a sporting event, but the interpretation of the 'St. Matthew' Passion demands far more individual decisions in matter of minute detail than any other existing work. The total effect produced on the mind depends almost entirely on the resulting balance of interest, for the whole is made up of narrative, drama, and contemplation, and the different speeds with which they move are vitally important. The first and greatest danger is that of too slow recitative.

The Bach Choir had as the Evangelist Mr. Steuart Wilson, whose judgment seemed unerring; he varied his declamation according as the action hurried or went slow, as the emotion was excited or shocked. He was accompanied on the harpsichord by Madame Wanda Landowska, who had studied the text with him and co-operated down to the last nuance with him. Her realisations of the *basso continuo* contained many happy figured melodies often in contrary motion to the flute, oboe, or other *obbligati*. The pace of the recitative, then, was right. The next most important thing is the tempo of the rest of the work; here Mr. Adrian Boult set a superb rhythm, from which even the soloists (Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Arthur Cranmer, who showed no disposition to do so, and Miss Margaret Balfour and Mr. Hubert Eisdell, who did) were not allowed to wander. The crowd choruses he usually began at a deliberate pace and accelerated gradually through their brief course with dramatic effect.

The chorales were treated (rightly from the point of view of scholarship) as broad congregational hymns fully accompanied, most of them with organ (Mr. Thornton Loftinhouse), excepting only the Passion chorale near the end (No. 72), which was sung *a cappella* and fell gratefully upon the ear and artistically justified the departure from historical accuracy. The Bach Choir itself sang with good tone, except in 'Have thunders and lightnings,' which was too 'breathy' to produce its proper massive effect; they also sang with their heads and with their hearts, for much of it was very moving—to be specific: at the Sunday performance, from the Trial onwards. There were only a few minor slips and raggednesses, so that this performance stood higher than any that have come within the experience of one listener, who has heard four other complete performances, as well as very many incomplete ones. It was pre-eminent because, to the dignified conception which Mr. Boult had of the whole, were added the outstanding excellence of the Evangelist's part and the satisfactory casting of the other solo music—choir members, it may be added, did not sing the smaller rôles. A thousand details rightly judged added up into a justly proportioned whole. F. H.

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'THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS'

Two performances of 'The Dream of Gerontius' were given in a single week at the end of March. The Philharmonic Choir under Mr. C. Kennedy Scott sang in Queen's Hall on Tuesday, March 25, and the Royal Choral Society under Dr. Malcom Sargent in the Albert Hall on the following Thursday. Both performances were good, comparisons therefore may be free from odium. The Philharmonic Choir is without question the best choir we have outside special bodies like the Leeds Festival Chorus. It can sing anything and sing it in any way and to any degree a conductor may require. Its performance of Elgar, like its previous performances of Holst, Bach, and Delius, was highly finished in detail. The Royal Choral Society must necessarily be content with a broader interpretation in their rotunda, but on this occasion they made more of the dramatic side of the work—the tempi were more varied, the demons more ravaging, the angels more deliberate and contemplative, and they had Mr. Steuart Wilson in the part of Gerontius.

Mr. Walter Glynn, who sang it for the Philharmonic Choir, did everything that clarity of voice and articulation, and everything that careful thought can do, but he is a better Mime than a Gerontius. Both singers were occasionally below pitch. Miss Balfour was the Guardian Angel common to both performances, but sang with better rhythm at Queen's Hall. Mr. Harold Williams's singing is almost invariably attractive because of its direct style and general truthfulness, but Mr. Horace Stevens's slightly pompous delivery both as the Priest and as the chief of the archangels is a more suitable interpretation of the parts; his duties are, so to speak, official rather than personal, as we are made to believe by Mr. Williams. This point, therefore, must by a fine margin be awarded to the Queen's Hall performance, as must the greater smoothness of the orchestral playing.

F. H.

VERDI'S 'REQUIEM'

The London Choral Society should have done better than this. To shuffle their way thus through Verdi's 'Requiem' in carpet slippers (that was the effect—something between listlessness and cheerful informality) was good enough for some people but not for me, and, since it falls to me to record the performance, I must say it indicated the desirability of this choir's reforming itself and treating music altogether more seriously. Verdi's 'Requiem' is an extremely serious composition. It wants singing with intensity, ardour, and a kind of sacred terror. It was given in a bustling way without repose in the slow movements, without a single well-graduated *crescendo*, busily yet idly, nervelessly. This dusty taste spread to the solo singing. Allowance should perhaps be made for the handicap of such an insensitive *tic-toc, tic-toc*, as the playing of the accompaniments to 'Lacrymosa,' 'Confutatis,' and other movements provided. But the soprano's pretty, little, weak, 'spotty' notes were unsuitable to Verdi. The mezzo-soprano's style was too intimate, too lacking in oratory. The tenor was the best of the quartet, but even he suffered from some inhibition, and held back when the music seemed, if music ever did, to call for a man's whole being to be flung into song. The bass, as the curious result of excessive breath-pumping, blunted his words a tone.

C.

THE GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

This mysterious body enjoyed itself thoroughly at Queen's Hall on the afternoon and evening of April 12, giving away encores at the slightest provocation (a sure sign that the giver is happy) and afterwards at Mrs. Snowden's party, where it was too late to influence the Budget. It is mysterious because it dresses in academic robes that are the very opposite of itself; because, having the freedom of the choral world, it prefers to dally in one corner of it. Nature and Mr. Robertson have given this choir the power to delight and inspire us for hours on end with refined perform-

ances of the highest class of choral music; instead of which it goes about singing 'Loch Lomond' and 'The Campbells are coming' in four parts. We were grateful for the glimpses of higher things. 'Death on the hills' and 'The Blue Bird' were beautifully sung, 'The Surrender of the Soul' less so, 'All creatures now' and 'Down in a flow'ry vale' a trifle rumbustiously but with superb technique, Bantock's 'Sea Sorrow' (a real sublimation of native song) to perfection. No doubt a quarter to a third of the time was occupied with tasks worthy of the choir. The remainder of the time, charmingly as it passed, was oppressive with lost opportunities.

M.

THE JUNIOR PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

This choir provides practice in choral singing for young people who have left school but are not of an age to join ordinary choral societies. On March 15 its work was extended by co-operation with the London Secondary Schools in a performance of 'The Messiah' under Mr. C. Kennedy Scott at Central Hall. The choruses were sung by the Junior Philharmonic choir of a hundred and seventy voices, four of the solos were sung in unison by nine hundred girls from the schools, and all joined in the 'Hallelujah Chorus' at the end. The performance was enjoyable in itself, and important as a forward step in a movement of great importance. There is an enormous difference between the number of children who learn at school to be good choralists and the number who are still choralists when they grow up, and it is largely due to the want of such organizations as the Junior Philharmonic Choir to keep their interest alive in the interim years.

OTHER CHORAL CONCERTS

'The Apostles' was performed by Dulwich Philharmonic Society under Mr. Leslie Regan on March 15. Barclay's Bank Male-Voice Choir, conducted by Mr. Herbert Pierce, sang Mr. A. S. Warrell's arrangement of the 'Agincourt Song' and Leslie Woodgate's 'Hymn to the Virgin' and 'White Island' at Queen's Hall on March 19. The orchestra, under Mr. D. Marlaby Jones, gave two movements from the 'Antar' Symphony.

At Kingsway Hall on April 8 Dr. Harold Darke conducted the City of London Choral Union in Vaughan Williams's 'Sea Symphony' and the first London performance of Armstrong Gibbs's setting of 'La Belle Dame sans Merci.'

Bach's 'God so loved the world,' Haydn's 'Spring' and 'Summer,' and 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast' formed the programme given by the Westminster Choral Society under Mr. Vincent Thomas at Central Hall on April 8.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
HOLST'S NEW CONCERTO

In extenuation of his misdeeds on April 3 Mr. Oskar Fried might plead that the English system fettered him. But under this system visiting conductors have often given satisfactory performances of Strauss and Brahms on short acquaintance with their orchestras. All that it needs is insight and rapid attention to detail. If the conductor will bring and do his share the orchestral players of London will bring and do theirs. Mr. Fried however, seems to have given it up as a bad job. It was as if he had said: 'These islanders can know little about "Till Eulenspiegel"; it would take weeks to teach them, and my only hope is to plough through it and get it over as quickly as possible.' Or it may be that not the care but the insight was lacking, and that to Mr. Fried 'Till Eulenspiegel' was no more than a bright and crowded scherzo that went all the better for being rushed. He went at it so boisterously that as a symphonic poem it was wiped out, and players who had a finished interpretation of the music at their fingers' ends were reduced to incoherence. The performance of Brahms's first Symphony was less faulty because the solidity of the music was better

protection against the conductor. But it told us next to nothing of the blend of thought, style, and expression that makes Brahms's music what it is. Mr. Fried gave plenty of directions, but they pointed to facts rather than elucidations, and where the guiding hand of the interpreter was needed the orchestra had to make what it could out of the orders of a manager. His orders in the last movement were for speed, and more speed: 'This is a vigorous piece, therefore I will take it as quickly as it can be played.' He did, and the pace robbed it of speech. Thus familiar works were reduced to a state of half-existence, and one wondered what was happening to the unfamiliar works.

In the case of Hindemith there was little cause to fret. The excerpt from his opera 'Cardillac' opened with a short erotic soliloquy, nicely sung by Miss Dorothy Silk, to some superficial music. There followed, according to the programme, a wordless grand guignol scene of stealth and murder, with a background of music. The music, no doubt, has its points as a background to a theatre performance, but as a foreground it suggested a catherine wheel followed by a jack-in-the-box. While the wheel was going round the flutes were busy with some rapid middle-register music that made an unusual orchestral effect. But the whole thing was scarcely worth bringing all the way from Germany. There was not enough music in it.

In a sense this was also true of Holst's new Concerto for two violins and orchestra. Those who like their music well set up with flesh and blood will consider that Holst has overdone the slimming treatment that he took up after writing 'The Planets.' It certainly cannot go much further. In the Concerto he has worked off the flesh and drained off the blood until nothing is left but a bony frame and an empty arterial system rather like the diagrams in a first-aid book. The art of composition is bereft of its sympathies and ardours and reduced to a slightly contemptuous philosophy. Whether this is good or bad depends upon the temperament brought to judgment. You may be estranged by the callousness of it all; or you may be, like the present writer, susceptible to flattery, and welcome the suggestion that in your case it is unnecessary to go into a lot of explanatory and emotional detail. The philosophy, or whatever hard names you wish to call it, is one of the most fascinating things going on in music. It takes all the familiar musical oddments and, instead of setting them out in nice tabular order, it bundles them in giddily, each on the other's heels, and each perfectly in its place if you are quick enough to notice it. This is modern elimination and concentration as it ought to be done—not by leaving out the connective part that helps to make sense, but by compressing the whole fabric, connective part and all, quickening both thought and implication, and lightening the texture, necessarily, to allow everything to be heard. Concentrated philosophy sounds like heavy going, but here all is airy and puckish, for it is not only close thinking but clear thinking, and that is bound to get on the humorous side of things. It is also a trifle inhuman. Such escapades of rhythm were never born of dancing. Altogether a teasing and welcome work. From the playing one could judge that Madame Fachiri and Miss d'Aranyi enjoyed it. M.

ELGAR'S VIOLA CONCERTO

The first performance of Elgar's 'Cello Concerto, arranged for viola by Lionel Tertis, on March 21, was a great success for the composer (who conducted) and for the adapter (who played the solo part). Undoubtedly there is some loss in the arrangement. Depreciation of certain values is inevitable in all adaptation, but in this case it is minimised by the extraordinary genius of Mr. Tertis, who scores easily and confidently where others might have met a check, if not a failure. At present we are at a disadvantage in that our minds are still under the spell of the original edition—we expect 'cello tone, 'cello phrasing, and in consequence we shall not be able to enjoy to the full the new venture until we are equally familiar with the

viola arrangement. Two things, however, emerged at the first performance. The Concerto is the finest composition for the viola in existence. Nothing else written for the instrument is in the same class. In the second place, played as it was by Tertis, the work is bound to be not only an artistic but a popular success. If only our musical life were better organized, provincial agents were keener on good novelties, it should be heard everywhere next winter. F. B.

B.B.C. SPANISH CONCERT

A conductor from Madrid, Pérez Casas, gave a Spanish programme (Falla, Turina, Espla) at the B.B.C. concert at Queen's Hall on March 28. Spanish music can provide a welcome, piquant dish as one course in a banquet, but is not a host in itself. Turina's 'Fantastic Dances' were pretty but thin. Espla's 'Noche bueno del Diablo', a descriptive suite, was a very long and humdrum affair; the 'early Britons' were, for once, to be excused. Falla's 'Nights in the Gardens of Spain' was, of course, in a different category, but better performances have been known. The conductor, truth to tell, was no eagle, but a very ordinary bird. As for the pianist, Miss Harriet Cohen, she is to be admired in 18th-century music rather than in music that calls for colour, warmth, and great physical resources.

The audience was much taken by a new singer, Conchita Supervia, who sang 'Una voce' and another Rossinian aria, and a Spanish song by Turina; she also took a modest part in Espla's effusion. She made an odd impression. Her faults were radical, and the prospect of hearing much singing of the sort would be appalling. The faults were quite ordinary ones. Madame Supervia was, however, distinguished by a kind of virtuosity that triumphed in perversity. The ordinary faulty singer is uneasy, awkward, under-trained. This one had trained her faults until they were, if not virtues, at least baroque ornaments. Her soprano voice was never for an instant steady, and her hoarse contralto notes belonged to a different voice. But those who had missed Diaghilev's 'Cuadro Flamenco' in 1921 had never heard such a tone (or at least had never heard it in a cultivated state, deliberately used) and they sat up and paid flattering attention. But let us now be outspoken, and say that this was freakish singing; that the singer's breath-technique was worth nothing; and that the 'Cuadro Flamenco' and the muezzin on the minaret are no fit guides for aspirants in our clime. C.

A BRUCKNER SYMPHONY

The British Women's Orchestra is a plucky and enterprising body which does not fear difficulties if it is a question of giving the public that which it is supposed to want. And so it came about that Bruckner being just now, not in request, perhaps, but in the public press, they determined to give one of his symphonies. The effort was entirely creditable as far as the orchestra and its conductor, Dr. Sargent, were concerned. The playing was sometimes a little heavy in the horns—the tone of the strings, in particular, is apt to be woolly—but it 'did right by' Bruckner. If the composer came through the test with little credit the fault lay neither with the players nor with their tutor, but with Bruckner, whose talents, remarkable in some ways, lack some of the symphonic composer's peculiar attributes. His sense of form is at fault since it allows him to meander along pleasantly, but casually, long after the interest of a melodic design or a harmonic combination has evaporated. When the listener can guess, on a first hearing, the course of a whole section before it is played, form is radically wrong. F. B.

FIFTY 'CELLOS

It may seem a little thing that fifty 'cellists should assemble to play Bach. As a matter of fact, only London and the London School of Violoncello could produce this phenomenon, as it produces the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. But the 'cellists are

the more musical institution of the two. The effect of the enormous chorus at Sydenham would be magnificent if it were practical. Unfortunately it is not, and of the thousands who listen, probably not a dozen hear the singers simultaneously. There are no such drawbacks at Wigmore Hall, and the perfect ensemble enabled us to hear effects which must make the composer itch to multiply the 'cellists of his orchestra *ad infinitum*. The growl of the lower notes played by fifty well-trained cellists must haunt us till the next concert of the London 'cello school reveals some other equally remarkable feature.

F. B.

B.B.C. CONCERT OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC:
'PIERROT LUNAIRE'

The display of Schönberg's music on April 7 brought fewer people to Westminster Central Hall than 'Les Noces' had done. From this and other signs we gather that while Stravinsky's reputation still holds its glitter the name of Schönberg is, as far as the British public is concerned, mud. It will not have become cleaner in these adventures through the ether, for 'Pierrot Lunaire' is not the kind of thing that broadcasts well, its tolerant reception within the hall being due to other factors than noise. Listeners at a distance lacked several advantages. They could not watch the players at work, and note with what easy confidence they despatched their business; they could not contemplate the personal graces of Madame Erica Wagner, the singer-reciter; and, above all, they had no copy of the words to read, and so they missed the whole literary value of the ensemble. All that they could do was to listen to the conflict between a set of instruments at war amongst themselves and a voice that continually cut across their ground with its semi-musical sounds. For those who were in the hall the distractions offered through the eye were (for once) welcome, as they helped to screen the attack through the ear. It is admitted by candid people that the combination of music and speech is irritating; it is more so when the speech takes on the semblance of pitch without making it an organic part of the music; still more so when the favourite trick of the simulated pitch is a downward *portamento*. Here is a specimen noted during the performance, each italicised section being as the sigh of a dropping weight:

'Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken—
| Fern, | verweht der | Lärm des Pöbels. |
| Langsam | sinkt | die | Sonne | nieder,
| Eine | rote | Königskrone. |
| Heilige | Kreuze sind die | Verse !'

Several writers in the daily press referred to the tiresomeness of this persistent effect. The above example shows how real was the cause for complaint. Those who were in possession of full scores said that Madame Wagner treated the printed directions very casually, but that the printed directions were, in the matter of *portamento*, as bad as her version. As to the music, it seems to have been written for the eye and not for the ear. On paper it is conceivably the most ingenious thing since 'The Art of Fugue'; the fact is noted with interest but not with admiration, for the ingenuities cannot get past the ear and have no effect upon the mind. By the test of listening, there is no difference between good music of this kind and bad music of this kind, except to a person expert in the rules of the case and quick at detecting their action. But what such people are doing is not the same as listening to music.

The concert opened with the 'Kammersinfonie' (Op. 9), as arranged by Anton Webern for the same combination as 'Pierrot Lunaire.' Those who had never heard the work in its original form listened under an advantage and could appreciate the fine fervours of the young composer and all the signs that he was destined to cut a dash in the world. Herr Steuermann (who played Schönberg's pianoforte music throughout the evening as if he enjoyed the relaxation) then gave the Suite for pianoforte (Op. 25), which is thirteen years later than 'Pierrot Lunaire,' more remote from music, and infinitely dull.

A word must be said of the 'Pierrot Lunaire' ensemble, which consists of Rudolf Kolisch (a left-handed violinist and viola player), Benar Heifetz ('cello), Franz Wangler (flute), Viktor Polatschek (clarinet), and Eduard Steuermann (pianoforte). They have made a special study of Schönberg's music, which they play with apparent ease and authority and evidently hold in great respect. Believers in Schönberg should be greatly comforted by this tribute from those who are in the know.

M.

NICOLAS MEDTNER

Seven new songs were sung for the first time by Madame Tatiana Makushina with the composer at the pianoforte, and two other recent works were performed at the concert which M. Medtner gave at Æolian Hall, on March 20. The prime fact about M. Medtner is that he is a fine pianist, and the pianoforte is the determining factor in the character of his compositions both for good and evil. For good because he is a good pianist whom it is a pleasure to listen to; for evil because it uncorks an intolerable fluency. His second Violin Sonata, which he played with Miss May Harrison, lasted for three quarters of an hour; and a set of variations for pianoforte (called 'Improvisation No. 2') took thirty-five minutes in performance. Length is nothing in itself, but it is relative to content, and in these works, although there is scholarship and romanticism, there is no strong national colour nor any strong personal tinge. Sabaneev's criticism is valid; the German elements in him were a distinctive contribution to Russian music while he worked in Moscow, but in Western Europe they are but the common small-change of a manner of thought that is now quite out of date. The elements are wrongly mixed in him for permanence, and the only service he could render to his own generation was in Old Russia. None the less, the artistic sincerity and the grateful quality of the actual sound recommend his music even to our Western post-war ears, and in the songs especially, a successful blend of pianism, romanticism, and a grain of humour makes a universal appeal. 'The Ravens,' sung much too seriously by Madame Makushina, 'Omens,' and 'Serenade,' all comparatively light, were very attractive.

F. H.

GERALD COOPER CONCERT

The last of Mr. Gerald Cooper's present series of chamber concerts was given at Æolian Hall on Tuesday, April 1, when Mr. Paul Hermann and Miss Harriet Cohen played Sonatas for 'cello and pianoforte by Kodály and Brahms. They were joined by Mr. Frederick Thurston for a performance of Beethoven's early and delightfully absurd Trio for clarinet, pianoforte, and 'cello—the Op. 11 with the naive and high-spirited variations at the end which is more often played with violin than with clarinet. Kodály is one of the few living composers with a really original mind. This Sonata, which is earlier than the Sonata for unaccompanied 'cello, builds up an impression of unity in the mind of the listener in a way that is not easy to explain, because the thematic material is only rarely exchanged between the two instruments. Quite otherwise is Brahms's way of writing, and it was a defect of this performance that the players used the same method of interpretation in Brahms as they had successfully employed for Kodály.

F. H.

MAURICE CLARE

Maurice Clare is a promising violinist who does credit to both his teachers—Mr. Horace Fellowes, of Glasgow, and Prof. Sevcik, of Prague. His technique is remarkably clean and facile, while his tone, if lacking, perhaps, in subtlety, has abundant warmth. With such assets the young violinist and his friends have reason to look with confidence to the future. Of his career as a soloist no opinion can be given on his first recital (Wigmore Hall, April 1), for the very excellent reason that nothing that he played on that occasion

gave us an opportunity to form an opinion of his talents as an interpreter of great music. Though the pieces he played did not allow him to display individuality, he convinced us nevertheless that he is not only a good technician but a good musician as well. F. B.

ERNST WOLFF

Ernst Wolff played on the next evening both the pianoforte and the harpsichord—and played them well (Wigmore Hall, April 2). If the performance was at all disappointing it was because a few days before Wolff had taken part in a sonata recital in which his pianoforte playing had led us to expect finer shades of tone on the harpsichord than we actually heard from him. If the form he showed was average one might say of his style that it is brilliant—clean, sharply defined, and not devoid of the hardness that goes with brilliancy. He did nothing to which one might take serious exception. But he also promised more than he actually performed. F. B.

SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Miss Eleanor Toye (Wigmore Hall) sang a programme that presented unusual problems, and called for an extreme musical sensibility. Miss Toye was not overawed, although one felt her to be affected by its seriousness. A rather cloistral kind of tone suited Bach's 'Erbarme dich,' and did not come amiss in Holst's Songs for Voice and Violin. But in her French group, Miss Toye was disappointing. Her vowels were right, and her consonants clean, so that the words were perfectly understood. But the tone lacked resonance. Miss Toye's voice has filled out since she was last heard, and her cool, round tones were always of delightful quality. A slightly curling upper lip and relaxed facial muscles might help Miss Toye to enliven her singing.

It did not take Miss Electra Rinaldini (Wigmore Hall) long to sing herself into favour. Her quiet self-confidence was a great help. She moved easily and freely in the old-world music of her first group. In Italian, her voice had a beautiful consistency. Her phrasing was smooth, and her speech was admired for its naturalness and polish. Then a lapse of memory in a French song seemed to unsettle her. Thereafter Miss Rinaldini sang several hard high notes. Nor was her handling of Spanish songs quite worthy of the highly skilled artist one had early decided her to be. One looks forward to hearing this sweet singer again.

Mr. George Morgan (Eolian Hall) had the sort of baritone voice that is easily mistaken for a tenor, both in point of range and quality. His singing in some ways reminded one of that of his fellow-countryman John Charles Thomas, and he had something of that excellent singer's shortcomings in the matter of programme building. But a complimentary allusion is, of course, suggested as well. His platform manner told of experience, and the steady, well-controlled flow of tone convinced the listener that Mr. Morgan had studied in the proper school. He ventured on all sorts of interesting vocal experiments, and his breath command very nearly equalled his breath capacity. Very nearly; had the balance been exact we should have been spared an occasional throatiness. Mr. Morgan may be proud of his beautiful *mezza-voce*.

Miss Marjory Harrison had the assistance of a string quartet at her recital at Wigmore Hall. Her voice matched the instrumental tone, for it was well strung and delicately poised. Miss Harrison did not box in her breath. Her high notes floated out serenely, and throughout a fairly wide range the tone remained sympathetic. In quick songs the singer's enunciation lacked crispness. Miss Harrison was never meant to sing the soprano music in the Choral Symphony, nor to storm Handel. But in its own way her singing was as neat and sweet as one could wish.

Pergolesi's 'Si tu m'ami,' charming song though it is, might well be put on the shelf for a period. It is becoming hackneyed. It is usually sung very badly too, but, as it happened, it was Miss Margaret Rolfe's

best performance, for in it she counteracted a rather mournful mezzo-soprano voice by singing it with lightness. It was, in fact, quite a surprisingly happy little adventure. Otherwise the singer's tone was too heavy. Her style also was immature. Certainly Miss Rolfe's tone was uniformly round, but there are, after all, differences among vowels. A verbal uniformity tended to dullness. This was Miss Rolfe's besetting fault. In Italian her double consonants were not sharply enough defined—'Petto' and 'scritto' became 'peto' and 'scrito'.

Miss Marjorie Perkins sang with the lightest of light voices. There was too much 'dental' quality, and naturally the darker vowels suffered. Until Miss Perkins has learned to obtain a deeper resonance, her art and the range of her songs must necessarily be restricted. For singing should command intensity as well as ease; and at present this singer has little notion of sustaining a considerable tone. On the other hand, she made use of many charming effects on a tiny scale. Her best singing suggested a silver-point. Miss Perkins should look to her enunciation, especially in English. Repeatedly she sang 'Since I a' myself my own fever' in Purcell's song. This suggests that she has not acquired the trick of stopping the breath momentarily between consonants.

Miss Dorothy Helmrich, who sang on April 15, had the prime assets—a good voice and a temperament which (when it did not run away with her) gave her tones warmth and colour. Some of her phrasing in a group of Schumann's songs was indifferent, and her breath control was variable. At times it failed her, so that she was obliged to snatch breaths when the phrases asked for an uninterrupted line. Still, Miss Helmrich had the root of the matter in her. H. J. K.

THE OLD VIC.

'LA FORZA DEL DESTINO'

Verdi's 'Forza del Destino,' newly translated by Mr. John Gordon, was sung at the Old Vic. on April 10 under Mr. Corri, to an audience who welcomed with joy a fellow-masterpiece to 'Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' and 'Aida.' The opera is a splendid example of Verdi's middle period. The fact that it is unknown in London may seem strange, but not so strange after it is realised that it requires some six or seven first-rate singers, and that there has not been a company to do it full justice at Covent Garden in the last twenty years. The opera could have done with Destini, Caruso, Scotti (or Maurel), Plançon, Tetrizzini (in her youth) as the *vivandière*, and so on.

There are torrents of music. Lovely songs for the soprano in the first and last Acts, a mighty duet for soprano and bass (Leonora and the Abbot) in the second Act, heroic outpourings for the tenor and baritone (the one Destiny's victim, the other its instrument), sparkling music for the gypsy and for the disguised baritone (only the 'Rat-a-plan' is cheap, not worthy of Verdi, being no better than a music-hall turn), and in the remarkable music of the comic friar the first hints of the Falstaff style. But Petersburg in 1862 must have been willing to spend all night in the opera house. 'La Forza del Destino' is enormously long. The Old Vic. hacked at it in a reckless way. Instead of selecting scenes and giving them complete, the method was to take chunks out of each number. Hardly a song or scene was given intact.

At the Old Vic. it is only decent to make allowances, but surely there is no economy in such a wooden instrumental performance as we were given on April 10. If the playing had equalled the singing (which was always tolerable and sometimes good) it would have been a more inspiring show. The Leonora, Miss Joan Cross, earned our grateful thanks for her sweet and firm and musical singing. She is probably the best English Verdi soprano; her Leonora illumined the Old Vic. as her Desdemona had done some months ago. The tenor was Mr. Henry Wendon, who looked a handsome and gallant hero; his singing suffered from

a stiff jaw. It was but the third Sale, had not the e Verdi an Frankl music. Miss Win

BATH. the musi will be fo by the C. T. Sims Members British played Bax's F pieces b BIRM has been the con organist concert, 'Praise chorales and pro Suite in and Mr. Fugue i two fur was giv Boulto of Orchest perform March new to perform These v Progres played City On forte C Pfitzner Sympho Beetho occasio sented b being m member the sco was an Mr. Bo 'The I Instito on Mar in the las Next s Miss K Medtne weeks Englan Bou certo v March w Grefre an aud include certo b BRA was gi Malcol Miss H Hender Cencer the ch

a stiff jaw, but he managed at times to free himself. It was brutal, the way in which half his lovely song in the third Act was cut out. The baritone, Mr. Frank Sale, had a cold, but, apart from that, his voice had not the elegance or brilliancy wanted by this typical Veridian baritone part of Don Carlo the avenger. Mr. Franklin Kelsey had fine bass tones for the Abbot's music. Mr. Sumner Austin was the comic friar, and Miss Winifred Brady the gipsy. C.

Music in the Provinces

BATH.—A description, by Mr. Montagu Nathan, of the musical side of the Festival of Contemporary Arts will be found on p. 456.—'King Olaf' was performed by the Choral and Orchestral Society under Mr. Henry I. Sims at the Society's hundredth concert.—Members of the Pump Room Orchestra gave a modern British Chamber concert during the Festival; they played Howells's Quintet for clarinet and strings, Bax's Pianoforte Trio, Delius's Quartet, and three pieces by Armstrong Gibbs.

BIRMINGHAM.—A Birmingham Bach Cantata Club has been formed in affiliation with the London club, the conductor being Mr. Allen K. Blackall, who is organist and choirmaster at Warwick. At the first concert, on March 20, 'Jesu, priceless Treasure,' 'Praise the Lord, all ye heathen,' and a number of chorales were sung in a way that gave a good standing and promise for the future duties of the choir. The Suite in G for cello was played by Mr. Johann Hock and Mr. Fred Dunhill played the Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor. The year's programme includes two further concerts and a lecture.—Berlioz's 'Faust' was given by the Festival Choral Society under Mr. Boulton on March 13.—The City Choir and the City Orchestra, conducted by Mr. G. D. Cunningham, performed the first part of 'Omar Khayyam' on March 19.—Two further works by Bantock, both new to Birmingham, were represented by selections performed on March 22 for the purpose of broadcasting. These were 'The Song of Songs' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The composer conducted.—The works played during Mr. Boulton's last few concerts with the City Orchestra included Rachmaninov's fourth Pianoforte Concerto (played by Miss Winifred Browne), Pfitzner's 'Christ-Elflein' Overture, Brahms's fourth Symphony, and Parry's Symphonic Variations. A Beethoven programme on March 27 was made the occasion of Mr. Boulton's official farewell. He was presented with a desk, the official spokesman of the donors being the Lord Mayor. At a later reception the members of the orchestra gave him a bound copy of the score of Mahler's 'The Song of the Earth.' It was announced that Mr. Leslie Heward was to be Mr. Boulton's successor.—A concert performance of 'The Immortal Hour' was given by the Midland Institute under the direction of Mr. Appleby Matthews on March 31.—Mendelssohn's Octet was played at the last Philharmonic mid-day concert on April 1. Next season the concerts will be held at tea-time.—Miss Kathleen Washbourne and Miss Edna Iles played Medtner's second Violin Sonata, which had only a few weeks before been given its first performance in England.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Medtner's second Pianoforte Concerto was introduced to England at the concert on March 13, with the composer as pianist and Sir Dan Godfrey conducting. The work was well received by an audience of a thousand. On April 3 the programme included Delius's 'Brigg Fair' and a new Violin Concerto by Stanley Wilson, played by Miss Eda Kersey.

BRADFORD.—A performance of Berlioz's 'Faust' was given by the Festival Choral Society under Dr. Malcolm Sargent on March 21, the principals being Miss May Blyth, Mr. Heddle Nash, and Mr. Roy Henderson.—'Appalachia' and Sibelius's Violin Concerto in D, played by Mr. Arthur Catterall, were the chief works at the Philharmonic concert under

Mr. Keith Douglas on March 23.—Mr. Keith Douglas announces the formation of a Bradford Music Club for the purpose of holding chamber concerts in the New Prince's Ballroom next autumn and winter. Six concerts have been arranged.

BRIDLINGTON.—Parry's 'There is an old belief' and Wilbye's 'Sweet honey-sucking bees' were the outstanding items in a concert given by the capable Madrigal Society under Miss Edith Groat on March 26.

BRIGHTON.—The Harmonic Society gave a performance of 'The Dream of Gerontius' at the Dome on March 22. Dr. Percy Taylor conducted, Mr. W. H. Kirby was at the organ, and the solo singers were Miss Astra Desmond, Mr. Parry Jones, and Mr. Stuart Robertson.

BRISTOL.—The Philharmonic Society gave a performance of 'The Kingdom' at Colston Hall on March 29. The principal singers were Miss Isobel Baillie, Miss Millicent Russell, Mr. Steuart Wilson, and Mr. Howard Fry, and Mr. Arnold Barter conducted.

BURNLEY.—The season of the Municipal Choir ended on March 22 with a performance of Berlioz's 'Faust,' in which the Hallé Orchestra and a contingent of boys from St. John's Church (Gannow) took part.

CROMER.—The Amateur Orchestral Society, conducted by Miss F. Muriel, showed enterprise on March 26 in performing Dvorák's Serenade for strings (Op. 22), Vaughan Williams's 'Charterhouse Suite,' and Holst's Fugal Concerto, the soloists in this being Miss Alexander and Mr. Milner.

DERBY.—On March 21 the Choral Society, under Mr. Frederick J. Stevenson, gave a programme that consisted of Besly's 'Carmen' selection and Brahms's 'Requiem.' The soprano was Miss Alex Penney and the baritone, Mr. Harry Merrifield.—Sir Henry Coward conducted the Choral Union on March 26 in a performance of Berlioz's 'Faust' with Miss Doris Vane, Mr. Heddle Nash, and Mr. Harold Williams as soloists.

EXETER.—Dr. T. Armstrong, the Cathedral organist, took part in the concerts of the Chamber Music Club on March 26 and April 9, playing the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio, Op. 97, on the first occasion and in Boyce's Sonata in A for two violins and pianoforte on the second.

GLOUCESTER.—At the Choral Society's concert on March 27, Holst's 'St. Paul's Suite' preceded Verdi's 'Requiem,' in which the solo parts were taken by Miss Hilda Blake, Miss Olga Haley, Mr. Henry Wendon, and Mr. Arthur Cranmer.—At the twenty-ninth concert of the Gloucestershire Orchestral Society, led by Mr. W. H. Reed and conducted by Mr. Sumson, the chief items were Holst's 'Somerset Rhapsody,' Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto (Mr. Maurice Cole), and Brahms's second Symphony.

GOSFORTH.—On April 8 the Gosforth and District Choral Society, conducted by Mr. A. E. Belmont, gave two once-favourite choral works that are now rarely heard—Cliffe's 'Ode to the North-East Wind' and Goring Thomas's 'The Sun-Worshippers.'

HALIFAX.—The Madrigal Society (Mr. H. Shepley) and the Orchestral Society (Mr. J. Nichol Bates) gave a good combined concert on March 20. The chief choral pieces were Wilbye's 'Ye that do live' and Elgar's 'Oh, Wild West Wind.'—The Hallé Orchestra paid a visit under Sir Hamilton Harty on March 27 and played Beethoven's seventh Symphony.

HARTLEPOOL.—Dunhill's 'Chiddingfold Suite' and Schubert's fifth Symphony were played by the Hartlepool's Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arthur F. Milner on March 26.

HASTINGS.—A month's programmes by the Municipal Orchestra under Mr. Basil Cameron included four major works by Brahms—the Pianoforte Concerto in B flat, the Violin Concerto, the Double Concerto, and the third Symphony.

HEREFORD.—At the Shire Hall on March 21 the Choral Society, conducted by Dr. Hull, sang the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo from the B minor Mass, with Miss Noel Eadie, Miss Tessa Richardson, Mr. John Aikens, and Mr. Percy Underwood as solo singers.

IPSWICH.—A new String Quartet by Mr. Stanley Wilson, music-master at Ipswich School, was performed by the Marie Wilson Quartet at the final concert of the Ipswich Chamber Music Society.—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. George C. Gray, gave 'Caractacus' on March 26.

KIDDERMINSTER.—At the fifty-seventh concert of the Choral Society, on April 10, Bach's 'St. John' Passion was performed under the direction of Mr. J. Irving Glover, with Miss Megan Thomas, Miss Astra Desmond, Mr. Osmond Davis, and Mr. Frank Phillips as principals.

LEEDS.—The programme given by the Choral Union under Mr. Julius Harrison on March 25 included the 'Enigma' Variations, 'The Music-Makers,' and Delius's 'Sea-Drift,' the solo part in the two choral works being taken by Miss Linda Seymour and Mr. Dennis Noble.—On the following evening the Philharmonic Society sang Bach's Mass in B minor with the assistance of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Birstow conducting.—On March 16 Mr. Harrison conducted this orchestra in Mendelssohn's 'Scotch' Symphony and Delius's Pianoforte Concerto, played by Miss Dorothy Manley.—Mr. Edward Maude and his string orchestra gave a Bach-and-Handel concert on the afternoon of March 23; in the evening a modern programme included a 'Rhapsody on an Old English Tune' by Cyril Rotham, a 'Marionette Suite' for flute and pianoforte by Albert Jowett, and Bantock's Serenade 'In the Far West.'

LEICESTER.—The audience for the Philharmonic Society's concert on April 3 enjoyed a bright performance of 'Solomon' given with Sir Henry Wood's orchestration and under his conductorship. The solo parts were taken by Miss Dora Labette, Miss Irene Morden, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Andrew Clayton, and Mr. Stuart Robertson.

LIVERPOOL.—Lewis's Staff Choir, organized about two years ago under the conductorship of Mr. John Tobin, gave a week of concerts at the Tudor Restaurant on March 17-21. The programme consisted of Bach's 'The Heavens shout' and D minor Pianoforte Concerto (Monday), Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater' and 'La Serva Padrona' (Tuesday and Thursday), and Handel's 'Alceste' (Wednesday and Friday). Well-known soloists took part and the Festival, for which it would be hard to find a parallel, was an artistic success.—'Caractacus' was performed by the Welsh Choral Union under Dr. Hopkin Evans on March 29, this being the choir's last concert of the season.—At the Philharmonic concert of March 25 Sir Henry Wood conducted Medtner's second Pianoforte Concerto (played by the composer), Gordon Jacob's 'Clogher Head,' and Handel's 'Zadok the Priest.'—The programme given by the string orchestra of the local B.M.S. Centre on March 20 included Bryson's 'Vaila,' Farrar's 'Three Spiritual Studies,' Warlock's 'Capriol,' Boyce's second Symphony, and works for three pianofortes by Bach and Mr. Douglas Miller. Mr. Gordon E. Stutely conducted.

MAIDENHEAD.—Brahms's 'Requiem' formed the second part of the programme given by the Choral Society under the Rev. G. Barrington-Baker on April 3. The first part consisted of the old Psalm tune 'Hosanna' from the Scottish Psalter, Robertson's 'Nightfall at Skye,' Weelkes's 'As Vesta was,' Elgar's 'The Shower,' and Bach's 'Sleepers, wake!'

MANCHESTER.—The Hallé programme on March 13 consisted of three symphonies—Brahms's first, Beethoven's fifth, and Schumann's B flat as touched up by Sir Hamilton Harty. At the Pension Fund concert a week later, Constant Lambert's 'The Rio Grande' was conducted by Mr. Alfred Barker, with Sir Hamilton Harty as pianist, and 'Till Eulenspiegel' brought the season to an end.—The Staff Choir of Lewis's, conducted by Mr. John Tobin, held an excellent Festival Week at Lewis's Hall on March 24-28 (following a similar Festival by Lewis's of Liverpool). The works performed included a Purcell Masque from Shadwell's 'History of Timon of Athens, the Man-hater,' Handel's

'Alceste,' Boyce's operetta 'The Shepherd's Lottery,' Gordon Jacobs's Pianoforte Concerto (played by Miss Tilly Connelly), and Bliss's 'Pastoral,' with Miss Doris Humphreys as soprano and Mr. Ridgway as flautist.

—The Manchester School Children's Choir, which is formed from the elementary schools, took part in the Municipal concert on March 17, singing two Airs by Bach, Purcell's 'Evening Hymn,' and folk-song arrangements with orchestra.—Mr. Alfred Higson's Sale Musical Society gave Brahms's 'A Song of Destiny' and a selection from Bach, including the 'Sanctus' from the B minor Mass, on Sunday, March 15, at Bowdon Downs Congregational Church.

NOTTINGHAM.—At the Sacred Harmonic Society's concert on April 2, Verdi's 'Requiem' was followed by Berlioz's Te Deum. Mr. F. Mouteney conducted, and the solo singers were Miss Isobel Bailie, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Parry Jones, and Mr. Howard Fry.

READING.—The chief events leading up to Easter were Vaughan Williams's 'On Wenlock Edge,' sung by Mr. Bruce Flegg and played by the Stratton String Quartet at a meeting of the Music Club, 'A Tale of Old Japan,' by the Park Choral Society under Mr. Alfred Barkus, and Beethoven's second Symphony, played by the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Daughtry before a large audience in the Town Hall.

REDHILL.—The New Borough Choral Society (of Reigate and Redhill) and the Reigate Orchestral Society gave a performance of Vaughan Williams's 'Sea Symphony' on March 21, with Miss Marie Howes and Mr. Winter Coppin as soloists. The choir also sang Brent-Smith's Six Choral Dances, Op. 18.

RUGBY.—A performance of Brahms's 'Requiem' was given by the Philharmonic Society in Temple Speech Room on March 28. Mr. Kenneth A. Stubbs conducted.

SHEFFIELD.—The Amateur Musical Society (Dr. Frederic Staton) and the Musical Union (Sir Henry Coward) brought their seasons to an end with Verdi's 'Requiem' and 'The Song of Hiawatha' respectively.

—A series of chamber concerts at the Victoria Hall, organized by Mr. John Parr, the bassoon player, has been giving prominence to music for pianoforte and wood-wind, the last programme, on April 5, including Rubinstein's Quintet, Op. 55.

FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS AT BATH

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

I once witnessed in the North of England a performance of Ibsen's 'Doll's House' at which the orchestra consisted chiefly of a cornet and a harp. It has never been clear to me what was the connection between the band's contribution and the play.

The relationship between Bath's Festival of Contemporary Arts and the programme of music I heard when attending it at the kind invitation of Mr. Hatton, the Pump Room director, was perfectly plain. You cannot absorb the music of such composers as William Walton and Constant Lambert, not to mention the poetry of Edith Sitwell, by just going in cold blood into an ordinary concert-room. The presence, in the passages around the historical saloon in which this music was to be heard, and in adjacent rooms, of a series of examples of modern art—evinced in the main a modernness of approximately the same degree as that of the music of the composers named—proved exceedingly helpful, and, as preparation, it would be difficult to imagine anything more appropriate to the purpose.

Wagner, who had something similar in mind when he founded the Bayreuth tradition, would hardly have evinced a wild enthusiasm as to the productions of either Mr. Augustus John (in the passage) or Messrs. Lambert and Walton, but he would assuredly have admitted that the one stood in some sort of relationship to the other.

As to the performance of the ambitious programme, it was obvious that an ampler orchestra and more

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hearsals would have resulted in affording greater enjoyment of Mr. Lambert's 'Pomona' Suite, the music of which he composed for the ballet of that name performed during last winter in South America. One is able, however, to gain a very clear impression of everything performed. Opportunities of hearing Mr. Lambert's music are not abundant, and anyone looking forward to seeing a performance of the ballet (which seems likely the Camargo Society may undertake) would welcome any chance of getting on some sort of terms with the music. The composer, by means of his masterly use of the material at his disposal, was able to afford his hearers this advantage.

Later, having testified to his appreciation of a fellow-composer by conducting Hugh Bradford's very striking 'Fugal March,' he abandoned the baton to the orchestra's permanent conductor, Mr. Dunn, and proceeded to manifest his interest in a sister art by assuming the Sitwellian megaphone in a performance of 'Façade' to the much-discussed music of William Walton. Mr. Lambert's declamation gave one the impression that only a consummate musician could have been capable of such a performance. One became aware that the poetry was being galvanised by an immensely strong sense of rhythm, without which Miss Sitwell's verse would be deprived of much of its point.

Included in the programme of this concert were also Lambert's 'Elegiac Blues,' written in memory of Florence Mills, Walton's 'Siesta,' and Goossens's Prelude to 'Phillip II.,' the last-named being music a little less provocative than that already mentioned.

There was discernible a well-maintained standard of modernity in the musical programmes arranged as a feature of this very unusual Festival. At the opening concert Mr. Sammons performed the Violin Concerto at Delius dedicated to him. Mr. Eric Coates was associated with a performance of his orchestral Suite 'The Four Ways' and his Phantasy 'Cinderella'; Mr. Maurice Cole was entrusted with a Pianoforte Concerto by Mr. Michael Head. On April 1 Mr. John Ireland took part in a performance of his pianoforte and violin Sonata. Mr. Victor Hely-Hutchinson conducted his own 'Carol Symphony,' and at the closing concert Mr. Tertis played his viola version of Elgar's Concerto for 'cello.

The Festival, which was a very notable affair, is, it is understood, to be repeated on a much larger scale, and the movement undoubtedly deserves every success.

Music in Scotland

ABERDEEN.—The Aberdeen Orchestral Society (Mr. J. Adam) presented at its annual concert Corelli's eighth Concerto Grosso, Dvorák's Serenade in E, and, with Miss Christine Goldie as soloist, Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, No. 3.

ANSTRUTHER.—At its thirty-second annual concert Anstruther Philharmonic Society gave a performance of 'St. Paul.' Mr. Harrison Cooper conducted.

AYR.—The programme of the Ayr Amateur Orchestral Society's second concert comprised two movements from the 'Italian' Symphony, the Finale of Haydn's 'Clock' Symphony, Sibelius's 'Finlandia,' the 'Figaro' and 'Hansel and Gretel' Overtures, and some smaller numbers. Mr. Heddle Nash (tenor) was the soloist, and Mr. James W. Senior conducted.

BATHGATE.—Bathgate and District Choral Union conductor, Mr. A. G. Peddie chose Coleridge-Taylor's 'A Tale of Old Japan' for performance at its annual concert.

DUFFTOWN.—Dufftown Choral Union gave a performance of 'St. Paul' at its fortieth annual concert. Dr. Shields conducted.

DUMFRIES.—The programme of a concert given by the Musical and Operatic Society of Dumfries (conductor, Mr. C. F. Eastwood) included Coleridge-Taylor's 'Kubla Khan' Rhapsody for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra, Frederic Cowen's Ballad, 'John Gilpin,' for

choir and orchestra, and Haydn's 'Clock' Symphony. Miss Joan Elwes (soprano) and Mr. Keith Falkner sang solos and duets.

DUNDEE.—Lochee Choral Society (conductor, Mr. Charles W. Sinclair) gave a performance of Handel's 'Semele.'—The programme of a concert given by the Angus Orchestral Society (conductor, Mr. Herbert Clare) included the 'Figaro' Overture and a Haydn Symphony.—At its third concert the resuscitated Dundee Orchestral Society (conductor, Mr. A. M. Stoolie) played Coleridge-Taylor's concert suite 'Demande et Réponse,' the 'Tannhäuser' March, and a Mozart Pianoforte Concerto (soloist, Miss Cicely Hoyer).—The E. D. Morel Choir (conductor, Mr. J. G. Cameron) gave a programme of part-songs and choruses at its annual concert.

DUNFERMLINE.—Dunfermline Choral Union, with the assistance of the Dunfermline Amateur Orchestra, gave performances of Haydn's 'Spring,' Coleridge-Taylor's 'A Tale of Old Japan,' and Elgar's 'The Banner of St. George.' Mr. A. M. Henderson, Glasgow, made his last appearance as conductor of the Union.

EDINBURGH.—At the concluding concert of the Reid Orchestra series, Prof. Tovey presented Bruckner's 'Romantic' Symphony, Elgar's 'Enigma' Variations, and two Concertstücke for pianoforte and orchestra by Julius Roentgen, with the composer as soloist.—Prof. Tovey's season of Sunday concerts closed with a pianoforte and vocal recital, at which the Edinburgh Singers Quartet sang five Old English pastorals by Ernest Walker, Schumann's 'Minnespiel' of eight lyrics, and Brahms's duet setting of 'Edward,' and Prof. Tovey played pianoforte works by Beethoven, Chopin, and Brahms; and an orchestral concert by the Reid Orchestra, at which Prof. Tovey conducted and Prof. Julius Roentgen played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, No. 3, Prof. Roentgen conducted and Prof. Tovey played the Schumann Pianoforte Concerto, and Prof. Roentgen conducted his own 'Overture to an old Netherland Comedy' and played a pianoforte composition of his own, entitled 'The Seagulls.'—At the third meeting of the Edinburgh Bach Society, the Society's choir, under Dr. Mary Grierson, sang Vittoria's 'Misereere' and early English motets and madrigals, including Byrd's 'Sacerdotes Domini.' Prof. Tovey played the Chromatic Fantasia, the Toccata and Fugue in F sharp minor, and a Couperin suite.—The programme of the Edinburgh Amateur Orchestral Society's second concert included Schumann's Symphony No. 1, in B flat, the Grieg Pianoforte Concerto (soloist, Miss Alice M. Hopper), and the 'Rienzi' Overture. Mr. Ralph T. Langdon conducted, and Miss Jean Day (soprano) sang a Mozart aria and some songs.—Mr. Moonie's Choir, conducted by Mr. W. B. Moonie, son of the founder, concluded its thirty-third season with a performance of Coleridge-Taylor's 'Scenes from the Song of Hiawatha.'

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Orpheus Choir (Mr. Hugh S. Robertson) celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a two-night concert, the programme of which consisted of a selection of some of the finest works performed in previous years, including Cornelius's 'The Surrender of the Soul,' Elgar's 'Death on the Hills,' and Bantock's 'Sea Sorrow.'—At the second concert of the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society (conductor, Mr. J. Peebles Conn) the programme included Mozart's 'Paris' Symphony, Berlioz's 'King Lear' Overture, W. H. Reed's 'Suite Vénétienne,' and items by Haydn, Glinka, and Tchaikovsky. Miss Agnes Duncan (contralto) was the soloist.—At the fourth of the subscription series of chamber concerts promoted by the Fellowes String Quartet, the Quartet played Haydn's Quartet in G, Op. 64, No. 4, Mozart's D minor Quartet, and, with Mr. Philip Halstead as pianist, the Brahms Pianoforte Quintet in F minor. At the fifth concert, the programme comprised Beethoven's A minor Quartet, Op. 132, Mozart's 'Eine kleine Nachtmusik,' and 'Three Idylls' by Frank Bridge.—Mr. Sorabji, the Indian composer-pianist,

paid a first visit to Glasgow, appearing as solo performer at the fourth of Mr. Erik Chisholm's series of concerts of national music. The programme consisted solely of Mr. Sorabji's latest work, his fourth Sonata for pianoforte.—The most interesting features of the Carl Rosa Opera Company's two-weeks' visit to Glasgow were the first performance in English of Isidore de Lara's 'Messalina,' last performed in 1901 in the original French at Covent Garden, and revivals of 'The Flying Dutchman' and 'The Rhinegold.'—The Glasgow Grand Opera Society (Mr. R. Hutton Malcolm) gave performances of Verdi's 'Ernani' and Gounod's 'Faust.'

GREENOCK.—The Scottish String Quartet, from Edinburgh, gave a chamber concert under the auspices of Greenock Musical Club. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Quartet in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, the Franck Pianoforte Quintet in F minor (with Mr. Frank Smith as pianist), and movements by Tchaikovsky and Boccherini.

KIRKCALDY.—Kirkcaldy Choral Union gave a performance of 'Judas Maccabæus' under the direction of Mr. Charles M. Cowe, Dundee.

PERTH.—The programme of the annual concert of Mr. Stephen Richardson's Choral Society comprised Handel's 'Samson' and Stanford's 'The Revenge.'

PORTSOY.—Portsoy Choral Society finished its season with a performance of Coleridge-Taylor's 'A Tale of Old Japan.' The veteran Mr. John Barritt, Buckie, conducted.

STIRLING.—Stirling Choral Society (conductor, Mr. Robert K. McCallum), abandoning oratorio for the nonce, gave a performance of Sullivan's 'Golden Legend.'

Musical Notes from Abroad

BERLIN

The chief sensation of the modern German opera-festival held in Duisburg last summer, Max Brand's 'Maschinist Hopkins,' has now been given in Berlin for the first time at the Municipal Opera House. Here, too, it was a sensation, but in the bad sense, the work being of little artistic value and the scenic make-up inappropriately lavish. The hero of the opera is a machine; the human beings around it are its slaves, criminals devoid of scruple, adoring power and money as their sole idols. The only startling scene in the entire opera is a chorus of machines in a vast factory hall, which owes its impressiveness to the mysterious and cold sound of its music. But this remarkable idea is exhausted within a few minutes, and almost all the remainder of the score is a barren conglomeration of brutal accents, tormenting sound-effects, and rhythmic noises, now and then devised with great ingenuity. The proletarian tendency, presenting capital as the worst foe of labour, is expounded with rather cheap reasoning and is connected with an awful story full of murder, love, treason, fraud, and brutality. The beloved jazz comes in for a rather ample share, filling out nearly a whole Act, largely as accompaniment to acrobatic feats.

Singing is quite a secondary affair in this so-called opera; its place is taken by a very loud, screaming, agitated declamation that shows little organic connection with the furious pranks of the orchestra. The piece is principally a show, the interest being absorbed chiefly by the stage decoration and the agitated mass of working people moving in the immense factory hall, with its huge machines, wheels, passages, and bridges. All this part of the entertainment is carried out with amazingly realistic effect, and the regisseur, Dr. Kurt Singer, showed much skill in handling his crowds and making them move, act, shout to the best effect. The conductor was Dr. Fritz Stiedry, who performed a very difficult, though not equally grateful, task with marked ability. Of the singers, or rather actors, Ludwig Hofmann must be singled out; his powerful voice, his gigantic stature, his sinister and awe-

inspiring appearance made his personification of engineer Hopkins extremely impressive. Joseph Burgwinkel and Violetta de Strozzi also distinguished themselves.

At Furtwängler's last Symphony concert a new composition by Hindemith was heard for the first time. This 'concert music for viola and orchestra' is far inferior to Hindemith's older Concerto for viola, one of his best works. For the last two years Hindemith's rather too hasty production has resulted in a state of mental exhaustion, manifest in the constantly decreasing quality of his music. The new work, like much of his recent music, shows routine and mannerism instead of inspiration. There is a certain pattern—one might already almost call it an academic formalism—that is becoming more and more evident in Hindemith's music and tends to make his works sound alike. Hindemith himself played the viola part, but though he is a brilliant player, he could not produce much effect with his music, as it is rather tiresome, very striking in invention, and not effective as a solo piece, the viola being treated rather as an *obligato* staying in the orchestral instrument and being covered too much by the orchestra of wind-instruments that is opposed to it. The work was only moderately successful. It rather dull impression was obliterated by an admirable performance of Brahms's F major Symphony.

At Klemperer's last Symphony concert the novelty of the programme was Moussorgsky's 'Pictures of an Exhibition,' as orchestrated by Ravel. Much as we admire the Frenchman's skill and taste and refinement, it was felt that Moussorgsky's music still asked for the original pianoforte version.

Heinrich Kaminski, who succeeds Hans Pfitzner as professor of composition in the master classes of the Berlin Academy of Arts, has made us hear a whole programme of his Church music, including a number of motets for chorus a *cappella*, choral preludes for organ, vocal solos, and pieces for violin and organ. The effect was not proportionate to the high esteem in which Kaminski is generally held. His ecclesiastical music is serious, dignified, but not in any respect outstanding. It is academic music, rather conventional in style, and offering too little to arrest attention. The excellent Häusermann chorus from Zurich, conducted by Hermann Dubs, made a successful debut on this occasion, singing the difficult polyphonic pieces with pure intonation and good vocal effect.

A joint recital was given by Bartók and Szigeti, the modern part of the programme containing a number of Bartók's works. The second Sonata for violin and pianoforte was especially welcome, as an authentic performance of this extremely difficult, peculiar, and problematic work had not been heard in Berlin. It was instructive to observe the way in which Bartók softened down the cruel dissonances of the pianoforte part and gave precedence almost entirely to the violinist. He treated the pianoforte almost throughout as an instrument of accompaniment, although this accompaniment at times is of formidable and threatening aspect. We discovered that this piece, which embarrasses some very good players, sounds better, when properly performed, than it looks on paper. Its rhythms and melodies are Hungarian to the core, and they may well baffle any player, however skilful, who is not closely acquainted with the peculiar rural improvisation on the fiddle that one can hear in the distant villages of Hungary, Servia, and Rumania.

Virginia McLean, a young English pianist so far unknown here, has made an unusually successful debut. Her playing revealed great skill, expressive tone, intelligence, and poetic power.

Alma Moodie, Australian by birth, but European in the best sense by education, is enjoying a considerable and well-founded reputation all over Germany as one of the most prominent lady violinists of our age. After an interval of several years she was heard again in Berlin, when she played the Brahms Concerto with fully mature art, brilliant technical finish, and adequate interpretation.

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Two young pianists from England (if I am rightly informed), Anthea Bowring and Marjorie Blackburne, showed considerable capacity and good schooling in their recitals.

HUGO LEICHTENTRIIT.

ITALY AN UNCUT 'RING'

During the month under review the most important event was an uncut 'Ring' given at La Scala under the direction of Siegfried Wagner, who also personally directed the *mise en scène*. The results were a joy to the true Wagnerite, for whatever details of movement and pattern were neglected, and there were many, the main outline of the essentials easily surpassed the previous performances given here. It was the first time that I had heard the complete 'Ring,' and it will probably be the last, as the impression of tediousness and of products generally felt. The experiment was interesting, however, given the attitude taken by many in this country as a whole; but notwithstanding the Italians' indifference to the opera, it was the unanimous opinion that cutting is not necessary.

In Herr Wagner's conducting appeared rather stolid in comparison with that of Richard Strauss, who conducted here last year, and whose Mozart was so wonderful, and on the other hand he showed great elasticity. As for Fagoaga's work as Siegmund and Siegfried was of quite exceptional quality, and I understand that he has been engaged for next year at Bayreuth. He is certainly the best Wagnerian tenor in Italy (he is Spanish), and wisely confines himself almost exclusively to these rôles. Of the other singers, all laudable, Lily of the Air as Brünnhilde, Rossi-Morelli as Wotan, and Pasero as Hagen, Faticanti as Gunther, and Mimi as Mime deserve particular mention. One of the best features of the performances was the work of the orchestra, as directed by Mo. Veneziani. The last performance was conducted by Carl Elmendorff, of Bayreuth.

From another point of view, 'Boris' with Chaliapin was the most interesting event. It was his first appearance here for many years. The voice that once was so powerful by the gramophone is no more, and yet it would be unjust to quarrel with his Boris on that head. He is still the grandest man that opera knows to-day, or at least of what he very nearly makes of it, music-drama. One feels that the dramatic side of modern opera is much more important than the vocal, and, indeed, considering the unvoiced nature of the later works, there is little show for the pure vocalist. Giuseppe Dal Campo had to perform acrobatic feats to hold the orchestra and Chaliapin together. The singing of Stignani, Marina, Cravenco (the Inn-keeper), and the other interpreters was naturally a little dwarfed, but it was worthy and musicianly.

At the time of writing, 'The Damnation of Faust' is in active preparation, under Victor De Sabata, and within a few days of its presentation a new opera, 'La Segredo,' by Franco Vattadini, on a libretto by Adamo, will be given its *première*.

A new symphonic poem by Italo Montemezzi was recently performed in Rome by the Augusteo orchestra and Molinari. It is entitled 'Paolo and Virginia,' and is briefly a commentary on the salient incidents of Bernard de Saint-Pierre's novel of that name. It was well received, with the author present. At the Royal Opera this month Pizzetti's new opera 'Lo Straniero' will be performed for the first time.

C. D'I.

NEW YORK

The month has not been rich in musical happenings. A considerable stir was made some weeks ago by a report that Ernest Bloch was to leave his post at the head of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music at the end of the current season because that institution could not afford to continue his salary at its present level of \$20,000 per year. As soon as a few editorial

comments had had time to dry on newspaper and review pages it became known that there is no scarcity of money for music in San Francisco. On the contrary, the heirs of a wealthy music lover recently deceased have combined to provide an income of \$5,000 per year for ten years so that Mr. Bloch may be free to devote himself exclusively to composition when and where he chooses.

English music has been represented in New York at the one end by a first performance of Eugène Goossens's Lyric Poem under the composer's bâton, in Rochester, and at the other by Mr. Bodanzky's annual and excellent performance of Purcell's 'Dido and Aeneas' with the Friends of Music. He employs an edition which he made for the Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag, in which he has not been hesitant to add or subtract where he chose. Not having made a painstaking comparison of the usual version with these revisions I can only record the impression of a beautifully engraved and printed score, as rare an example of bookmaking art as it doubtless is of musical scholarship.

For the recent Brahms Festival of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Artur Schnabel crossed the ocean, apparently to play two concertos and a few pianoforte pieces; it now seems as if with characteristic independence he does not plan to visit New York at all. No appearances have been announced as yet, in any case, although he arranged to give a recital in Boston.

It is more than interesting to watch the parallel success of the 'Psalmus Hungaricus' of Kodály in England and America. News that the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Oratorio Society, under Dr. Artur Rodzinsky, have combined for a recent performance of the work is followed by a corresponding report from the Boston 'Handel and Haydn' Society, which has only very recently branched out into fields beyond its former domain.

The plans for the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's European tour with Arturo Toscanini, as recently announced, call for concerts on the afternoon of June 1 and the evening of June 4 in the Albert Hall and on the evenings of June 2 and 3 at Queen's Hall. The tour will take them as far as Rome, Budapest, Prague, and Berlin. It is now more or less definitely announced (there is no doubt as to the truth of the report, in any case) that Mr. Mengelberg will not return to the Philharmonic next year, the arbiters of our musical taste having decided that the man for whom they could, a very few years ago, find no sufficient words of praise has now grown coarse, unsubtle, and further adjectives. My own opinion is that they were as lacking in critical pulse several years ago as they are now. To Mr. Monteux in Amsterdam there will now doubtless be added Mr. Mengelberg as a bitter and only too well justified critic of musical New York.

ARTHUR MENDEL.

TORONTO

THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR FESTIVAL

Once more the peak of the musical season was reached in the series of concerts which constitute this annual event. The famous Mendelssohn Choir, with Dr. H. A. Fricker as its conductor and trainer, and that fine body of instrumentalists, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Fritz Reiner, gave us a feast of good things.

In the two great choral works that were the foundation of the Festival programme, Bach's 'Jesu, Joy and Treasure' and Verdi's 'Requiem,' they gave truly memorable performances.

The motet was sung with splendid grip and a fine perception of both architecture and colour, and, at the end, after half an hour of a *cappella* singing, this big choir was absolutely on pitch. The performance made a deep impression on the vast audience that filled Massey Hall. The 'Requiem' was another triumph, shared this time with the orchestra and soloists. The

juxtaposition of these two works brought out vividly the fact that the older master was a word-painter in a degree we are only now beginning to realise. The variety of Bach's colouring stands out wonderfully, and even the blaze of Verdi's orchestration did not dim the marvellous variety and texture of the great motet.

It is in a work of this calibre that one realises to what a point of excellence the Toronto singers have advanced. In recent years, the Mendelssohn Choir, under the compelling baton of H. A. F. (as he is affectionately known), have done things which give them pride of place on the American continent.

The first concert opened with Brahms's choral ode 'Nanie.' It was given a finely-tempered performance, though on its second presentation (at the final concert) there was more warmth and glow.

The orchestra (under Mr. Fritz Reiner) then proceeded to discuss an extraordinarily clever piece of orchestration in Schönberg's arrangement of the Bach Prelude and Fugue in E flat major. In its new garb this famous organ work sounded astonishingly modern, but not even the erudition and scholarship of Schönberg could prevent 'J. S. B.' coming right through the new costume, and one missed the thunder of the A flat in the last pedal entry, a note which for ever vindicates the right of the organ to be regarded as the king of instruments.

Brahms's chorus 'Dear, canst thou tell' received an expressive performance, as also did Healey Willan's delightful choral song 'The Three Kings.' One expects much from Dr. Willan's pen, and invariably gets it. Weelkes's madrigal 'As Vesta was from Latmos Hill descending' was the third of these *a cappella* numbers, and in all three Dr. Fricker got some exquisite tone-painting from his choir.

The second evening of the Festival was taken up with Verdi's 'Requiem.' The quartet of soloists, Miss Bertha Steventon, Miss Grace Leslie, Mr. Allen Jones, and Mr. Herbert Heyner, gave us some beautiful moments, and both choir and orchestra added to their laurels. One will not easily forget the Rex Tremende, the Dies Ira, and the Sanctus. Dr. Fricker may well be proud of the 1930 performance of this great work, and it may be said with conviction that the ideals and vision which inspired his gifted predecessor are being zealously upheld and intensified.

Saturday afternoon, as is the custom at these Festivals, was devoted to orchestral music. The chief works in the programme were Brahms's third Symphony, of which a restrained and dignified performance was given, Stravinsky's 'Fire-bird' Suite, Moussorgsky's 'Pictures at an Exhibition,' and Ravel's 'Bolero,' which had its usual effect of amusing, astonishing, and rousing the audience.

The final concert (Saturday evening), following usual Festival lines, was a miscellany of orchestral and choral works. Brahms's 'Nanie' opened the programme, and the choir once more gave us some beautiful singing. Two madrigals, 'The Silver Swan' and 'Sister, awake,' were splendidly sung, as also was Willan's choral song 'The Three Kings.' Vaughan Williams was represented by his 'Wassail,' a delightful bit of choral writing, sung with evident enjoyment. Willan's part-song for women's voices, 'Angel Spirits of Sleep,' was a delicate movement of real charm. Another work for women's choir was the quaint and fairy-like 'Leprechaun' by Bryceson Treharne. Its delightful treatment was heightened by the sparkle of the orchestral accompaniment written by Dr. Fricker. Bairstow's 'Music, when soft voices die' was well sung by the men of the choir. Elgar's 'Love's Tempest' gave the full choir an opportunity for some sonorous tone, the rich texture of the music being finely realised.

A popular item of the programme was Stanford's 'Songs of the Sea,' in which the soloist was Mr. Herbert Heyner. The choral dances from 'Prince Igor' formed the last item, and concluded the Festival.

The Mendelssohn Choir Festival is Canada's greatest contribution to choralism, and one sincerely hopes that this organization will see its way to the giving of

many more of the great choral masterpieces. This choir would revel in some of the larger works of Elgar, Holst, Bantock, &c., and its conductor, as every musician knows, is a man whose enthusiasm will lead them unerringly on in their quest of the supreme things of choral art.

H. MATTHIAS TURTON.

EVENTS IN MARCH

As spring is endeavouring to make an early start this year, musical activities are, in consequence, beginning to decrease a good deal earlier than is usual. There have been, however, two noteworthy choral events. Mr. Thomas J. Crawford, the ambitious organist of St. Paul's Church, who has charge of the T. Eaton Company Choral Society, this year presented, in the main auditorium of the Royal York Hotel, twenty-two numbers from 'Judas Maccabæus.' This entirely amateur and voluntary body of employees of the great departmental store is now firmly under Mr. Crawford's control, as was proved by the well-balanced and finely-disciplined work of the choir. Their leader is now producing sound choralism from a number of enthusiastic but of necessity unpicked singers, and great credit is due to him for the distinction he has imparted to their work. Mr. Richard Crooks (tenor) and Mr. Frank Oldfield (baritone) were the assisting artists, with Emma Otero as visiting soprano. The choral part-songs chosen included 'Peat Fire Flame,' the Spinning Chorus from 'The Flying Dutchman,' Stanford's 'Blue Bird,' and a Ballet by Robin Milford.

The second choral event was the first appearance here of the famous Russian Royal Choir, under the direction of Princess Agrenea Siviavsky, and accompanied by a Russian string orchestra. As is ever the case with Russian choirs, the features of the singing were vitality, rhythm, and startling technical effects.

Two more twilight concerts with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave us Massenet's 'Phédre' Overture and Frank Bridge's 'Sea' Suite, with Tomford Harris, American pianist, as assisting artist, and the first movement of the 'Eroica' Symphony, with Dvorák's 'Carneval' and Louis Waizman's 'Suite de Ballet.' Mr. Waizman is one of the violas in the orchestra. At the latter concert, our talented Canadian pianist, Ernest Seitz, gave a splendid performance of the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Concerto. Dr. Luigi von Kunits conducted both performances.

The month also brought us a recital by one of the most promising of the younger Canadian artists, Bettina Vegara, a brilliant fourteen-year-old violin pupil of Dr. von Kunits.

There were only two visiting artists heard in recital—Rosa Ponselle, the gifted Metropolitan Opera soprano so well-known now at Covent Garden, and a newcomer, Cyrena Van Gordon, an intensely dramatic Brünnhilde from the Chicago Opera Company.

H. C. F.

SHELLAND CHAPEL, SUFFOLK : A BARREL ORGAN STILL IN USE

This chapel contains a barrel organ by H. Bryceson, of 38, Long Acre, London. It is still in use at every service.

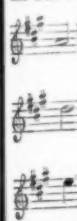
The instrument stands on a low gallery at the west end, and is enclosed in an oak case about 7-ft. high, 5-ft. wide, and 2-ft. 7½-in. in depth.

Its front consists of three bays of gilded dummy pipes, surmounted by Gothic ornament of the period.

The organ contains six stops of thirty-one notes: Tierce, Fifteenth, Twelfth, Principal, Open Diapason, Stopped Diapason. There are three barrels, each of which plays twelve tunes:

Barrel No. 1.—1. 'Hotham,' double; 2. 'Doncaster'; 3. Easter Hymn; 4. Old 100th Psalm; 5. Haydn's hymn, eight lines; 6. 'Islington'; 7. 'Helmley'; 8. 'Sicilian Mariners'; 9. 'Falcon Street'; 10. 'Weston Favel'; 11. 'New Sabbath'; 12. 'Creation,' double.

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Barrel No. 2.—1. Morning hymn; 2. 'Kent'; 3. 'Portugal'; 4. Portuguese hymn; 5. 'Burnham'; 6. 'Rockingham'; 7. 'Hanover,' proper; 8. 'Manchester'; 9. 'New York'; 10. 'Wakefield'; 11. 'Bedford'; 12. 'Lincoln.'

Barrel No. 3.—1. Evening hymn; 2. 'University'; 3. 'St. David's'; 4. 'St. James's'; 5. 'St. Ann'; 6. 'St. Stephen'; 7. 'Warwick'; 8. 'Shirland'; 9. 'Peckham'; 10. German hymn; 11. Hymn; 12. 'Glory be to Thee, O Lord.'

No chants are included, probably because it was impossible to ensure a full supply of wind for long playing-notes without independent blowing, the bellows being blown by means of a crank on the spindle operating the barrels.

The inclusion of a Tierce in the specification of so small an instrument is very unusual, and violates the rule in organ-building that the pitch of the most acute rank of pipes should duplicate in octave-work that of the foundation.

The length of the soundboard is 4-ft. 3-in., and the playing length of the barrels is 3-ft. 1-in.

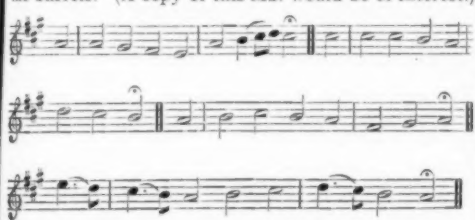
The pipes are of good thickness and tone, and apparently of the same pitch as those in an organ at Colchester by the same builder—a semitone below diapason normal.

The specification also is the same, with the exception of the Tierce.

Printed 'Directions for the Management of Bryceson's Barrel Organs' are given, and an advertisement pasted inside the flap of the case says that 'the prices are from 40 guineas to 100 or upwards.'

The date of purchase and the cost of the instrument are not known. According to 'Grove,' 'The house of Bryceson . . . was founded in 1796 by Henry Bryceson.' A written opinion gives the probable period of purchase as between 1810 and 1820.

At considerable pains the donor and Impropiate Rector, the Rev. F. W. Bussell, D.D., Mus. Bac., noted down the melody of each tune as played by the barrels. (A copy of this MS. would be of interest.)



This curious variant of the familiar tune was sung at the special request of the Bishop when the patron invited him to visit the chapel (September, 1927).

Another organ of seven draw-stops and of more imposing appearance stands in the chancel. This is a G organ, having black naturals and white sharps.

It bears the name of Argent, of Colchester and is apparently a 'converted' barrel organ from the neighbouring parish of Buxhall, 'which has for so many years—since 1700—supplied the chaplain for Shelland from the very ancient clerical family of Copinger-Hill.'

'The chapel is believed to be private property, together with the graveyard, but (as often happens in anomalous English law) it has been used for so many years as a public place of worship for the benefit of the parishioners that it is accounted a parish church.'

It is entirely free from all outside authority, and the donor (who appoints and pays all officials connected with the services and the upkeep) is held to be (in technical parlance) the Ordinary, or Supreme Controller of the chapel; but clearly he only occupies this position as a trustee for the spiritual welfare of the parish, and no collision of interests has occurred during the thirty-nine years that Dr. Bussell has been the owner.

There can be no doubt that the chapel was built by our predecessors about the year 1767 out of purely

private funds, and of "mere goodwill" without legal compulsion.

It still retains its high box-pews, donor's throne (from which he preaches when officiating), and an elaborate mace representing a golden eagle on a ball or orb.

The Prayer Book used by the Bishop on the occasion of his visit was labelled, 'Shelland Chapel.'

My acknowledgments and thanks are due to Dr. Bussell, the Rev. H. Copinger-Hill, and to Mr. Robert Armstrong, the parish clerk and sexton of the chapel.

THOMAS ELLISTON.

THE CONCERT AS A MENACE TO ITALIAN MUSIC

Some time ago, I happened on the phrase, 'the menace of the concert,' and at first thought the writer was leg-pulling. I dismissed the matter from my mind, but it kept cropping up, until I was convinced there was something in it after all; that is to say, when applied to Italy, where the remark was made. A glance at Italian musical history reveals the fact that since the late 18th century the only output of great importance has been opera. The decline of chamber music was more or less coincidental with the rise and development of the former; and to-day there has sprung up a new generation of composers whose efforts are directed almost wholly to the creation of chamber music, to the detriment, one might add, of both forms.

It is of course patent that the abstract essentials of chamber music are subtlety and intellectuality, both qualities that are to a certain extent alien to theatrical music. Undoubtedly it is a question of national temperament. It is only necessary to ask oneself whether the Church Cantatas could have been written by a Latin, or whether it is conceivable that a Teuton brain could give birth to 'Falstaff' or to 'Boris.' Wagner, Debussy, whom you will of the unquestionably great composers—are they not strongly racial, and is not each masterpiece a faithful witness to the nationality of its composer as well as to its period?

If one considers folk-song, so often said to be one of the sources of modern musical expression, the same relationship to the country of its birth is observable, but on the other hand it is music of the people, and consequently not the manifestation of a studied art. Musicians love listening to well-performed folk-music, while the average layman is left unaffected. Inversely, anyone with a musical ear delights in the graceful rhythms and melodies and quiet elegance of the good song-writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, a form which many musicians affect to consider banal. It is, however, conceivable that these early results of methodical construction will live as long as civilization itself, and it is my belief that we must accept them as the fountain head from which have sprung the modern forms. From them, and not from folk-music, has each nation developed her school through whose purity of conception is expressed the national thought, until we find our Brahms, our Beethoven, Rossini, &c., each characteristic of the soil that bore him, and faithful to the psychology of his forefathers.

From this point of view the problem (if it can be so called) resolves itself. Italy is essentially a land of opera and opera singers. From Rossini onwards, through Donizetti to Verdi, Italian sentiment and warmth has found its most natural expression in opera, and never, it would seem, can she join the group of Abstracts. The present-day fevered searching towards individualism is but a betrayal of her popular traditions. Italian opera reached its apex in Verdi; and since? There has been only one national musician: Pietro Mascagni. In him, as in his more industrious predecessor, Italianism reaches its climax. It is a pity that he has not proved worthy of the trust. How different is the story of Verdi, who wrote his greatest work when he was past eighty! Puccini's operas can scarcely count, since they are not fundamentally national.

Why, then, has opera stood still? Is it because perfection is long since reached, and a changed world looks for something new? Many composers are dedicating themselves to symphonic and chamber music; others, led by Pizzetti, are looking for the new opera, and since their form departs entirely from all national precepts, I fear that their fine and interesting works will contribute little to the making of history.

To return to the concerts. Most of the younger men are struggling to subdue their Latin temperaments to the spirituality of the North. They are writhing under the disability of trying to combine old lyricism and modern idioms. And in the meantime Italy is dropping off the musical map, and incidentally her once famous singers, fed from infancy on the 'Arie Antiche' and Rossini, are little by little disappearing, and the new generation is gradually losing ground to the foreigner.

If we look to industry, we find scientists and engineers forging ahead, creating and improving, using each new invention as a stepping-stone to the next. The parallel is fair. Industry is also necessary in art; and I am inclined to think that the concert is a menace to Italian musical progress.

CHARLES D'IF.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN SMALL-PIPES

On December 10, Mr. G. Kennedy North read a paper on 'The Northumbrian Small-Pipes' before the members of the Musical Association. After referring to the antiquity of the bagpipes, and the mention of them in Holy Writ, Mr. Kennedy North said that the Greeks and the Romans were acquainted with this type of instrument. Indeed, it was more than likely that Nero, instead of fiddling while Rome burned, played the bagpipes, for, according to Suetonius, he was a performer on this instrument, which is depicted on some of his coins. A sculptured bronze in Richborough Castle was evidence that the Romans most likely brought the bagpipe to Britain.

In Great Britain the bagpipe survived in two forms: the Scottish, or great war pipe, and the Northumbrian, or the small-pipes. There was considerable difference between the two, both in size and tone. The Scottish instrument was essentially for out of doors; the Northumbrian was entirely for the chamber. Instead of supplying the air to the bag by the mouth, the Northumbrian received its wind from a small bellows fastened to the right forearm of the performer, but the fundamental difference lay in the scales of the two chanters. It was impossible to represent the Scottish scale in modern notation, some of the notes not being in tune with the modern scale. The Northumbrian pipe scale was the major diatonic from G to G, with drone basses G and D.

The playing of the Scottish pipe was distinguished by the skirl, that indescribable *legato* with a lavish use of grace notes which was capable of arousing the widest possible gamut of emotion. The technique of the other was noticeable for its *staccato*, the main reason for this being that the lower end of the chanter was closed while that of the Scottish was open. The bore of the Northumbrian chanter was straight, while that of the Scottish was conical. Not only is the chanter closed so that when all the fingers are down no sound is emitted, but the drones also have stops, so that when they are closed no sound comes from them either. Great use is made in the playing of the small pipe of the *staccato*. The player, for an infinitesimal space of time, stops all the holes between one note and the next, an extremely difficult thing to accomplish.

The lecturer then exhibited a number of chanters illustrating the development of the instrument. An early specimen was quite devoid of keys, and was thus confined to the diatonic scale from G to G. A set of pipes which belonged to one of the most famous of all pipers, Willie Allan, 1707-79, was one of the very few examples in existence of what was known as 'a Lowland set of pipes.' Great controversy had raged round the point as to whether the Lowland bagpipe was entirely distinct from the Scottish or no. It

might be that the Lowland pipe was a sort of first cousin to the Scottish, and second cousin to the present Northumbrian small-pipes, with the Irish peace or 'uilleann' pipes a close relative.

Robert Reid, a pipe-maker in the early part of the 19th century, produced a chanter having seven keys. He was a maker of many beautiful pipes, one fine specimen being in the Donaldson collection at the Royal College of Music, and another in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Reid did not stop at seven keys. There was a chanter in existence made by him, containing fourteen, and with one drone to the stock, making four in number; he had made a set of pipes with six drones.

Mr. Tom Clough, who was giving the illustrations that afternoon, had himself made the set of pipes he was using. It had seventeen keys, giving a range of from A below the stave to the first B above it. His drones had also what were called 'bead holes.' These enabled the drones to be tuned a tone higher than their normal note, thus making possible the rendering of tunes in the keys of G, A, D, E, and C.

Experiments in the workshop resulting in improvements and modifications of musical instruments had affected in a marked degree the music played upon them. The peculiarities of the small-pipes were best shown off by the characteristic music of Northumbria. There was a frequent use of the leaping octave, the repetition of phrases, an abundance of triplets, arpeggi, thirds, and sixths, and a remarkably effective use of the seventh. Families of pipers like the Halls and the Cloughs had their own traditional ways of playing their tunes, and the style, moreover, was affected by the nature of the reed used.

Mr. Tom Clough, one of the finest living performers on the small-pipes, played a number of tunes with variations in masterly style, and also gave a Descant to a tune played by Mr. Kennedy North.

MENDELSSOHN'S 'HYMN OF PRAISE' AS THE LOCAL REPORTER SAW IT

As a curiosity in musical criticism, we reprint a notice, from the *Norfolk News*, of the performance of Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' at the Norwich Festival of 1869:

'The holders of five-shilling tickets were regaled with this work for the first half of their concert. For our own part, we felt it to be dreadfully heavy when we heard it on a morning, and, of course, in an evening it is worse. The opening symphony, which seems almost interminable, contains abundance of ingenuity, but little enough of inspiration. It begins with two bars of melody, delivered by the basses, and is followed (after a couple of bars by the whole band) with two bars more. Thus there is a strain of four bars, whereof the first two form the subject, and the other two a sort of counter-subject. Now, a subject of two bars is too short to be very interesting, and this subject in particular has nothing fascinating about it; if heard only once, it would pass through the mind and be forgotten. But the composer is determined to brand it on the memory by endless repetition. It pops up in all sorts of places, and is treated in an infinite variety of ways. Sometimes, indeed, it is so long silent that we begin to hope that we have heard the last of it, when, bolt! in it comes, like Paul Pry, with a "hope I don't intrude!" But it *does* intrude, till it stings like a gadfly. The *chorale* we take to be a quotation. Like most of the German psalm tunes, it has a pause at the end of every line, which somewhat interferes with the rhythm. After this dismal ditty has been sung by the voices, it is repeated, and this time it is accompanied by the band, which executes divisions in semiquavers. Here there are two improvements—the time is taken more quickly, and the tormenting pauses are relinquished. Of course, there are redeeming features in the "Hymn," but not sufficient to atone for the faults we have named. If we are occasionally put into good humour by a bit of

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right melody, the composer will not allow us to enjoy the present long; and as if to render condonation impossible, he hammers us down at the last with that fatal phrase which has haunted him like a ghost through his work. Of the performance, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. The dulcet tones of the wind instruments, the brilliant execution of the strings, and the fine singing of the principals, together with the tremendous din of the choruses (for noise pleases some people better than music), carried the work through, in spite of its weary length.

The performances of this evening commenced with Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. This piece occupied more than half-an-hour in a concert which should have been too long without it. There certainly was one very pleasing movement, which might last about five minutes. All the rest was "leather and ironella." One movement had a sort of air for the strings, accompanied with an iteration of one note for the basses, which effect is difficult to explain, but easy to imagine. In a soldiers' band, you will often hear the same opera air executed by the first clarinet, accompanied by the bass instruments, with "tut, tut, prut, prut," as Sterne has it when he says, "these brutes are wickedly strung." That was the sort of effect produced. But some clapping was elicited by the braying of the trombones. These instruments are in Mendelssohn in the place of a "candle behind the moon."

(To help our readers to understand the last sentence, we must tell them that Albert Smith and his brother, the young men, at their amateur performances, always endeavoured to introduce a moonlight scene, because," said Albert, "as soon as ever I held a tallow candle behind the moon, the spectators began to clap.")

When we say that these depreciatory remarks upon poor Mendelssohn are followed by a burst of enthusiasm upon Pierson, it is impossible to help mingling regret with our laughter; for whatever may be the value of Mr. Pierson's compositions, we cannot but feel that he is an artist, and that he could scarcely therefore hope to be helped to fame by the mistaken zeal of the critic of the *Norfolk News*.

Musical Times, October, 1869.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

DAME EMMA ALBANI, one of the most famous and most admired singers in living memory, who died on April 3 at the age of seventy-seven. She was born at Chambly, near Montreal, in 1852, the daughter of French-Canadian parents of the name of Lajeunesse. Her father, a professional musician, fostered her talent from an early age, and sent her to study first at the Catholic Cathedral of Albany, N.Y., then at Paris under Duprez, and finally at Milan under Lamperti. Under the name of Albani she made her debut at Messina in 1870, playing the part of Amina in 'La Sonnambula' with a success that opened the door to a brilliant career. Two years later she was singing the same part at Covent Garden. Her fame quickly spread, and she was soon singing in the chief opera houses of Europe. But it was largely before English audiences that she won and maintained her triumphs. From 1880 to 1896 there was only one season in which Madame Albani was not the chief star of Italian opera. For over twenty years she sang at the principal English Festivals, and there is many a favourite soprano part in oratorio and cantata of which she was the first exponent. Among the works that she helped to bring before the public and to popularise were 'The Redemption,' 'Mors et Vita' (written specially for her), 'The Spectre's Bride,' 'The Martyr of Antioch,' 'The Golden Legend,' Dvorák's 'St. Ludmila,' and MacKenzie's 'Story of David.' Far into the present century she was still helping to produce new works by British composers. Her operatic parts covered the whole Italian field and included—in Italian—Wagner's

Elisabeth, Elsa, and Eva. In 1896 she sang Wagner in German for the first time, playing Isolde to Jean de Reszke's Tristan. Shortly before her last appearance in 1911 she sang in the B minor Mass with the Bach Choir at the Albert Hall. Then came her farewell concert, a life of retirement and diminishing resources that in the end had to be eked out by teaching. In 1920 she accepted a small Civil List pension. On the occasion of a benefit concert at Covent Garden in 1925 she was made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. In 1878 she was married to Mr. Ernest Gye, the son of the famous operatic impresario Frederick Gye, and she leaves a son, Mr. Ernest Frederick Gye.

AUGUST STRADAL, who died at Schönlinde on March 13. He was born in 1860 at Teplitz, Bohemia, studied the pianoforte with Anton Door in Vienna and composition with Bruckner, and in 1884 became a pupil of Liszt, with whom he was very intimately connected in Rome and Budapest until the master's death in 1886. For a number of years Stradal gave many pianoforte recitals in the principal towns on the Continent, as well as in London, and everywhere was acknowledged as one of the great interpreters of Liszt's compositions. He then devoted himself to writing transcriptions for the pianoforte, among which may be mentioned Liszt's twelve Symphonic Poems, the 'Dante' Symphony, practically all the organ works and concertos of Bach, the organ concertos of Handel, &c. A few months ago he published his 'Reminiscences of Liszt.' Last year Stradal was honoured by the Government of Czechoslovakia with the Staatspreis for music.

HERMANN KLINKER, founder of the London branch of Messrs. Rud. Ibach Sohn, who died at Bath on March 26. Born at Viersen in 1849, he came to England as a young man, being naturalised at the age of thirty. He organized the 'Ibach' concerts and recitals, giving first engagements in this country to many artists who have since become famous, among them Emil Sauer, Kubelik, Marie Hall, Katharine Goodson, Herbert Fryer, Egon Petri, Alexander Raab, and Mark Hambourg. His philanthropic activities made him greatly honoured in Bath, where he lived after his retirement in 1914, and he will be missed by a large circle of friends.

WILLIAM MASON, the well-known Hereford musician, on March 25, at the age of eighty-one. He was for twenty years music master at Hereford Ladies' College, he conducted the Brecon Choral Society, and he held two local Church appointments—twenty-six years at St. Peter's and fifteen at St. Nicholas's. His chief activity, however, was private teaching, for which he had a genius that brought him a large connection. He afterwards set up a musical business in Hereford, and, after considerable success, was able to retire eleven years ago. He was a prolific composer.

T. D. EDWARDS, organist at the Tabernacle, Portmadoc, and conductor of the Portmadoc Choral Society, who died on March 15 at the age of fifty-four. He was popular as an adjudicator and as a composer, having written a number of hymns and anthems that are well-known in Wales.

BEN H. GROVE, on March 22, at the age of seventy-four. He was appointed bass singer in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital in 1888, and continued there till the choir was disbanded during the war, after which he was solo bass at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, for ten years.

BASIL H. PHILPOTT, organist at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace, for the last forty-three years, who died on April 12 in his seventy-second year.

ROSE CARON, the well-known French *prima donna*, who died in Paris on April 9 at the age of seventy-three.

The masque, 'Dioclesian,' with music by Purcell, will be performed on May 9, 10, 12, and 13, at Haslemere Hall, by the Haslemere Orchestral and Madrigal Society. The producer is Mr. Allen Chandler, and the conductor Mr. Anthony Bernard. Particulars from Miss A. F. Bristow, Little Orchard, Haslemere, Surrey.

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